

Reform'd Devotions,
IN
MEDITATIONS,
HYMNS.
AND
PETITIONS,
FOR
Every DAY in the WEEK.
AND
Every HOLIDAY in the YEAR.

By THEOPHILUS DORRINGTON,
Rector of Witterham in Kent.

Divided into Two PATRS.

The Sixth Edition, Revised and Corrected.

To which are Added,
The Contents. And (to render the Devotions
Compleat and Useful upon all Occasions) a Holy Office,
Before, At, and After Receiving the Holy Sacrament,

By Dr. Edward Lake.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *A. Roper*, at the *Black Boy* over against *St. Dun-*
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REPORT

1900



[Faint, illegible text]

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1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a copy of the original, and is signed by the President.

Printed for the Proprietors by the

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
THE LADY
ANN BOSCAWEN.

MADAM,

When the best things of the World are presented to the *Great*, this is a piece of Justice done, both to those Honourable Persons, and to the things that are presented; for thus much is undoubtedly due to the deserts of both. And when such exalted Persons are pleased to receive those things, and approve by using them, this becomes an advantage to both: They have the service of what is most useful in its kind; and their using it recommends it to others: For the inferiour Ranks of Mankind commonly derive their Estimates of things from the Opinions and Practices of those that are above them. It is because I account this Book very excellent in its kind, and worthy to be recommended as such to the World, which makes me presume, *Madam*, to Dedicate it to so high a Person, as your Honour. I hope, if you please to acquaint your self with it, that I shall have the Honour to be approv'd in my Judgment of it, and it may have the great advantage to be recommended by you. I know that your accomplish'd Mind is dispos'd to approve of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

what is Ingenuous and Devout. Here presents its self to your Honour, Divine Truth in a decent and fashionable Attire; it were not fit for any one to make you a Visit in a careless Undress. The Beauty here is not conceal'd and disguis'd by too much external Ornament. Nor expos'd to Contempt by too little. This Book, you may be pleas'd to observe, is fitted to possess Men's Minds with that pure and peaceable Wisdom which is from above; to Excite Devotion in the coldest and most careless Hearts; and to possess with a love of Devotion our too nice and witty Age, since here it appears so rational and ingenious even in its highest flights.

Madam,

I must readily acknowledge the Hand that makes you this Present is too mean and unworthy; but since you have not thought me too mean, to receive Obligations from you, I must not believe my self thereby excus'd from bringing all such Testimonies of Respect and Gratitude as I am able. Yet I must humbly crave your Pardon for this Presumption, as what it were still greater presumption to expect without seeking it; And doing thus, it were a very guilty despair on the other hand, if I should not hope to obtain it from a goodness such as yours. Your Honour cannot want any Noble Quality in an answerable degree, who derive your high Birth from two illustrious Families; and are furnish'd in them with so many excellent Presidents. Whilst I present this Book to you, I present also my Prayers to Almighty God; to the giver of every good and perfect Gift, that by his Blessing it may become to your Honour, a very profitable Entertainment: That it may nourish in you those good Advances of Piety and Vertue, which adorn your Youth: That it may help to maintain still that prudent constancy, which has

shown

The Epistle Dedicatory.

shewn it self able to conquer the violent current of present Wickedness, while such a number of unthinking Sinners are carried along with the fatal stream. I pray that the God who has blest you with Beauty, and Wealth, and Honour, the three greatest Gifts of this World, may still continue favourable to you in the Dispensations of his Providence; and after a long and happy Life may remove you to Heaven. Thus my Prayers shew, what I am ready in any other possible way to express, that I am,

M A D A M,

Your Honours

Most Humble,

Most Obedient, and

Devoted Servant;

Theophilus Dorrington.

T H E

T H E
P R E F A C E.

Some Account of the following Book I am bound to give, in point of Justice, both to it and my self; and something may be said tending to promote the Usefulness of it. Which things will be the matter of this Preface; and in such matter it will not be impertinent to detain the Reader for a little while.

It was a Book of Devotions dispos'd into the Form and Method of the Roman Breviary; and though the matter of it was not the same with that, yet therein were the Truths of Christian Religion frequently mix'd, as in the Belief of that Church, with those erroneous Doctrins which in latter Ages have been added to Christianity. What I thought to be such by the direction of Holy Scripture, and the Articles of our Church which are drawn from thence, according to the usual Interpretation made of it by the most pure and Primitive Ages of Christianity, that I have taken away and connected the Sense with what those Rules suggested to be truth. Therefore has this Book the Title of Reform'd Devotions. And I dare say, if holy Scriptures may be the Rule to judge by in these matters, (as it must be in all such matters) the Book is now more truly corrected and amended, than it was in any of the former Editions, though it pretends to have been four times Printed, and twice with that Advantage. In the fourth and last Edition, which is dated, Roan 1685. it is said to be Corrected and Augmented; and there is added to it in that a whole Office for the Virgin Mary; which
being

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being very different from the former Book, and much inferiour to it in all Respects, and more corrupted, I have wholly left it out; and having made use of that part of the former Book which provided for all the Saints Days, I should have wanted a good Reason, for so regarding one particular Saint, if I had used that part of the Book distinct: And there being enough of the other to serve my Method, I did not trouble my self to pick out the best Sentences of that to mix with the rest. This I did out of one Office in the other Book; because in the present Method I had no occasion for it distinct, and because the greatest part of that Office related to the Souls suppos'd to be in Purgatory.

I am justified in the reforming of this Book, and purging out those foremention'd Doctrines, by the Authority of our Nation, which did, for the sake of them, a few years ago, condemn the Book to a publick burning. And because there was a great deal of it very good Sense, and that compos'd in a very devout strain, and an ingenuous style, and mixt with several curious Hymns; I thought it was worthy of a Reformation, and as well too good to be thrown away whole, as too bad to be used whole: Which I doubt not, all ingenuous and devout Readers will acknowledge upon perusing what is here presented, when I shall have said that the most of it is but what I found in that Book. Yet I subscribe to the Wisdom and Justice of that Condemnation which it underwent as it was; for the better it was in some respects, (since many offensive things were contain'd in it, and they often with great Artifice insinuated in very disguising terms) the more it did deserve that fate. Some passages there were in it capable of two Interpretations, which joyned with false Doctrines, must be interpreted to an ill meaning; but joyn'd with Truths, must be understood to mean well. And some of these do still remain here, because I was loath to throw out any thing needlessly; and especially if there was Wit and Elegancy in the Composure; that so this Book might be in some respects better, and in

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others, at least, no worse than the former. There were in it Lessons to every Office, which I have left out, because they consisted but of some Sentences of the truly Canonical Scripture, joyn'd without distinction with other Sentences; and that Translation which those Scriptures were in, is different from that Authentick among us: Besides, I did not always think them exactly suited to the places they held; and I think the absence of them may be reckon'd well enough supply'd by the pertinent Sentences of holy Scripture, which I have through the whole Book frequently mixed with the matter of it; especialy since those that will read Lessons in their private Devotions, have the holy Scriptures in their hands, Translated into the vulgar Tongue. The Hymns that were in the former Book are all retain'd, and one is added to fill up the present Method: But they are many of them alter'd; some to be corrected, some to be supplied with a few Syllables, or a Stanza here and there to fit them to the Tunes of our singing Psalms, as many of them were before, and now they all are. The Petitions here are gather'd partly out of those parts of the former Book, which in that were called Psalms, in this Meditations; and partly from other places.

The Devotions for every Day in the Week, are not so appropriated to those Days of the Week they are design'd for, but that they may be used on any other Day; as indeed I know no reason for such appropriation: They are thus plac'd to dispose them in some Method, that they might not lie together like a confus'd disorderly heap. Only those for the Lord's Day, are most proper for that: Those set to Thursday, because all the Subject of them is the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, are very fit to be used on any Day when we receive that Holy Sacrament: To this, that some of the Devotions are said to be design'd for the Holy-days, I say; Those that will be pleas'd but to look beyond the Title, will be as well satisfied with the matter of that, as of any other part of the Book. I did not contrive the Book so distinguish'd, but found it

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so, and thought that method might render it the more useful to those who shall be willing to use it in a Method. Some among us are willing to observe such Days according to the Appointment of our Church, and they may profitably on them make use of what is here allotted to those Days, for their sakes. Others perhaps are not fully satisfied in their minds to do this, and they may with good Profit (if they please) read that part of the Book on any other Days: And why then should the latter sort be displeased, if the former are gratified; and I, according to the excellent Rule and Practice of St. Paul, do become all things to all Men for their good. To my Charity be that regards a Day regards it to the Lord; and he that regards not a Day to the Lord, he doth not regard it. I suppose the different Practice may proceed in both from pious minds, (but such as are possess'd in this matter with some difference of Opinions) and I will not judge or set at nought any of my Brethren: And as I am not willing to put the worst Interpretation that can be upon the Practices of any, so I desire all would deal thus with me, and where any thing in the Book may be interpreted to a good meaning, that they would do so. This Practice, I am sure, is contain'd under that general and indispensable Rule, of doing to others as we would they should do unto us. I have assisted the one sort the more willingly, because it will be no prejudice to the other; unless they please to reject what is not in it self the less useful, meerly for bearing such a Title as this, and for being in such a method as may render it the more useful to some of their Brethren. I desire of the World but this piece of Justice also (which I shall certainly obtain from all that are not ill natur'd in the case) that every one do commend what they may like in the Book; for then I am sure it will be Universally commended; and then it will be the more generally and the more profitably used, which is the end I aim'd at in seeking to approve it to many.

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In Reforming a Book from such Principles as are purg'd out of this, it is well known I am not without several Presidents. And what has been done of this kind before having found good acceptance, both formerly and more lately, I was thereby the more encourag'd in this undertaking: I will not disparage what others have done; but I think there may be observ'd some defects in their Work; which I have avoid'd. The Book that I have chosen to correct, does equal, at least, if not exceed any other, that has been thus used. Indeed I have not seen that Writing of any Author of the same Communion, which in my Judgment, was comparable to this excellent Piece: The matter of the Book, I presume, is not at all less fit to assist, and excite true and wise Devotion than it was before: For there is no need of Errors to promote any exercise of true Religion: And there being so much of excellent and useful matter still left, what is separated may the better be spar'd. And the leaving out those Principles renders the Book more generally useful, since now it is become so to those of our Church, while they will meet with nothing in it, but what they can assent to: And it may still, if they please, be useful to those of the other Communion, since the peculiar Principles, which they have receiv'd, are only left out, and the remaining matter is what all sober Christians may agree in: Indeed I intended not to infect it with Controversie, and not to gratifie, but rather divert the contentious humour of the Age; I would not engage the World more in Controversie, which perhaps is already too much engag'd in it, but had rather possess Mens Minds with an affectionate powerful sense of those important Truths, which Christians do generally assent to; and which are of absolute necessity to be known, and lov'd, and obey'd; for which purpose this Book is perhaps as well fitted now, as any that can be met with: Unless any one will except that incomparable Book the Exposition of our Church Catechism, lately compos'd for the use of the Diocess of Bath and Wells; I can readily

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readily assent to him that shall prefer that to this. In this following Book I am sure no impartial and judicious Reader, can think that the devout and serious Expressions do want their Foundation in Reason, by being separated from the Principles, that are purg'd out. Many such Expressions may be found in the Writings of the Devout and Elegant Fathers, which could not be drawn from such Principles, because they are of a later invention: Besides, the Holy Scripture, and the fundamental Truths drawn from thence, and contain'd in the four first Creeds, are Foundation enough for such things. It were a mistake therefore to imagine, that we must needs be beholden to any peculiar or distinct Principles, not held by the truly ancient and Apostolick Church, for such a production as this. I think it may appear by the following Book, that those Principles are not necessary as a Foundation, nor any ways advantageous to the superstructure.

For the sake of those who shall be willing to use this Book in a certain Order and Method in their Private Devotions, (where a good Method constantly observ'd, is of great advantage) I shall suggest a few things for Direction in the use of it. I suppose the ordinary Course of most Persons in this private Exercise, is only to Read, perhaps, the Holy Scripture, or some good Book, and to Pray: But I think those that do only so, leave out one of the most profitable parts of the Exercise, which at least those Persons that have, or might have leisure, should never omit, that is, Meditation: To revolve, and over and over consider, and reflect upon some divine Truths, that they may make impression on their Minds, and raise in them suitable Affections: This tends to make the temper of the Mind, and the course of a Man's Life conformable to those Truths, which is the end every Man should aim at in his private Devotions: None may account themselves the more religious and good for spending much time in them, unless they have this influence and effect upon their Hearts and Lives, unless they practice

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practice the more of Religion in their Conversations. Now in the performance of this part of private Devotion, it were doubtless best, if every one could raise suitable and affecting Thoughts to be Meditated upon from the Scriptures he has read; which is according to the Advice of a late very prudent Author, who has written, A Method and Order for private Devotion. But I fear there are but few that can practise this way with any great advantage to themselves, at least till they have long practised it, and taken a great deal of pains to accustom themselves to it, and so can perform it with ease and pleasure; the difficulty therefore, and little advantage at first, do, I doubt, keep many from a resolute Trial of it. Instead therefore of that way of Meditating, and for such as cannot use it, I think these Meditations fit to be used. Then, after that a Person has Read his Chapters in the order which he has proposed to himself, he may do well to read over the Meditations here provided for the Day: But this he must do, so as that it may be properly a Meditating on these Things, not a cursory reading of them; He should proceed very deliberately, often looking back, and reviewing a Sentence that is past, to see, if it did not affect him before, whether it may not do this upon the review; and to try if he may not find somewhat more of importance in it, than he apprehended at the first reading. After Meditation is done, then he is to proceed to Prayer, wherein he may have assistance from the Petitions here added; they are not a compleat Prayer of themselves, nor were design'd to be so, but only to suggest some Requests fit to be put into our Prayers, suitable to the foregoing Meditations; Therefore there are not in them any such Petitions or Acknowledgments as are proper for the Morning or the Evening, nor any Petitions for the King, the Church, or our Friends, which should never be omitted in our Prayers. Now they that use a Form which has those other parts, may take in these where they think fit, having consider'd and resolv'd it before

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before they begin, or else they may say these by themselves: They that do not use a Form in private, may add these to their Prayer by their Memory, or by having the Book before them: And if any Person has been seriously affected by the Meditations, he will be mightily dispos'd to make such Requests as these that follow them. As for the Hymns, it will be fittest, if any Person will sing them, either to begin his Exercise, or end it with them, according as he finds himself inclin'd: To help those that may not readily find out the Tunes which these may be sung to, I think fit here to suggest this; those that will go to the more common Tunes, are Hymn 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 18, 20, 21, 28, 31, 39. Those that will go to the Tune of the Hundredth Psalm, are Hymn 7, 12, 16, 17, 23, 24, 25, 27, 33, 36, 38, 40. Those that will go to the Tune of the Hundred Thirteenth Psalm, are Hymn 10, 26, 29, 30, 35, 37. Those that will go to the Tune of the Twenty fifth Psalm, are Hymn 19, 22, 33, 34. If the Time will allow a Man, and devout affection inclines him to it, he may use at once Both Parts of the Devotions for the Morning or Evening of the Day, but by no means should any Man constrain himself to this, and therefore they were thus divided: For, according to the very prudent Advice that an excellent Guide in these Matters gave to a Friend: "We should observe what
" we can do with ease and pleasantness of Spirit, and
" when we find our selves to be free and forward, then
" we may be the longer and the more enlarg'd in our
" Devotions; but when we are heavy and streightned,
" then it is not fit to tire our Spirits, and drag them along
" with us, whither they have no strength to accompany
" us, nor disposition to comply with our Desires. And
the whole Book being thus divided, some may find it of
use to them, to use sometimes one part and sometimes another, as being most affected with such variety. I shall not need to direct particularly on what Days these Parts of the Book design'd for the Holy-days should be used, for that
will

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will be sufficiently suggested by the publick Liturgy of our Church, to those that are acquainted with it; where also they will be directed to very apposite, and fit Portions of Scripture to be read upon such Occasions. And now I dare say, that the following Book is not only better in the matter of it than it was before, but it is also better fitted in its method to assist our private Devotion.

With hearty Prayers to Almighty God, for its good success, I send it forth into the World: May it abundantly promote his Honour, may it cause many to have serious and Affectionate Thoughts of Religious Matters, may it promote a true and ardent Love to God in the World, which will be proportionably attended with Love to our Neighbour; may none through Envy, or dislike of a few small particulars, when they must needs approve the greatest part of it, be so guilty as to oppose and hinder its usefulness; so preferring the advancement of their private Opinions before the service of Religion in general, for promoting the Life and Power of which it is design'd and fitted. Let all know, I constantly endeavour that it may be a small Thing to me to be judg'd by Man's Judgment, which is oft mistaken both in approving and condemning: And there is one, even the great God, who will be the final Judge of us all, to whom I am chiefly concern'd to approve my self: To him be Glory from us all, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE

THE
CONTENTS
OF THE

*Several Meditations, Hymns and
Petitions,*

Contain'd in the following

TREATISE.

Sunday.

ON *Christ's Resurrection, and the Institution of the Christian Sabbath, or Lord's Day. The Duties and Advantages thereof, From Page 1. to p. 14.*

Monday.

Of *Man's Creation. The Goodness of God in it. The Dignities, Duties and Consolations arising from it. From p. 14. to p. 28.*

The CONTENTS.

Tuesday.

Of the Inability of Man to help himself. To do what is Good. Abstain from what is Evil. The gracious Assistance we receive from God to do what is acceptable to him, and eternally beneficial to our selves. From p. 20. to p. 41.

Wednesday.

The Comforts of a good Conscience, a quiet Mind. The Horror and Trouble of an Ill Conscience. The perturbations of a Soul oppressed under the Sense of Sin. The means of deliverance from the latter, and to acquire the former. From p. 41. to p. 56.

Thursday.

Of Man's Misery by Sin. His Loss. His Danger. His Deliverance by the coming of Christ. His Ordinances, Intercession, Merits, and Preserving Providence, with the Duties arising from these considerable Helps. From p. 56. to p. 73.

Friday.

A continuation of the Great and Inestimable Benefits that we receive from God in Christ, as an Incouragement to Repentance, Humiliation, Godly Sorrow, Sincere Amendment; with upbraiding the

The CONTENTS.

the Senseless and Ingratitude of a sinful Life, both in relation to God, our Selves, and our Posterities. From p. 73. to p. 85.

Saturday.

What Duties of Thankfulness, Self-Denial, Reformation, Devotion, and absolute Self-Resignation we owe to Almighty God, upon the Consideration of his Admirable Power in our Creation, Goodness in our Redemption, Wisdom in the Government of the World, Care in our Conversation, and his Mercy in our Salvation. From p. 85. to p. 100.

IN THE

Second Weeks

DEVOTION.

Sunday.

Solemn Acts of Faith, Gratitude, and Commemoration of Christ's Resurrection. Publishing it by the Angels. By Holy Women. Appearing to his Disciples. Convincing St. Thomas, and our Temporal and Eternal Advantages, flowing from that miraculous Argument of his Divinity and Love to Mankind. From p. 100 to p. 114.

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Monday.

Of the Perfections of God. His Essencs. His Infinity. His Omnipresence. His Knowledge, and his Goodness. In all which consists our Temporal and Eternal Happiness. From p. 114. to p. 127.

Tuesday.

Of the Faithfulness of God in restoring fallen Man, by sending Christ into the World. Christ's taking our Nature upon him. His Sufferings, Indignities, and Death for us. The Retribution we ought to make, by praising him continually. Adoring him Devoutly. Cleaving to him steadfastly, and Living and Dying in him Faithfully. The Danger of neglecting God, and our own future Happiness. From p. 127. to p. 140.

Wednesday.

The Goodness and Charity of God, in the Continuance of his Mercies, notwithstanding our Repeated Neglects; multiplying and aggravating our Offences, and slighting the things that belong to our Peace. The Necessity of bethinking our selves, of our manifold Obligations, and redeeming our lost time. From p. 140. to p. 154.

Thursday.

Of the Death of Christ. The Satisfaction he made to Divine Justice. The Institution of the Holy

The CONTENTS.

Holy Sacrament. His Union with the Faithful. Assurance of Glory. Duties arising from these Considerations. Obedience to his Laws. Reverence to his Word, and Conformity to himself. From p. 154. to p. 173.

Friday.

Of the Cross, Passions and Sufferings of Jesus Christ, for miserable Sinners ; which has restor'd us Life, Health, Light, Ability, Indempnity, and hopes of Glory. From p. 173. to p. 185.

Saturday.

The Joy of the Faithful in their Deliverance from the Evil of Sin. The Punishment due to it. For the Mercy of God's Providence. The Reward of our Duties in a blessed Expectation of being Eternally Happy, in the fruition of unspeakable and endless Felicities. From p. 185. to p. 197.

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IN THE DEVOTIONS FOR HOLY-DAYS.

Meditations, Hymns and Petitions, for the
Feasts of our blessed Saviour. From page
197. to p. 217.

For the Feasts of the Holy Ghost. From p.
217. to p. 233.

For the Feasts of the Saints. From p. 233.
to p. 249. All these repeated in other Words, and
Matter, from p. 249. to p. 282.

To which is added, (to make the Devotions
Compleat and Serviceable upon all Occasions) a
Holy Office, Before, At, an After receiving the
Holy Communion, by Dr. E. Lake.

DEVO.

DEVOTIONS

FOR

Every DAY in the WEEK.

PART I.

For Sunday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

Welcome blest Day wherein the Sun
of Righteousness arose, and chased
away the clouds of fear. Welcome
thou art to my Soul, thou Birth-day
of our hopes; a Day of joy and publick refresh-
ment; a Day of Holiness and solemn Devotion;
a Day of rest and universal Jubilee. Welcome to
us, and our dark World; for the healing, saving
light thou bringest. May thy radiant Name shine
bright for ever. May all the Earth be enlighten'd
with thy beams, and every frozen Heart dissolve and
sing. May all the Generations to come entertain thee
with reverence, and employ thee in the praise, and
worship of the Lamb who is the Light of thee.
This is the Day which our Lord has made, let us be
glad and rejoyce therein. This is the Day that he
has sanctified to himself; and call'd by his own name.

Holy

For Sunday Morning.

Holy Name. Hark, O my Soul, dost thou not hear the King of Heaven invite thee into his presence? He graciously bids thee to suspend the mean Employments of this World; to lay aside thy corroding earthly Cares: He calls thee to the Honour of Communion with himself; to spend a Day in his most delightful Service; he desires to entertain thee with unspeakable Joys in his House of Prayers; to feast thee with Spiritual Dainties, that afford strength and pleasure to the Mind. Worthy art thou, O Lord, of all our time; worthy to receive the Praises of all thy Creatures. Every moment of our Life is bound to bless thee; since every moment subsists by thy Goodness. Shall others labour so much for Vanity, and shall we not rest for the Service of our God? Shall we employ the whole Week on our selves, and not offer in gratitude one Day to Thee? To thee who bestowest on us all we have; and wilt give us hereafter more than we can now receive, or hope for. A day spent in thy Courts, O Lord, I will prefer to a Thousand that engage me in any other places. I will go to the House of my God, to the Assembly of his Saints. Know ye all the Nations of the World, it is the Lord who is the only true God. It is he that hath made us, and not we our selves. Let us enter into his Gates with thanksgiving, and into his Courts with praise. Come let us adore our Glorified Saviour.

HYMN I.

BEhold we come, Dear Lord, to thee
And bow before thy Throne;
We come to offer, on our Knee,
Our Vows to Thee alone.

What're we have, what're we are,
Thy Bounty freely gave:

Thou

For Sunday Morning.

3

Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

But, O, can all our Store afford

No better gifts for thee?

Thus we confess thy riches, Lord;

And thus our Poverty.

'Tis not our Tongue, or Knee, can pay

The mighty debt we owe:

Far more we should than we can say;

Far lower should we bow,

Come then, my Soul, bring all thy pow'rs,

And grieve thou hast no more:

Bring ev'ry day thy choicest Hours,

And thy Great God adore.

But above all, prepare thy Heart,

On this his own blest Day;

In it's sweet task to bear thy part,

And sing, and love, and pray.

Glory to Thee, Eternal Lord!

Thrice blessed Three in One:

Thy Name at all times be ador'd,

Till time it self be done.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

WHen the Harvest Sun provides a Cloud, and seems to rest his wearied Beams: He seeks not to save the journey of his light, he only spares the Reaper's Head. Much less, O Lord, dost Thou, who mad'st the Sun, seek by the reserve of a day, to procure thine own repose. Thou hast not commanded the business of the World to cease for one day in seven, for that thou art tyred with over ru-

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ling it to thine own glory. Thou who created'st all things by a Word of thy Mouth, and sustaineſt them all in thy hand, without feeling any weight : Who governest the whole World without any perplexity of thoughts ; and always remainest the same unchangeable fulness : It is not to encrease thine own Eternity, that thou takeſt a portion of our time : It is not to receive any advantage to thy self, that thou requireſt this days Worship of us. Thy Goodness does friendly bear the Name of the Day ; but thou kindly intendest for us all the profit of it. That the wearied hands may be relieved with rest, and be enabled to lift themselves up to thee. That the ignorant Minds may be taught thy Truth, and learn the way to everlasting Happiness. That the guilty Consciences may humbly confess their Sins, and receive an assur'd Pardon from Thee, who hast promised to revive the Spirit of the humble, and the Heart of the contrite. That in this our militant State we may ask and receive of Thee Grace sufficient for us. That all may speak to Thee by Prayer, and hear thy Voice, by the Mouth of thy Pastors. That the Love-prepar'd Souls may approach thy bounteous Table ; and may feast and confirm their Faith and Hopes with that delicious banquet there prepar'd. O blessed Lord, what excellent and fit means has thy Wisdom invented to fit us for and bring us to thy self ! How well are thy sacred Ordinances suited to our necessities : To enlighten our dark Minds, to melt our hard Hearts, to quicken and consecrate our Affections. Thou strengthenest our Faith by thy Word and Sacraments ; and improveſt our Charity both to Thee and one another, by our publick Assemblies ; while we all meet together for the same bleſt end ; and by mutual requests and praises encrease our Fervours. Happy, thrice happy are we, O merciful God ! whom thy Providence favours with these Blessings. We that may
freely

For Sunday Morning.

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freely resort to thy holy Sanctuary, and there sing
aloud thy Praises for these great Mercies.

MEDITATION III.

Come let us lay aside the cares of this World;
and take into our Minds the Joys of Heaven.
Let us empty our Heads of all other Thoughts,
and prepare that upper Room to entertain our
God. Retire we from the many distractions of
this Life, and recollect, and closely unite the for-
ces of our Soul. That we may apply them to the
earnest pursuit of our own necessary work; the se-
curing to our selves the Kingdom of Heaven. Why
should we spend all our days about Trifles, and our
Labour for that which will not profit? Earthly
Riches profit not in the Day of Wrath; my Soul
seek Heavenly Treasures. Seek thou lasting and
substantial Joys, while others dote on and pursue
those flitting shadows, sensual Pleasures. Seek thou
the sacred Knowledge of thy God, and Jesus the
Christ whom he sent into the World, whom to
know is Life Eternal. Miserable are they, O Lord,
who study all things else, and neglect this Sacred
Science; though their Skill can number the Stars,
and trace out the ways of the Planets. Miserable
are they who gather great possessions, who heap up
Gold and Silver, but get no interest in thee. Mis-
erable are they who enjoy all that this World can af-
ford to please, but have no enjoyment of thee. To
know thee is to be truly wise, and is the highest
Learning. To have thee my God and Portion is to
be exceeding rich; to contemplate and enjoy thee
is a Heaven of Pleasure. I determine to value no
other Knowledge but that of Jesus the Christ, and
him Crucified. *I account all things but loss and dung
that I may win Christ; and may have Communion with
the Father and the Son through the Spirit.*

would

B 2

PETI-

PETITIONS.

With fervent Desires, O Lord, and a panting Soul, I am going to thy House. O maintain, I pray thee, such desires after thy self, and fulfil them while I am waiting where thou appointest. Draw nigh to us who are drawing near to thee. Make us fitly to perform our Duty. *Open thou our Lips, and our Mouths shall shew forth thy praise.* Open thou our Eyes, O blessed Lord, that we may see the beauty of thy Commands; how wise and Sweet in themselves they are, how Necessary and Beneficial to us: While they improve our felicity here, and fit us for that which will be hereafter. Send forth thy beams of spreading light, O thou that art the morning Star! and lead us to thy Holy Hill. Send forth thy Truth, O increased Wisdom! and bring us to thy Blessed Tabernacle. Guide thou our Lives, O Gracious Lord! in the ways of thy Precepts, that by observing faithfully those excellent Rules, we may all every where be happy. O Glorious Jesu! in whom we live, and without whom we dye; mortifie in us by thy Spirit all sensual desires, and quicken our Hearts with thy Holy Love; that we may no longer have a high esteem for the Vanities of this world, but may place our affections entirely on thee. Shew us thy glorious self, O Jesu, in thee we shall behold all we can wish. Only so much we beg to conceive of thy Majesty as may move our Hearts to seek thee: Only so much discovery we ask as may conform us to thy likeness. If we may not know thee clearly now; let us know at least so far as to make us long to know farther. If we cannot perfectly love thee in this Life, let us love so much as that we may desire to love more. So let us know and love thee here, O thou the Sovereign blis of our Souls! that we may hereafter know

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know thee better, and Love thee more for ever; to our Eternal blifs, and thy Eternal Glory thereby.

Glory be to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

As it was in the Beginning, is now and ever shall be world without end. Amen.

For Sunday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

LET them, O Lord, seek other delights, who expect no felicity from thee. Let them fill up their time with other employments, and waste the remainder of this Holy-day, who think thy rewards not worth their Labour. As for me, my Soul's chief content shall be to meditate on the Glories prepar'd for thy Servants above. So will I meditate on them, as often as the days of sacred leisure do return, that my Heart shall be firmly set upon those Glories, And all the few years that I live shall spend themselves to purchase that one Eternal Sabbath which thy Saints shall Celebrate in Heaven. A day that is, whose brightness knows no Night; nor ever fears the least Eclipse. Whose chearful brow no Cloud o're casts, nor does any Storm ever molest the passage of its rays. But it still shines on, serene and clear, and fills with splendor all the spacious Palace. That every living day needs not the fading lustre of our Sun, nor the borrow'd Silver of the Moon. The Sun that is risen there is the Lamb, and the light that shines is the Glory of God. O how Beauteous Truths are said of thee, thou City of the King of Heaven! Thy Walls are rais'd with precious stones, and every Gate is one Rich Pearl.

B 3

Thy

Thy Mansions are built with choicest Jewels ; and the pavement of thy Streets is transparent Gold. Along in the midst of thee runs a Chrystal River, perpetually flowing from the Throne of God. There, all along those pleasant banks, does most deliciously grow the Tree of Life. A Tree which can heal all wounds with its balmy Leaves ; and make immortal all those who eat and tast its pleasant Fruit. Thus is the Holy City built ; thus is the New *Jerusalem*, like a Bride, in every part adorn'd, O Blest and Glorious City, how Free, how Rich, how Secure, and Happy are thy glad Inhabitants ! Every Head in thee wears a Royal Crown, and every Hand a Palm of Victory. Every Eye o're-flows with joy, and every Tongue with Psalms of Praise. Behold, O my Soul, the Inheritance that we seek ; and where can we find more Riches to invite us ? Behold the felicities to which our exalted Saviour calls us ; Consider what Mansions he is gone to prepare ; Where can we meet with such pleasures to entertain us ? Can thy Senses present to thy Knowledge a place on Earth like this ? Surely they cannot : Banish then, my Soul, all worldly vain desires. Let none of them hereafter molest thy Peace. Look not at the transitory things which are seen, but at the Eternal which are not. And so receive some glimpse of this Heaven, to encourage and quicken thy Travel towards it.

MEDITATION II.

Blest be thy Gracious Wisdom, O Lord, that so mercifully condescends to the mean and low capacities of our present mortal State. Under these veils thou hidest these glorious mysteries, which are too high and Spiritual for our Flesh and Blood : to us it cannot yet appear what we shall be. But after this manner hast thou revealed thy sublime rewards,

rewards, to allure and captivate us with things that of this World are most admired. Scepters and Crowns, thou know'st, are apt to win the Hearts of us thy Children. Children, alas! we are too truly in sacred Knowledge: O that we were such in Love and Duty. My Soul, if these imperfect shadows of the future Bliss do transport and please so many Men, should not the real substance sweetly delight thee? What is a drop of Water to the boundless Ocean; or a grain of dust to this vast Globe? Such, O my God, and infinitely less are the richest Kingdoms here below; if we compare their most pompous State with the meanest degree that is in the Court of Heaven. When thou hast fed us a little while with Milk; thou invitest our appetite to stronger Meat. Thou tellest us of a sweet delicious life; in the blest Society of Saints and Angels: With whom we shall dwell in perpetual Friendship; and be lov'd and esteem'd by them all for ever. Thou tellest us of a pure Soul-ravishing joy, in beholding the amiable Face of Jesus. Whose Gracious smiles shine round, about and fill the Heavens with Holy Gladness. And thou tellest, dear Lord, of delights that are still incomparably higher than all these. Harken well to such things, O my Soul, and humbly adore thy bounteous God. His abundant goodness has provided thee large rewards indeed, he intends himself to be thy Portion, and exceeding great reward. Himself he will clearly unveil before us, and openly shew us that great secret: What it is, Glorious Lord, to behold thy face; to know as we are known. O happy secret! if once at last attain'd; if once we can but see the face of our God in Glory. To know the Immensity of thy self subsisting Essence; and the infinite excellence of all thy Attributes. To know the power of the Eternal Father; and the Wisdom of the Uncreated Son, and the Goodness of the Holy Spirit; the incomprehensible

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Glories of the undivided Trinity. This, O my Soul, is the top of Happiness ; this is the Supream perfection of our Nature. This, this alone is worthy to be the aim of our being ; the Hope and End of all our labours. When we are come to this we shall presently rest, and our satisfied desires will reach no farther. We shall be fill'd with overflowing bliss, and our utmost capacities can hold no more. In one Act of Joy we shall be eternally fixt, one lasting Act which will spring fresh and unwearied for ever.

MEDITATION III.

NEver can we say too much, my Soul, of this glorious subject ; never can we think enough of the Felicities of Heaven. Arise, my Soul, and leave Mortality and Time below thy flight ; to thee these joys belong : Arise and advance thy self on high : Fly away with the Wings of thy Spirit ; are they not strong enough to lift thee from Earth ? The only reason of it is want of exercise. Fly, if thou canst possibly, to that Land of promise, try resolutely, strive manfully to do so ; and visit those Heavenly Regions. Take an Evenings walk in that Paradise of pure delights, among the beautified Spirits of just Men, who perpetually contemplate the Eternal Deity. Think, tho' thy habitation at present is in this vale of Tears, thou may'st hope one day to be advanced to their dignity ; to have a place and sing among their holy Quires : We may hope to know all things that are produc'd, and to know besides the all-producing Cause. O what a fire of love will it kindle in our Hearts, when we shall see those shining Mysteries ! When our great God, like a burning mirror, shall strike his brightness on the eyes of our Soul. O what excessive joy will that love produce ! A Love so violently desiring, and so fully satisfied ? When our Capacities

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capacities shall be stretcht to the utmost, and the rich abounding Object shall fill and Overflow them, O what profound repose will that Joy beget! A Joy so exceeding high, and so eternally secure? When in amorous languishment we shall sweetly dissolve into a sort of blissful Union with our first beginning: When without losing what we are, we shall become even what he is. We shall take part in all his Joys, and share in the Glories of all his Heaven. O what Divine and Ravishing words are these! How gently they enter and delight my Ear! How they diffuse themselves over all my Brain, and strongly penetrate to my very Soul! Methinks they turn to substance as they go, and I feel them stir and work through all my powers: Methinks they lie as a rich Cordial at my heart, and send forth Spirits to quicken and refresh me. There, O my Soul, we shall rest from all our labours, which are but the way to all that happiness: There we shall rest from sin and sorrow, and no longer be troubled with our selves or others: There we shall rest for ever in the protection of our God; in the Arms and Bosom of our dearest Lord: We shall enjoy a rest not senseless and stupid as here, but attended with spritely joy and pleasure: Such is the desirable rest that remains for the Servants of God. O

PETITIONS.

O Heaven, the eternal source of all these joys, and infinitely more and infinitely greater! As the Hart pants after the Water-brooks, so does my Soul thirst after thee: After thee it is that I daily sigh and mourn, and with a greedy longing eye, often do I look up and say: Descend thou blessed Heaven into my Heart, or rather take up my Heart to thee: Thy Joys indeed are too great to enter into me; O God! I pray thee, who art the
Hea-

Heaven I long for, take me hence to enter into them. When, O my God, shall I sit at that fountain head, and drink my fill of those living Streams? When shall I be inebriated with that torrent of pleasures which springs for ever from thy glorious Throne? Oh that the days of my banishment were fully finish'd! How is the time of my weary Pilgrimage prolong'd! Why am I still detain'd in this valley of tears, still wandering up and down in this wilderness of dangers? O God! who dost graciously woo us to our eternal Inheritance, by all manner of ways which are apt to work upon us; make these Glories, I beseech thee, powerfully to insinuate themselves into me, and become absolute Masters of my Heart, that I may not wander in this Wilderness, but may steadily direct my Course to the heavenly *Canaan*. Let the felicities of it so strongly settle themselves in my Affections that my Soul may be ravish'd there with, that I may run with courage and diligence in the way that leads to it. Make me despise the gaudy vanities and temptations of this World, that would bribe my Flesh to hinder me in my Race. Come, thou sweet Jesu, my only hope and sure deliverer out of all sorrows and dangers; Come thou, and here begin to dwell in my Heart; O come quickly to prepare my Soul for that life which I desire, and hope to live with thee in Heaven; and when thou hast fitted me for it, take me in thy time to my eternal Home.

HYMN II

WHY do we seek felicity
Where 'tis not to be found;
And not, dear Lord, look up to thee
Where all delights abound?
Why

Why do we seek for Treasure here,
On this false barren Sand ?
Where nought but empty Shells appear,
And Marks of Shipwrack stand ?

O World, how little do thy Joys
Concern a Soul that knows
It self not made for such low Toys,
As thy poor Hand bestows !

How cross' art thou to that design
For which we had our Birth !
Us, who were made in Heaven to shine,
Thou bow'st down to thy Earth.

Nay, to thy Hell ; for thither sink
All that to thee submit :
Thou strew'st some Flowers on the brink,
To drown us in the Pit.

World take away thy tinsel Wares,
That dazle here our Eyes ;
Let us go up above the Stars,
Where all our Treasure lies.

The way we know ; our dearest Lord
Himself is gone before ;
And has engag'd his faithful Word
To open us the Door.

But, O my God, reach down thy Hand,
And take us up to thee ;
That we about thy Throne may stand,
And all thy Glories see.

All Glory to the sacred Three,
One ever living Lord :

But

As at the first, still may he be

Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd. *Amen.*

For Monday Morning.

✧ MEDITATION I. ✧

IT is highly fit and just that all Mankind do adore their Maker. The Great God form'd our Bodies out of the Earth, and gave us the Spirit in Man which bears his likeness; a Soul that all created Nature cannot fill, nor any thing that is below his own Immensity: He has freely bestowed on us all the rest of his Creatures, which are fitted to serve and delight our Bodies: But he has moreover design'd us for his glorious Kingdom, that we might dwell with him in perfect Bliss. All the Creatures he has made, the great God has always under his observing Eye so long as they continue in being: All things are open and naked to his Omniscience. Though his Throne of State be establish'd above, and the Splendors of his Glory shine only on the Blessed that are there; yet his unlimited Eye looks down to this lower World, and beholds all the ways of the Children of Adam: If we go out he marks our steps; and when we retire, our shut Closet cannot exclude him; while we are alone he minds all the vain and roving Imaginations that we have, he observes too the end that we aim at in all the Studies which we apply our selves to: when we converse with others, he observes our Deportment, and the Good or Ill we do to them or our selves: In our Devotions he takes notice of our Carriage, and regards with what attention and affection we make our Prayers. All the Day long he considers

how

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how we spend our time, and the darkeſt Night conceals not our works from him: If we deceive our Neighbour, He ſpies the Fraud, and hears the leaſt whiſper of a ſlandering Tongue: If we in ſecret oppreſs the Poor, or by private Alms relieve their Wants; if in our Hearts we murmur at the Rich, or live not contented with our little portion: what e're we do, He perfectly ſees us, Where e're we are, He is ſure to be with us. He that made the Eye, ſhall not he ſee? and ſhall it be ſaid that he cannot hear who formed the Ear? But O thou Sovereign Lord of Heaven, why doſt thou ſtoop thus low, thy glorious Eye? What canſt thou find that here does deſerve thy View, among the Trifles of this empty World? It is not thy own ſatisfaction that thou ſeekeſt herein, but thy deſign is our advantage. Thou appeareſt ſtill ready to puniſh our ſins, that the fear of thy Rod may prevent our Miſeries. Sure, O my God, thy Favours muſt be ſweet, ſince even thy Threatnings have ſo much Mercy: And I muſt be worſe than blind if I venture to be wicked in the Face of Heaven: Thou doſt alſo, Lord, graciously ſtand by us to ſee us work, that thine awful Eye may quicken our diligence; thou art ſtill at hand to relieve our Wants. When all thy work, my Soul, is done in the ſight of him thou ſerveſt, this may juſtly encourage thee, this may make thee hope that the Labours and Sufferings of thy love ſhall not go unrewarded. Happy we who have our God ſo near us, if our *pious Lives* keep us near to him.

H Y M N III.

WAke now my Soul, and humbly hear
What thy mild Lord commands:
Each Word of his will charm thine Ear;
Each Word will guide thy Hands.

Hark

Mark how his sweet and tender care

Complies with our weak Minds :

What e're our State and Temper are,

Still some fit Work he finds.

They that are merry let them sing,

And let the sad Hearts pray ;

Let those still ply their chearful Wing ;

And these their sober way.

So mounts the early chirping Lark

Still upwards to the Skies :

So sits the Turtle in the dark,

Among her Groans and Cries.

And yet the Lark, and yet the Dove,

Both sing, though several parts :

And so should we, how e're we move

With light or heavy Hearts,

Or rather both should both assay,

And their cross Notes unite :

Both grief and joy should sing and pray ;

Since both such hopes invite.

Hopes that all present Sorrow heal,

All present Joy transcend :

Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel

Delights that ne'er will end.

All glory to the sacred Three,

All honour, power and praise ;

As at the first, may ever be,

Beyond the end of days.

Amen.

W MEDITATION II. W

MY God, since thou art never absent from us, we will endeavour to be always present with thee. Often will we go up to thy Throne above, and there contemplate and admire thy Glory. We will often wait upon thee in thy House, and there adore and Praise thy mercy. Every where will we seek to meet thee; and every where delight to find thee. My Soul, let it be thy endeavour to Walk with God in all the parts of thy Conversation, and take heed that thou Walk humbly with thy God. Gracious God, we will spread all our Wants before thee, and offer all our Petitions unto thee. Thou dost willingly incline a favourable Ear to the Prayers that come from an upright and fervent Heart. Thou art a rewarder of those that diligently seek thee. Our God loves to hear us treat of Heaven, as if we made it the main business of our Lives to get thither. All other things we must ask with submission to Him; since we do not know what of them is absolutely good for our selves. But his Eternal Joys we may beg without restraint; we may urge and press for his assistance to gain them. Heaven is the thing we may wish for, if for any thing, without resignation. We may pray for it with great fervency and perseverance, and he will not account us too importunate. O wise and gracious Lord, whatsoever thou dost, thy love intends it for the good of thy Servants. If thou dost sometimes defer to grant our requests; it is only in charity to us, to make us repeat them. It is that we may more sensibly feel our own Poverty, and be more strongly convinc'd of our dependance on Thee: That we may practise our Hope, and exercise our Faith and Patience while we long expect; and may practise the higher Gratitude when we receive at last.

It is that we may learn this sure and happy skill, of working in our Souls the Vertues that we desire ; for those very Desires, by being often renew'd, do at length themselves become the Graces we seek. But O how improvident, Lord, are we ! how unwilling to pray are the most of us always, and all of us at some times ! How does a short service seem long and tedious ; and one half hour quite tire out our patience ! We are slow to begin, and in haste to make an end ; we are heavy while the duty is a doing, and glad when it is done. Yet surely there is no easier Work than to ask what we want, no Purchase can be cheaper than to have for asking ; for asking of him who is willing to hear us, who will not upbraid, who will give kindly and not disdainfully. There is no sweeter pleasure than to converse with God ; nor greater Profit than to gain his favour. We have still new Transgressions to confess ; and shall, alas, never want Infirmities to lament. We have then great occasion, as well as encouragement, often to wait upon God. And this Work, my Soul, ought to be always performed with a serious application of all thy Powers to it. He is worthy of this whom thou serveest, the importunate Benefits thou mayest receive deserve it : But unless we worship in Spirit and Truth, we shall never please him, nor profit our selves. Take heed then that careless and vain Thoughts do not contradict thy Words, when thou art at the exercises of thy Devotion. Look to thy self, lest when thou speakest to him, thou dost not hear thy self. And let no delay discourage thy Hope, nor the refusal to grant any request destroy thy confidence in him. But let this firm Foundation still sustain thee, and on this let thy Peace be for ever establish'd ; that what is truly necessary his Goodness will not deny, and all the rest it is thy Duty to submit to his pleasure.

W MEDITATION III. W

TAKE heed, my Soul, that you do not so presume on the divine Bounty, as to omit the performance of thine own Duty. Still to thy Devotion see that thou add thy best Endeavours. If thou desire God to relieve thy Necessities, do thou also faithfully labour with thine own Hands. Do not expect a Blessing to drop from the Clouds into hands that are only held up, or that God will indulge thee in idleness, and neglect of thy self. If we beg Grace for Victory over our Passions, we must also constantly strive to resist their Assaults. We must endeavour wisely to for-see particular Dangers, and cast about how to avoid them. We must use the proper Weapons against every Sin that we would conquer. To every one oppose the strict Command of the Great God, the dire Threatnings against it, the Judgments executed against Sinners: The Mischiefs that are the natural Consequents of Sin, the hurt it will do to the Body or the Soul of thy self, the prejudice that it may do to the interests of thy Neighbour. Consider, my Soul, it will be in vain to approach the holy God, to worship him, unless thy Life prepare the way for thy Offerings. Endeavour then to come with clean Hands. Let thy Life be a continued Exercise of Holiness and Vertue, if thou wouldest obtain an Encrease of these by thy prayers. Be thou merciful, if thou wouldest find Mercy. God will shut his Ears to thy loudest prayers, if thou do not open thine to the Cry of the Poor. He will deny to pardon thy Trespases against him, if thou dost not forgive thine Enemies. But that very Temper which disposes us to be heard when we pray, does indeed depend upon his Favour. Every condition that he requires on our part is nothing else but

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but his own free Gift. We should then, my Soul, ask with all that we desire, those Qualifications to which the things are promised. And as we find these increase in us, our confidence and hope in the promises of God may also encrease. Let us study what he requires us to be, and aim at that in the first place, seeking first the Kingdom of God, and the Righteousness thereof, and then all other things that are necessary and good for us shall be added. Godliness entitles to the Promises of this Life, and of that to come. To the good Man God will perform his Promises in a bounteous measure. He holds his Blessings as it were hovering over our Heads, still watching when we shall be fit to receive them.

U

W

PETITIONS.

W

O Most gracious God, vouchsafe to give what thou art pleased to command, and then command what thou pleasest. Come, holy Spirit, and inspire all my Prayers, that it may not be my sad Fate to ask and not receive, because I ask amiss. Deliver me, O Lord, from asking what I cannot use without offending others, or ruining my own Soul. Do thou, I beseech Thee, O Sovereign Good, who alone art worthy to be the Center of my Soul, cure all my vain Desires and Worldly Lusts, and reclaim my Wandering Thoughts from all other Things when I am in thy service. Make me to Worship thee in Spirit and in Truth. O may the Spirit of Grace and Prayer excite me to seek Thee diligently, Night and day to call upon Thee, to pray without ceasing or fainting. Lord, let thy bounteous Goodness encourage me to do thus by affording seasonable and fit Answers to the Prayers I make. Let my experience tell me Thou art my Portion and Refuge in the Land of the Living, when I feel
my

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my self under thy sure Protection in my Dangers, and within the reach of thy gracious Ear for whatever real Good I ask, and do use my just Endeavours to attain. Lord, since thou art every where present, where e're I am thou art round about me, thou art in me, and in all things: Communicate, I pray thee, to thy Creature, such of thine Excellencies as I want, and am made capable to receive. Let me not dwell in thy Fulness, and yet remain empty, surrounded with thy Blessedness, and yet be my self miserable. Cure the darkness of my Mind by communicating of thy Light; cleanse away the Pollution and sinful Spots of my Soul, by making me a Partaker of thy Holiness. Since thy Goodness is always near to me, infuse it into me; make me compassionate to those that are Miserable, Liberal to the Poor, and patient towards the Infirmities of them I have to do with for their good. Lord, make me like thy self, that I may be such as thou canst love, that thy nearness may always have a favourable influence upon me; and that I may have Comfort and not Terror in thy Presence, from the assurance of a Friend, and not an Enemy at Hand. Let every thing about me, Lord, bring thee to my mind, since thou art in and with every thing. Cause me to keep my Eyes continually fixt on thine over me, that thine may awfully check my inclination to folly, and may encourage my pursuit of true Good, and the performance of my Duty. Make me, O God, still with humble boldness to rejoyce before thee who art my merciful Creator: And as a new pardon'd Subject justly fears the angry Brow of his offended Prince; so let my oft forgiven Soul continually tremble to provoke the Wrath of thy dread Majesty. Thus temper, O Lord, my Love with Reverence, and allay my Fear with Hope, that I may live to thy Glory in a cheerful Obedience.

Glory be to the Father, &c. Amen.

For Monday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

TO know Thee, O Lord, is the highest Learning, and to see thy Face is the only true Happiness. Consider now, my Soul, and thankfully remember what the great God is to us Men; Thou, Lord, art the great Beginning of our Nature, and the glorious End of all our Actions: Thou art the overflowing Source from whence we Spring, and the immense Ocean into which we tend: Thou art the free bestower of all we possess, and the faithful promiser of all we hope for: Thou art the strong Sustainer of our Lives, and our ready Protection from all our Enemies: Thou art the Merciful Scourger of our Sins, and the bounteous Rewarder of our Obedience: Thou art the only wise God, and the only safe Conductor of this Life's Pilgrimage: Thou art the ever blessed God, and the Eternal Rest of our wearied Souls. God is the Guide to find my way, my Strength to walk in it, and my Rest in the End of it: He must draw me, or I cannot run after him, he must seek me, or I can never find him, and unless I find and enjoy him I can never be happy. Such Words our narrowness is constrain'd to use, when we endeavour to speak the Divine Bounties, when we would express how many ways Mankind are beholden to him that made them. In a few Words, Lord, here is much express'd, what may fill our minds with a great many Thoughts, and afford Matter for long Meditation: But yet our Words are, and our highest Thoughts must be far short of the goodness and mercy of thy Thoughts towards us; they are more than can be numbred by Men or Angels.

M E.

MEDITATION II.

LET us now consider, my Soul, and with great humility remember what we are to the great God: We, who alas, are nothing in our selves, what can we be to his Immensity? Thou, Lord, who art all things in thine own rich self, what canst thou receive from our poverty? This only we are to Thee, O great Creator! The unthankful Objects of all thy Bounties: This only we are to thee, O dear Redemer! the unworthy cause of all thy Sufferings. Guilty we committed the Crime, and thou with thine own Innocency undertook'st the Punishment: We went a stray from the Path of Life, and thy Mercy came down from Heaven to seek us; to seek us in the Wilderness where we had lost our selves, and bring us home to the discipline of thy Love. Thou hast sent thy Spirit to gather the lost Sheep, and what are we to thee, O holy and blessed Spirit! but very stubborn and untractable Creatures? We are not Sheep, till thou hast changed our Natures: Man is born like the wild Asses Colt. Lord, what are we, that thou shouldst thus regard such poor, vile and inconsiderable Wretches? What can our good Will avail thy Bliss, that with so many Charms thou woest us to love thee? What can our Enmity prejudice thy Content, that thou dost threaten so severely if we love thee not? Is there, O my God, not Felicity enough in the sweetness alone of loving thee? Is there not certainly Misery enough in living destitute of thy blisful Love? Yes, yes, dear Lord, so it is, and that thou knewest; and that is indeed the only cause which moved thy goodness to court our Affections: Thou knewest we would else cast away our selves, by doating on the Follies of this deceitful World; Thou knewest the danger of our wilful

wilful Nature, and therefore strivest by greatest Fears and Hopes, and by all the wisest Arts of Love and Bounty to draw us to thy self, and endow us with thy Kingdom. But Oh, unhappy we! Whose Frowardness requir'd so strange proceeding, to force upon us our own Salvation: Yet happy we are in this, that our Wants have met so kind a Hand, that our God is good, long suffering, and whose Mercy endures for ever: His Goodness needs but our emptiness to engage him to fill us, and nothing but our Misery to move him to make us happy.

MEDITATION III.

Lord, without Thee, what's all the World to us but a flying Dream of busy Vanities? It promises indeed a Paradise of Bliss, but all it performs is an empty Cloud: Thine are the Joys that shine fixt as the Stars, and make the only solid Heaven: Lord, without Thee what are we to our selves, but the wretched causes of our own ruin? We, 'till thou gavest us Being, were purely nothing more remov'd from Happiness than the most miserable of thy Creatures: Now thou hast made us, we wholly depend on thee, and perish immediately if thou forsake us: Thou, who without us art the same All-glorious, Essence, perfectly full of thy own eternal Felicity: Without us thy Royal Throne stands firm for ever, and all the Powers of Heaven obey thy Pleasures: O Lord, how contrary is our imperfect Nature in every circumstance, to thy Excellency and Perfection? Thou dwellest above in the Mansions of Glory, and we below in Houses of Clay: Thou art from everlasting to everlasting, we are but of Yesterday, and are every moment going downwards to our Dissolution: Thou art Immenſe, and thy Presence fills the Heavens: but the greatest of us, alas, how little

little are we? Two yards of Air contain us while we live, and a few spans of Earth suffice us at our Death: Thou art Almighty Power, all sufficient Fullness; we are Poverty and Weakness. When, O when, my God, shall these vast Distances meet together? It is in thy Power to make these Extremities embrace each other; we know that by thy amazing Power they were once miraculously join'd in the Sacred Person of thy Eternal Son; when the King of Heaven stoop'd down to Earth, and grafted in to his own Person the Nature of Man: We hope they once again shall be happily united in the blissful Vision of thy glorious Self; when we shall be like thee, by seeing thee as thou art; when the Children of Earth shall be exalted to Heaven, and be satisfied with thy likeness: But are there no Means here below? Oh thou infinitely high and glorious God! Is there no way for us now to approach towards thee, to diminish at least this uncomfortable distance? There is none but the way of holy Love: Divine Love elevates our meanness. Love will bring us near to the blessed God, it will make us live in a happy Union to him. And none can attain this but by thy free Gift? unless thou, O dearest Lord! do first love us, and with thy Love kindle the sacred Fire in our Breasts, we shall never be so happy as to love thee.

PETITIONS.

O Bounteous God! O abundant Goodness: Add to all thy other Favours this of making me love and esteem thee above all Things, above myself and all Creatures besides: Make me to see emptiness and vanity in all Things else, to account that all is Vanity of Vanities, but only the love of God, and enjoyment of him. Let me when I find this world ordain'd by thee to breed and widen only,

and not fill my capacity ; let me make this use of all thy Creatures here, to raise and heighten my Desires of thy infinite self in thy Eternity. O God, be thou to me my God and my All, and make me nothing in mine own Eyes: Be thou my whole everlasting Delight, and let nothing else be any thing to me but thy self; so draw my Heart to thee, so engross, I beseech thee, all my Affections, as to famish all the helpless Idols of my Soul, which in my state of Darknes and Enmity to thee I have so fondly ador'd. Pity, Oh pity, gracious Lord, according to thy infinite compassion, my miserable distance from thee: Thy Hands have made me and fashioned me, thou hast made me capable to enjoy thee, thou hast given a capacity too large to receive satisfaction from any thing but thy self. Oh regard with favour the Work of thy Hands! say to my Soul thou art my Salvation, and say it so, Lord, as to make me hear; thy powerful Word can open the deaf Ear: And through my Ear, Lord, reach my Heart, quicken my stupid Soul, put a new Life into me; so make me gladly follow thee, that by following I may find thee, and having found, may never lose thy sight again, never turn away my Eyes from thee, never grow estranged again, nor lose thy blisful Acquaintance: Never let any thing but thy Eternal Self be the prevailing ruling Joy of my Heart. Grant these Requests, or I am undone: Grant these Requests for the love of thy only Son our Mediator and Advocate, *Amen.*

HYMN IV.

Lord, who shall dwell above with thee,
 There on thy holy hill?
 Who shall those glorious Prospects see
 That Heaven with Gladness fill?

Those

Those happy Souls who prize that Life
Above the bravest here;
Whose greatest Hope, whose eagerest Strife,
Is once to settle there.

They use this World, but value that
That they supremely love;
They travel through this present State,
But place their Home above.

Lord! who are they that thus chuse thee,
But those thou first didst chuse?
To whom thou ga'vst thy Grace most free,
Thy Grace not to refuse.

We of our selves can nothing do,
But all on thee depend;
Thine is the Work and Wages too,
Thine both the Way and End.

O make us still our Work attend,
And wee'l not doubt our Pay;
We will not fear a blessed End,
If thou but guide our Way.

Glory to Thee, O bounteous Lord!
Who giv'st to all Things Breath;
Glory to Thee, Eternal Word!
Who sav'st us by thy Death.

Glory, O blessed Spirit to Thee,
Who fill'st our Hearts with Love;
Glory to all the Mystick Three,
Who reign one God above.

Amen.

For

For Tuesday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

FROM thee, O Lord, we derive our being; and from the same Goodness our continuance to be: If thou but with-drawest thy Hand for one single moment, we instantly return to our first nothing. Thou art without Cause or Maker, as thou art without Beginning, and hast thy Dependence upon none else; we have but a derived Being, only borrow'd worth, we have nothing which we have not received: Nothing but our Sins is entirely our own, which we have reason to be ashamed of. Should we presume at any time, O Lord, to divide thy Grace, and proudly challenge any share to our selves, the mighty Truth stands up against us; and our own Infirmities may plainly confute us. Shouldst thou severely examine our Hearts, and ask who works all their Actions in them; Surely we must needs bow down our Heads, and from our low Dust humbly say: Nothing are we, O Lord, but what thou hast made us; nothing have we but what thou hast given us. Not unto us then, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name be Glory. When we have applyed our utmost cares, and us'd all the diligence that lies in our Power; what can we do but look up to thee, and second all our Endeavours with Prayers for thy Blessing? And when we implore thy gracious Mercy, what can we do but submit our Hopes, and expect the event from thy free Goodness? If thou denyest what we wish, who can compel thy Will, or call in question thy Decrees? Are we not all thy Creatures, O gracious God! and as helpless Children, hanging at the Breast

Breast of thy Providence? Are we not all as Clay in thy Hands, to frame us into Vessels of what use thou pleasest? Behold, we confess, O Lord, in thee we live, in thee we move and have our being. All our sufficiency proceeds from thee; and all our success depends on thy favour. Others may tell us the way that we should go; but thou alone canst enable us to walk in it. And they that tell us our Way, must be first taught it by thee. And they must be moved by thee to act that Charity: and so at last all is resolv'd into thee. We know further, O Lord, and thou thy self hast taught us; that unless thou defend the City, the Guard watches it in vain. We acknowledge, and our own Experience tells us, that unless thou reach forth thy Hand, we are presently in danger of sinking. Every moment of our Days subsists by thee. From all our Enemies thy Providence defends us, and covers our Head in the Day of Danger: Thou sendest in thy Grace to relieve our weakness; and so disappointest the temptations that threaten to undo us. O my Soul, be thou ready to adore thy God that preserves thee. Has he watch'd over thee all this Night for Good? Has he renewed his Mercies this Morning? Does he bestow on thee all thy Days, and the Comforts they bring? Then be asham'd to think much of spending one half hour in his Worship.

HYMN V.

Come let's adore the gracious Hand,
That brought us to this Light;
That gave his Angels strict Command
To be our Guard this Night.

When we laid down our weary Head,
And Sleep seal'd up our Eye:
They stood and watch'd about our Bed,
To let no harm come nigh,

Now

Now we are up, they still go on,
 And guide us through the Day;
 They never leave their Charge alone,
 What'e're besets our Way.

And, O my Soul, how many Snares,
 Ly spread before our Feet!

In all our Joys in all our Cares,
 Some Danger still we meet.

Sometimes the Sin does us o'rtake,
 And on our weakness win;
 Sometimes our selves our ruin make,
 And we o'rtake the Sin.

O save us, Lord, from all those Darts
 That seek our Souls to slay;
 Save us from us and our false Hearts,
 Lest we our selves betray.

Save us, O Lord, to thee we cry,
 From whom all Blessings spring;
 We on thy Grace alone rely,
 Alone thy Glory sing.

Glory to Thee eternal Lord,
 Thrice blessed Three in One,
 Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
 Till time it self be done.

Amen.

✧ MEDITATION II. ✧

THE Almighty Power of God sustains our Life,
 and mercifully allows us space to repent; that
 by well employing the time he lends us, we may
 wisely provide for our own Eternity. Wisely then
 thou actest, O my Soul, when thou settest apart some
 time

time every Day wherein to meditate on God and his Word and Works, by which thou maist be fitted for a happy Eternity. Consider then further the Divine Providence, and say within thy self: Thus do we depend, O Lord! on thee, and happy we are in that dependance, did we but know our own true Interests. We, and our whole Concerns, are deposited with God; and where can we find a better Hand to ensure them? Is he not wise enough to chuse safely for us, who disposes all Nature in such admirable order? Has he not Power to go through with his purpose, who commands the Will of Men and Angels? Wants he perhaps an inclination to favour us, who desires our Felicity more than our own Hearts do? He feeds the Fowls of the Air, and cloaths the Lilies of the Field. Without his Providence not a Sparrow falls to the Ground, and shall we mistrust his care for his Children? Under his Government we have liv'd all this while; and can we now suspect hee'l forsake us; He has shewn his Bounty in extraordinary Favours, and will he deny us his lesser Blessings? He has freely bestow'd upon us his dearest Son; how shall he not with him freely give us all things else? All that are useful to carry us on our way, and bring us at length to his Eternal Rest. If our Necessities be the effects of our folly, we must not presume that he will maintain us in our Sins: Rather we should strive to moderate our Appetites, and correct our Vices that have bred these Miseries. But if our Wants be innocent and pressing, he will sooner do a Miracle than break his Word: This he has often solemnly engag'd; and often made good by his Providence. Ask but the former Ages, and they will tell you the Wonders which he wrought in them in favour to his faithful Servants. He multiplied the Oil in the poor Widow's Cruse, and fed his banish'd Prophet by a Raven. He dried the Sea into a Path for his People, and melted the Rocks into

into Streams of Water to quench their Thirst. He made his Angels Stewards of their Provision, and nourish'd them in the Wilderness with the Bread of Heaven. Still, O my God, thy Eternal Charity retains the same Affections for those that rely on thee. Still thy all-seeing Wisdom governs the World with the same immense, unalterable Goodness. Nay, surely now the Streams of thy Mercy run *more strong*, and have wrought to themselves a larger Channel. Since thou broughtest down the Waters from above the Heavens, and openedst in thine own Body a Spring of Life; a Spring of Joy and Bliss to revive our Hearts, and overflow them with a Torrent of everlasting Pleasures.

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MEDITATION III.

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LET us sit down in Peace, O my Soul! and rest secure in the Bosom of Providence. Let us not disturb the order of those Mercies which our God has design'd us in the eternal Councils: Every Accident may be turn'd into Vertue, and every Vertue is a Step towards our glorious End. If our Affairs succeed, let us praise our great Benefactor, and think what he will give us hereafter, who does so favour us here; if they miscarry, let us yield to the Will of Heaven, and learn by our Crosses in this World to love the other: Whatever happens to us, this ought to be our constant Rule, to provide for the other Life, and be contented with the present: Shall we not patiently accept a little Evil from him, that has given us much Good? Shall the being without some one Thing that we need not, more sensibly affect us than the having all that we need? Ingrateful Wretches! the common Benefits that we all enjoy, deserve the Thanksgiving of a whole Life; the Air we breath in, the bright Sun that shines on us, the Water and the bounteous Earth that do
so

so faithfully serve us; the exercise of our Senses, and the use of our Wits, if not in excellency, at least to some degree: All these things, O Lord, thou generally affordest both to the Good and to the Bad; and for the least of these none can praise thee enough. What shall we say then? Can we yet with any justice complain, because some few, perhaps, are more prosperous than we? Should we not rather look down on the many below us, and be thankful to see our selves more favoured than they? Should we not do well, my Soul, to reckon over the several Miseries of Mankind, and bless our God that has so far prefer'd us? Had we some desperate Canker breeding on our Face, or noisome Leprosie spreading over our Skin (these we must all confess are incident to our Nature, and much more than these is due to our Sins) what would we then give to be as we now are? How gladly would we exchange them for a moderate Affliction? It is but to interpret our worst Condition well, and we shall find Motives enow to excite our Gratitude to God: It is but interpreting our best Condition frowardly, and we shall imagine Defects enow to make us think our selves miserable. My Soul, do thou always adore the VVisdom of God, and leave it to him as he pleases to rule his own World: All his Works shall certainly praise him, and his Saints shall bless him. He scatters these temporal Things with a seeming negligence, as Trifles of so little importance, that they signifie not either Love or Hatred. Nothing but Heaven is indeed considerable, nothing but Eternity deserves our esteem: But if we could understand the secret Character of the Divine Decrees, we should read in each Syllable a perfect Harmony.

w PETITIONS. w

TEach me, I pray thee, O thou the blest En-
 lightner of our Minds, teach me to expound
 thy Actions always in a fair sense, always to believe
 they are well becoming thy infinite Perfection,
 and therefore adorable: Suffer me not to follow my
 own Fancy in doing this, lest I create to my self a
 voluntary Misery. Lord, let all thy dispensations
 design favour and good to me, and let me understand
 that they do so; then shall I heartily praise thee for
 them, of what nature soever they be: Let me
 interpret the Afflictions which thou sendest, as meant
 to correct, and not to destroy me; to prevent some
 Sin, or teach me the practice of some Vertue, and
 that when I shall need Crosses no longer, thou wilt
 then remove them: In the mean while, O Gracious
 Lord, I beseech thee to give me Patience, accord-
 ing to my Burden; inable me to wait the time of
 Deliverance, without prescribing Limits to thee,
 and without contracting either a froward, discon-
 tented Spirit, or a mean and dejected one: Make
 me, Lord, to rejoyce that my Lot is in thy Hands,
 while I see thy Mercy favourably chusing for me:
 And willingly, I say, do thou dispose of my con-
 dition here as it pleases thy self, only let my Portion
 hereafter be with thy Blessed. Fix thou, O Lord, my
 Steps, establish my Goings in thy Word, that I may
 not stagger at the uneven Motions of this World,
 but may steadily go on towards my glorious Home;
 not censuring my Journey by the Weather I meet
 with, nor turning out of the Way for an Accident
 that may befall me. Thou hast told us, O Lord, it
 is not in Man that walketh, to direct his own Steps,
 and therefore bid us not to lean to our own Under-
 standing: I humbly beg of thee continual Directi-
 on; I desire thou wouldest cause all Self-presump-
 tion

tion to die in me: Let this be the effect of all my Disappointments and ill Successes; and make my whole Confidence to rely on thee, so shall my frailty make me more strong, and thy Power, O my God, may be magnified in my Weakness, and thy Mercy triumph in the relief of my Misery. Teach me to begin all my Works with Fear, to go on with Obedience, and finish them with Love, and after all to sit humbly down in Hope, and with a chearful confidence look up to thee. All this we may do for Men, and they may fail us; we may fear and obey, and they forget our Service; we may love and hope, and they despise our Affections; only Thou, O Lord, whom we can no way benefit, thou wilt not fail those that trust and serve thee; thy Promises are faithful, thou art unchangeable, and thy Rewards are eternal.

Glory be to thee, &c. Amen.

For Tuesday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

WITH awful Reverence, my Soul, consider that the Great God is infinite in his Power to punish, he has been, and he can always be, very terrible in his Judgments; our God is a consuming Fire. Let vain Dust no more speak proudly against the Almighty, nor be so fool-hardy as to provoke the living God. Let all seal up their Lips in humble silence when they are Witnesses of his terrible Judgments, and with fear and trembling always remember them. Remember thou, my Soul, how the Earth opened it self and swallow'd up alive many thousands of his Enemies. Call to mind that the Clouds rain'd Fire and Brimstone, and buried several rebellious

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Cities

Cities in their own Ashes. Remember that a general Deluge did once by God's Commission over-spread the whole World, and swept away almost all Mankind, when the Wickedness of Men was great upon the Earth. Remember steadily that Sin was the cause of all this Misery and Ruin. Sin threw the Angels down from Heaven, and chain'd them up in eternal Darkness. Sin banish'd *Adam* out of Paradise; and turn'd the delicious Garden into a Field of Weeds. O God, how terrible is thy mighty Arm, when thou stretchest it forth to be avenged on thine Enemies! O Sin, how fatal is thy desperate Malice, that pulls on our Heads all the Thunder of Heaven! O my Soul, how dull and senseless are we, to sleep secure as if all were safe! Can we repeat these amazing Truths, and not tremble at the Wrath of divine Justice? Can we consider the deplorable end of Sinners, and still dare to go on in the ways of Sin? Even when we sing thy Praises, O glorious Lord, it is our Duty to rejoyce with Trembling before Thee. What should corrupted Nature then do, when it sees it self ready to offend Thee? What should a guilty Conscience do when it sees it self upon the brink of Ruin by offending Thee?

MEDITATION II.

YET, O my Soul, do not give up thy self to Despair under a sense of thy Sins; bring thou to him but a humble and penitent Heart, and thou shalt find there is forgiveness with him. He that is thus infinite in power to punish, is full as infinite in Goodness to save. How often have we broke his Commands, yet still his Earth sustains, and serves us! How oft, alas! have we abused our fullness of Bread, yet still his Clouds shower Plenty upon us! He is merciful and gracious as well as long-suffering? A God forgiving Iniquity, Transgression and

and Sin, he spares us so long that we may have time to repent, and to seek and obtain his pardon. Only the proud apostate Angels find no forgiveness, because their obstinacy does refuse to seek it. Could those rebel Spirits disclaim their Crimes, and turn again to obey their Maker, his Clemency would soon revoke their Sentence, and restore them to shine in their first bright Seats. But O! the excess of mercy vouchsafed to *Adam*, and to us Dust and Ashes his contemptible Posterity! for whom the Sovereign King of Heaven, humbled himself to descend upon Earth, to lead a poor laborious life, and to suffer a painful Death. He came to be a Prince and a Saviour to us, to give us repentance and remission of Sins; to teach us by an exemplary Life how to live acceptably to God; and to satisfy for our Sins, by his Death. Thy mercies, O Lord, are above all thy Works; and this is above all the rest of thy Mercies.

MEDITATION III.

STill, my Soul, dwell in contemplation of the divine Mercies, it is good and pleasant to be here. When we lay buried in the abyss of nothing, it was his own free Goodness that call'd us into Being. He fashion'd our Limbs in our Mothers Womb, and fill'd our Nurses Breasts with Milk. He enlarg'd our little Steps when we began to go, and carefully preserved our helpless Infancy. He commanded even his Angels to bear us up lest we should dash our Feet against a Stone. How many Dangers, my Soul, consider hast thou escaped, and not one of them but was govern'd by a Divine Providence! How many Blessings doth thou daily receive, and there is not one of them which does not proceed from his Bounty; He provided Tutors to instruct our Youth, and to plant in our tender Minds the Seeds of Vertue. He appointed Pastors to

feed our Souls, and safely guide them in the ways of Bliss. He seal'd his Love with Sacraments of Grace, to nourish in us Faith and Charity. All this thou hast done, O merciful Lord! the wise disposer of Heaven and Earth. All this thou hast done, and still thou goest on by infinite ways to gain us to thy Love. Thou commandest us to ask, and promistest to grant; thou invitest us to seek, and assurest that we shall find. Thou dost vouchsafe even thy self to stand at the Door and knock; and if we open, thou entrest, and fillest our Hearts with Joy. If we forget thee, thou renewest our Memories; if we fly from thee, thou still kindly findest some means to recal us. If we defer our amendment, thou dost patiently stay for us; and nevertheless when we return we find thy Arms open to embrace us. And if when we were not, thou didst freely love us, we may be assur'd thou wilt not forsake us when we strive to love Thee. If when we had lost our way, and were wandering from thee, thy matchless Kindness did condescend to seek us, and give us an effectual Call, thou wilt not refuse us when we seek after Thee.

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PETITIONS.

I Therefore do most humbly and constantly seek after thee, my God. For all Good I fly to Thee the Father of Lights, and giver of every good and perfect Gift. And at this time, Lord, I ask of Thee that thou would'st always possess my Heart with an awful reverence of thy great Name. Chase away all levity and carelessness of Spirit from me, by putting thy Fear into my inward Parts. Humble my too proud and wilful Spirit to a ready submission to thy Will in all Things. Make me, I pray Thee, so to stand in awe of Thee, and of thy Judgments, that I may not dare to sin. Those Judgments
thou

thou hast often executed on obstinate and impenitent Sinners, let them be often call'd to my mind ; let the thoughts of them meet and antidote the Temptations to Sin : Make my fear of them prevent my feeling the like. Still, O Lord, let a lively sensible Conscience cry out aloud when I am tempted, and say ; Dare you commit this Evil, and sin against God ? Dare you commit this Evil, and run upon the Fire of divine Vengeance ? Are you not afraid to provoke his Wrath to plunge you into everlasting Torments ? By thy Judgments in the World, thou, O Lord, expectest that the Inhabitants thereof should be moved to learn Righteousness. Grant, Lord, that I may always do so, that so thy Judgments on others may prove Mercies to me. And let also thy abundant Goodness and Mercy shewn to the Penitent and Faithful, win me to repent and trust in Thee the merciful and gracious God. Thus prevent me, I beseech Thee, from being overawed by the Terrors of the Lord. Suffer not the Enemy of my Soul to drive me into Despair because I am a Sinner ; dispose me to lay hold of the Mercy offer'd by the Redeemer, make me to believe and find that humble and penitent Sinners have an Advocate with the Father, the righteous Jesus, the Christ : That he, who suffer'd on Earth for our Sins, is gone to Heaven to make Intercession, and to plead that satisfaction in the behalf of those that apply themselves to him for his Help. Encourage me to a steady practice and farther pursuit of Holiness by the Favours thou hast shewn to good Men, by assurance that I shall be assisted therein, and that thou wilt hereafter, if not in this Life, abundantly reward it. Thus, Lord, let it please thee by my Hopes and Fears, which are the great Swayers of our Natures here, to counterpoise my Propensity downwards to this Earth, to keep me in a constant tendency upwards ; lift me out of the Dirt of this World, into a happy Converse with thee all my Days.

HYMN VI.

FAin would my thoughts fly up to thee,
 Thy Peace, sweet Lord, to find,
 But when I offer, still the World
 Lays Clogs upon my Mind.

Sometimes I climb a little way,
 And thence look down below;
 How nothing there do all things seem
 Which here make such a Show!

Then round about I turn my Eyes,
 To feast my hungry Sight;
 I meet with Heaven in every thing,
 In every thing delight.

I see thy Wisdom ruling all,
 And it with Joy admire;
 I see my self amidst such hopes
 As set my Heart on fire.

When I have thus triumpht a while,
 And think to build my Nest;
 Some cross conceits come flut'ring by
 And interrupt my Rest.

Then to the Earth again I fall,
 And from my low Dust cry;
 'Twas not in my Wing, Lord, but thine
 That I got up so high.

And now, my God, whether I rise,
 Or still lie down in Dust;
 Both I submit to thy blest Will,
 In both on Thee I trust.

Guide thou my Way, who art thy self

My everlasting End;

That every step, or swift or slow,

Still to thy self may tend.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,

One Consubstantial Three;

All highest Praise, all humblest Thanks

Now and for ever be.

Amen.

For Wednesday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

Come, my Soul, let us adore the God that governs us, him who is absolute King of Heaven and Earth: He sees at once the whole frame of all things, and thoroughly comprehends their various Natures: To every Creature he appoints a fit Office, and guides all their motions in a perfect order till he has wrought out his glorious Design, and that he may finish the World in a beauteous Close: His Counsels are deep, and his particular Ways may be beyond our reach; yet all his ways are wise and just, and merciful: And if all things come alike to all now, yet he will punish wilful Sinners with Eternal Miseries hereafter, and bless his Servants with Eternal Happiness. Why then do you laugh and rejoyce, unhappy Wretches, who tire your selves in the ways of Sin? Ways they are indeed, that seem smooth at first, but lead to danger, and end in ruin: Why do you boast your pleasant Life, who lie a sleep in the Arms of Death? Awake, poor Souls, and shake off the golden Dreams that delude your crazy Heads with empty Fancies: Awake, and fill your Eyes with peni-

tent Tears, sadly reflect on the real Miseries to which your Sins have exposed you: Consider whither, alas, will your Souls be hurry'd, when in cold Despair you sigh away your last faint Breath? They shall fly amaz'd from the sight of Heaven, and hide their guilty selves in Eternal Darkness; there they shall dwell with intolerable Pains wailing and lamenting for ever; their Understanding shall sit as in a deep Dungeon, and think on nothing but its own Calamities; their Will shall be heightned to a madness of desire, and perpetually wrack'd with Despair of obtaining; their Memory shall serve but to renew their Sorrows, and their whole Souls be drown'd in a Sea of Bitterness; there every Vice shall have its proper Torment prodigiously bred out of its own Corruption: The Lascivious shall burn with unquenchable Fires, perpetually flaming in the rage of their own Lusts: The Glutton and Drunkard shall vainly sigh for a drop of Water to cool their Tongues; the furious Cholerick shall rage like mad Dogs, to their own only vexation; the spiteful Envious shall have Thoughts that only gnaw and torment their own Minds; the desires of the Covetous shall be as Thorns in a Man's Sides; the haughty Proud shall be thrown down to the lowest contempt, shall be loaded with utter Disdain; the Slothful shall miserably deplore their lost time, and languish with Grief for their stupid Negligence: But, O what horrid Pangs shall seize them all, and Wound and Pierce the very center of their Souls! Anguish and Trouble shall infect all the whole Spirit, when they shall see themselves deprived of the bright and blissful Vision of God! When their offended God shall despise and reject them, as if they were not his Creatures, shall cast them away as offensive to his sight, and he that made them will not save them, will shew them no mercy: When they shall see themselves eternally banish'd from the sweet and gracious pre-

presence of Jesus; that he will not be their Saviour, because they would not take him for their King: When they shall see that God who made them to enjoy his Glory, will now cast them into thick deep shades of eternal Darkness, and the blessed Jesus who came into the World to redeem Sinners, will say to them, Depart from me, I know you not: Then shall they Curse the Day of their Birth, and the unfortunate Companions that inveigled them to sin; they shall curse this vain deceitful World, that draws them on in the ways of Perdition, and by a fatal Mist cast before their Eyes, hinders them from foreseeing the Perdition they are going to. Are these, alas, they will say, the effects of those fond Desires, whose Gratifications we made our chief Felicity; Alas! what do now our wanton Liberties avail us? What the fugitive Pleasures that we so eagerly pursued? What Comfort receive we from those empty Honours, from those faithless Riches that tempted us to sin? They are all of them vanish'd away like a Shadow, and gone as a Cloud of Smoak that is scattered with the Wind: But the Remorse and Punishment of these endure for ever, and torture our Spirits with perpetual Anguish. Thus shall they cry and none will regard them, thus mourn and there will be none found to pity: Such will be the dismal end and consequence of a sinful and impenitent Life. Be thankful to God, O my Soul, whose gracious Providence has given thee warning to avoid these Miseries.

HYMN II

Open thine Eyes, my Soul, and see,
Once more the Light returns to thee;
Look round about, and chuse the way,
Thou mean'st to travel o're to Day.

Think

Think on the Dangers thou maist meet,
 And always watch thy sliding Feet:
 Think where thou once hast fall'n before,
 And mark the place, and fall no more.
 Think on the Helps that God bestows,
 And cast to steer thy Life by those:
 Think on the Sweets thy Soul did feel,
 When thou didst well, and do so still.
 Think on the Pains that shall torment
 Those stubborn Souls that ne're repent:
 Think on the Joys that wait above,
 To crown the Head of Holy Love.
 Think what at last will be thy part
 If thou go'st on where now thou art;
 See Life and Death set thee to chuse,
 One thou must take, and one refuse.
 O my dear Lord, guide thou my course,
 And draw me on with thy sweet force:
 Still make me walk, still make me tend
 By thee my Way, to thee my end.
 All Glory to the sacred Threë,
 One undivided Deity:
 As it has been in Ages gone,
 May now, and ever still be done. *Amn.*

MEDITATION VII.

AS the Day will come wherein God will de-
 stroy all the Workers of Iniquity; so the Day
 will come, my Soul, the Day will certainly come,
 when the gracious God will reward and crown all
 that love his Commandments, and seek the Glory

he has made us for. Why do you mourn, ye Children of the Light, to whom belong the Promises of Bliss? You who feed on the pleasant Fruits of Piety, and the continual Feast of a good Conscience? Whom hast already the sweetness of Hope; and hereafter shall be satisfied with the fulness of Fruition. What can molest your happy State, whom the God of Glory has chosen for himself? Whom he has adopted into his honourable Family, and design'd for Heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. That blessed Kingdom where all Delights abound, and Sorrow and Tears are banish'd away: Where none are Sick, or grow Old, or Dye; where all flourish in perfect Health, and live an immortal Life, in all the beauty and vigor of an Eternal Youth: Where none are perplext with Cares or Fears, but all dwell secure and free for ever: Where we shall no more be subject to change; no more be expos'd to the danger of Temptation. No more shall we be cross'd by others; nor ever disquieted with our own Passions. There a serene Tranquility shall always dwell within us, and innumerable Joys be round about us. Joy in the excellencies of our glorified Bodies; Joy in the Perfections of our enlarged Souls. Joy in the sweet Society of Saints; Joy in the glorious Company of Angels; Joy in the ravishing sight of our beloved Jesus; Joy in the blissful Union with the adorable Deity. All shall be Joy, and Love and Peace, and all endure for eternal Ages. Let then the Servants of our Lord rejoyce and sing; Sweet is the Yoke of thy Love, dear Lord, and light is the burthen of thy Commands: But O how far more rich are thy faithful Promises! How infinitely greater thy glorious Rewards! When every divine Vertue in us shall there be rewarded with its proper Crown and Glory. The humble there shall be highly exalted; and the poor in Spirit shall be preferr'd to be Kings. The Meek shall possess that holy Land,

and

and the Mourners be comforted with eternal Refreshments; the clean of Heart shall see the God of Purity, and the Lovers of Peace shall have the Privilege of his Children: They who hunger and thirst after Righteousness shall be filled, and the Merciful will be entertain'd with the kind embraces of Mercy: They who suffer Persecution for Righteousness sake, shall receive a great Reward, they that are Teachers and enlighten others, shall shine bright as the Stars: They who relinquish any thing for God, shall receive an hundred-fold; and all the Just shall be in Glory for ever, Then shall they bless the true Friend that at anytime reprov'd their foolish Courses, and so was instrumental to convert them to the ways of Bliss; they shall bless each charitable Hand that was assistant to their Happiness. They shall praise and admire the provident Mercies of their God, and sing aloud the Victories of his Grace. With joyful wonder they shall say, Is this the effect of those little pains we took? Are these the Repairs for the petty Losses we suffer'd? Happy we who deny'd our selves a few Toys, and are now advanc'd to these high Felicities. Millions of Years shall pass away, and our Glory shall but then seem to begin. Yea, when millions of millions are past, our Glory shall not for all that be nearer to its end. Thus shall they all rejoyce and none shall disturb them, and all the Hosts of Angels shall joyn with them in the high Praises of God. O be very thankful, my Soul, to the gracious God, whose favourable Providence to thee has brought this Felicity to thy knowledge that it may allure thee to the pursuit of it.

MEDITATION III.

AND now, my Soul, consider what thou hast to do. Consider what it is likely to profit thee to gain the whole World, and lose thy self. See
Life

Life and Death here set before thee, the Rewards of Saints, and the pains of Sinners: Consider these things, and make thy eternal hearty Choice; choose wisely, and thou shalt not need to choose again: Choose while thy gracious Lord allows thee Time and Day, lest the Night of Darkness overtake thy neglect. Make a Choice, but remember that all Eternity is concern'd; and consider well, thou hast reason, before thou settle in resolution. Call all the pleasures of the World before thee; and ask if any of those transitory Relishes are worthy our enduring for them such exceeding great and endless Pains. Enquire whether to satisfy some irregular Passion, can recompense with equal advantage the forfeiture of such Felicities. As if the vain forbidden Things thou lovest, deserve thy affection better than thy Maker. Are they more worthy in themselves, or more beneficial to thee, that thou mayest justly prefer them before thy Redeemer? Dost thou expect to be at rest and satisfied by enjoying them, or everlastingly happy by their procurement? Will they protect thee at the hour of thy Death, or plead thy Cause at the Day of Judgment? O no, they have little in them, they do but deceive me with a smiling Look; which I have too often prov'd by dear Experience. 'Tis Heaven alone that can yield a true content; it is that alone that fills with eternal Delight. Say then, my Soul, Take away your Flatteries, false World; leave me a Mind free for the entertainment of better things. If my Saviour turn but his Face towards me, my Mind shall be fixt on him, I will look continually on his glorious Beauties, and be ravish'd for ever with the charms of his sweetness. 'Tis Thee, chaste Spouse of Souls, 'tis Thee alone I choose, and dedicate my self entirely to thy Service. Say these things, and mean as thou speakest, be thou hearty and sincere in choosing thus. Did we clearly see what we say we believe,

lieve, it would make the most of Men alter the vain course of their Lives. Did we but see the Damned in their Flames, or hear them cry in the midst of their Torments; how should we be afraid to follow them in their Sins, which we know have plunged them into all those Miseries! How should we strive against the next Temptation, and cast about to avoid the Danger! Did we but see on the other side the incomparable Glories of the Saints, or hear the sweet harmonious Hymns which they continually sing; how should we study to imitate those holy Ways in which we know they arrived at all their Happiness! How should we seek all occasions of Improvement, and make it our business to Work out our Salvation! What should we account too much to be done for the attainment of those matchless Joys? What should we not readily do to avoid those Sorrows; Yet all this is as sure as if we saw it, and would move us as much, if we could but seriously consider it.

U

✻ PETITIONS. ✻

DEAR Lord, it is only thou that canst make me consider these Things so carefully, as to resolve upon a wise choice: If left to my self, I am alas! very likely to choose the vain Goods of this World, to neglect my Soul, to forfeit thy eternal Joys and to incur thy eternal Punishments. O blessed Jesu, do thou choose me, and make my ignorant Soul so sensible of my true Interest; as to choose Thee for my Portion and Inheritance for ever. Make me choose to love Thee above all thy Competitors here, and till I come to see thee, and then I am sure that from thenceforth I cannot choose but love thee for ever. Pity, O Lord, the present frailty of thy Creature, and suffer not my blindness to lead me into ruin. Supply, I pray thee, my want of sight
by

For Wednesday Evening. 49

by a lively Faith of the glorious and terrible things that are unseen, and do thou so confirm my Faith, and inable it by thy Grace, that I may be very sensible it is no matter of small importance to gain or lose the Kingdom of Heaven. Make me, Lord, to pursue the good choice when I have made it, to use fit Means industriously, as well as desire the fit End. Direct and assist me, my God, to pray, to prepare my self for these Felicities. Having presented to me such glorious Hopes, make me to purifie my self as thou art pure. Make me to labour diligently, and continue stedfastly in doing well. Make me patient in suffering of whatever Afflictions it shall please thy Wisdom to lay upon me. Help me, Lord, in all Conditions to be carrying on the Work of my Salvation: so shalt thou have Glory by my Eternal Happines, the Glory which thou desirest.

Glory be to the Father, &c. Amen.

For Wednesday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

A Good Conscience is a continual Feast, and a peaceful Mind the Antipast of Heaven. Lord, how secure and quiet they live, whom thy Grace preserves in Innocence! the day goes smoothly over their Heads, and silent as the shadow of a Dial. The Spirits of their Fancy run calm and even; they ebb and flow according to the allegiance which they owe to reason. All their Delight is to think of Heaven; and to reckon over the many tastful Joys which they shall one Day possess. The devout Mind, free from stormy Passions, is like a bright day of the Spring, wherein the beauty of the Sun has no Cloud to obscure it, the sweet Air has no Storms

Storms to ruffle it, the glad Birds sing, and all Nature puts on a pleasing Look. Such a Mind is full of Light, and Peace and Joy, and puts the Countenance into a sedate and chearful compofure. Oh the happiness of such a State! Oh how desirable is its eternal continuance! But our Days on Earth are mixt with Nights, our Calms with Storms, and fair Weather with foul. Some unruly Passions presses to come in, it is importunate, and fawns at first to gain admittance: It promises not to interrupt the Joy and Happiness, but after a little time discovers its pernicious intent if it be not very quickly rejected: Soon it grows bold to undermine our repose, and open a Door to all our Enemies. Just so at a little Breach in the Wall of a beleagured City, a whole Army pours in their numerous Body; and they enslave all that submit to their violence, and destroy all those that make Head against it. Such, alas! is our Confusion and Hurt when once we have yielded to the first Assault of any Passion. Immediately a throng of tumultuating Spirits crowd into our Heads, and utterly consume the little remainder of our Peace. O the endless distraction of a Life led by Humor, by blind Will! O the miserable thralldom of being subject to our Passions! What a boisterous Sea, every where beset with Rocks and Quick-sands, is to a Mariner; that is a Mind subject to violent Passions; such a Mind is in continual danger of making Shipwreck of a good Conscience. How often do our Passions engage us to contend with others, and imbitter all our Days with Strife and Envy! How often do they quarrel even among themselves, and raise a fierce War in our own Bosoms! If they by chance agree in one desire, they many times vex us with their being disappointed. And the vexation of Disappointment, is so much the greater by how much they were concern'd. If they perhaps sometimes succeed, they
seldom

seldom produce the expected content. If they delight our corrupted Taste, and we greedily swallow their unwholesome Sweets; then, alas, it is that they most undo us, by feeding the Humor of our fatal Disease. Vain at the best, and very short of duration, are the Enjoyments of this World; and after they have flattered us a while, they betray our neglected Souls into an eternal Ruin. Thou art, O Lord, the only Anchor of our Hope: O Jesu, unless thou save us, we perish.

MEDITATION II.

THUS are they miserably tost up and down, who float on the Waves of their own Passions: Their wearied Souls soon faint within them, when they see the Lord has withdrawn his presence: They seek him, but in such distraction and confusion, that they cannot find him; they call upon him, but he gives them no Answer presently. And now, when all their Fears are grown to the height, and no means appear to sustain their patience; when the proud Waves beat violently against them, and are ready to cover their little Vessel with Despair and Ruin, then he awakes to their Help, if they have persisted to call upon him; though he sometimes may slumber for a while, to try their Duty, or punish their Disobedience: Though he may suffer for a while the fury of the Tempest to lie upon them, to shew them their hopeless State if left to themselves; yet when they still seek and implore his Help, his Mercy at length hears their Cry, and pities their fear and danger: And then his bless'd Voice commands a Calm, and immediately the Sea and stormy Winds obey him; immediately his Sun arises in their Hearts, and with its gentle Beams revives their hopes: Then is their Darkness turn'd into Light, and the Clouds dispers'd into a bright
E Day:

Day: Then they recollect their scatter'd Thoughts, and range them again in their right Order: Often they look back on the Dangers they have escaped, and as often bless the Mercy that delivered them: Often they look forwards on the course they hold, and as often sing with joy for their happy change: Welcome again, they say, the easie Yoke of Christ, and the light Burthen of loving our Saviour; Welcome the holy Exercises of sweet Devotion, welcome the easie, pleasant, moderate Heat of Soul-enflaming Prayer. Now we discern this beauteous Truth (O may we print it deeply in our Minds) that the Pleasures of Piety and Vertue are pure and constant, and that infinite Blessings attend to reward it: But the pursuit of Vice is troublesome and intricate, and finishes its course in an abiss of Misery.

w MEDITATION III. w

TAKE care then, my Soul, to interrupt and break off the course of Vice by a timely repentance, and a sincere amendment, that it may not finish in thy eternal Misery. If Passions do sometimes invade thee, let them not rest in thy Mind, do not give way to their settlement, lest they grow into rooted habitual Vices. Let not frequent and abiding Anger make thee contentious, and malicious. If any Passion has ruffled thee, call on thy Saviour for his Aid, that the Storm may not drown thee. Call earnestly, and labour diligently with thy self the mean while, to get out of thy danger. If he sees thee rowing hard, and striving earnestly, against the Waves, he will assist thee. And remember always when his Kindness has given thee seasonable Relief, that thou take care not to lose this unhappy experience, but learn Wisdom from thy former miscarriage. Reflect, and find out where thy Error was, that betray'd thee into this Disorder, and fortify

tise thy self against that defect. Carefully avoid all the occasions of Sin, and the importunities of such as delight in folly: Avoid the Snares of kind enticing Company, and the dangerous infection of evil Example. Set a strict watch continually upon thy Eyes, and diligently keep the door of thy Lips. Govern all thy Senses that they do not seduce thy Mind; and observe and govern every inward motion of thy Heart and Fancy. When, O my Soul, did we ever follow our Passions but they instantly wrought our disturbance, and did threaten our ruin? Suppress then all Temptations in their first approach; when their power is weak, and thy choice is in full liberty. Remember how formerly their Flatteries have abus'd thee; and when they counterfeit again, be no more deceiv'd. Never look on the face of Pleasures as they come, but as they go off; when they leave nothing behind them but their venomous Sting. Let thy experience of the miserable Effects of yielding to their Allurements make thee more wary in observing, and more severe in repressing their first Motions. So shalt thou gain the best of Victories while thou masterest thy own corrupt Inclinations, and conquerest thy violent Passions. So shalt thou enjoy an universal Peace: Thou shalt maintain Peace with the Bad, by bearing their Injuries; and with the Good, by conforming to their Vertues: And with thy Self, by subduing Sense to Reason; and with thy God, by improving Reason with Religion. Better is he that governs his own Spirit, than he that Conquers a City.

PETITIONS.

BUT, O blessed Jesus do thou save me or I perish. I am in this World as always upon a dangerous Sea, continually liable to these storms, and likely to be lost by them. Oh send down thy powerful

Grace, and bear me up against them. When I am engag'd let thy great Mercy speedily rescue thy poor Servants: Fortifie me against all the furious Assaults of Passion and Temptation; that I may be more than Conqueror over them. Bring it to pass, O Lord, that Reason and Faith, and thy Love, may more and more be enforced and strengthened in me. As thy all-wise Providence seems to sleep sometimes, and suffer Storms to grow high and loud; O be pleased also to hear me when I call, for thou would'st have me call, and let thy favourable Hand still send me seasonable Relief. O leave me not then to my Infirmities, lest the Enemy of my Soul prevail against me. Forsake not my miserable state when I am sinking, but reach forth thy Hand and keep me from drowning. Suffer not my Frailties to become a Custom, lest I die impenitent, and perish without recovery. Deliver me often, O Lord, from the occasions of Sin, succeed my Watchfulness and lead me not into Temptation. Perfect, O dear Redeemer, the Work thou hast begun and cherish the good Wishes thou hast sown in me, that they may become rooted Habits of Vertue, and bring forth a plentiful Harvest of good Actions to thy Praise. And make, O Lord, I pray thee, even my Passions Servants to thy Grace. Change my rude Anger into a severity against my self, and a prudent Zeal against the Sins of others. Convert my Fear into a timorousness to offend, and an awful reverence of thy sacred Name. Let all my Affections be turn'd into thy Charity, that my Heart may desire nothing but Thee; whom I may safely love with all my Heart and Strength, whose Heaven I may greatly covet and fear no excess. O Thou whose blisful Vision is the joy of Angels, and sovereign happiness of all thy Saints; O that my Soul could love thee without limits, as thou art infinitely amiable. O my Beloved, let my Thoughts embrace thee all this Night;
while

while others sleep let wakeful Thoughts refresh me,
by presenting Thee to my Mind: Let me think how
kind thou art, how unspeakably good. Do thou,
Lord, rest this Night in my Heart, and inspire it
with the pure Flames of divine Love.

H Y M N VIII.

L Et earthly Minds court what they please
And gain what e're they court?
For me, I find but little ease
In all their gayest sport.

Be thou alone but with my Heart,
My God, my only Bliss,
I shall not murmur at my part,
Nor envy their success.

They talk of Pleasure, talk of Gain;
None must their Humor cross:
But well I know their Pleasure's Pain;
Their greatest Profit Loss.

Let them talk on; and have not we
Our Gains our Pleasures too?
Pleasures that spring more sweet and free,
Gains that more fully flow,

Nay, well endur'd, our very Pains
To us a Pleasure are;
And all our Losses turn to Gains;
If hopes may have their share:

And sure they may; such hopes as cheer
The heaven espoused Breast;
Hopes that so strangely charm us here,
What will they be possest!

All Glory to the Sacred Three;

All Honour, Power and Praise:

As 'twas at first, still may it be

Beyond the end of Days.

Amen.

For Thursday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

THE good and wise Creator of the World, made Man first after his own Similitude: He form'd a noble Spirit within him, and endow'd it with Righteousness and true Holiness: He gave him dominion over the Creatures, with which he would plentifully stock the Air, Earth and Sea: He gave to Man a perfect Dominion over himself, and made him able to govern his own Appetites and Passions: He made him sole Lord of a beauteous Paradise, which God's own Hand had planted. Man was to have spent a few pleasant Years on Earth, and then to have been translated to the Heaven of Heavens: But all these Privileges did the foolish Creature lose, by doing one guilty and needless Act; by eating of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and therein disobeying the Law of his just Creator. Unhappy Man has now forfeited all Good, and expos'd himself to the invasion of every Misery: By this one sinful Act, according to the Tenour of the Covenant, our first Parents ruin'd themselves, and all their Posterity with them: From thenceforth our Bodies were doom'd to dissolution, and condemn'd to return to the Dust from whence they were taken: From thenceforth brutish and sensual Appetites became rebellious against the Laws of right Reason; and the understanding is so blinded with partiality to Sense, that it is not able to find out

out those Laws. The Mind of Man is destitute of
 its moral Excellency, and the glorious Image of God
 is defac'd. The Apostate Spirit that tempted to the
 Sin, has infected our Nature with his own re-
 semblance. Thus are we Wretches become liable
 to all those Sickneses and Pains that infest our Bo-
 dies; and thus to those violent Passions and Disor-
 ders which distemper and torment our Minds: By
 this sin the favour of our God was forfeited, and
 we are all by Nature the Children of his Wrath:
 We are exposed to the Tyranny of like Devils while
 we live, and liable to partake in their Torments
 when we die. But when our great Guilt had pro-
 vok'd the divine Anger against us, our great Misery
 at the same time moved his Compassion. He pitied
 the poor Creature undone by his own folly, and
 resolv'd to find help for it by his Wisdom: His in-
 finite Goodness pitied the many thousands of Souls,
 which one rash Act of the first Parents had undone;
 and when they might expect to hear from his Ju-
 stice an irreverfible sentence of Condemnation, then
 did his wonderful Mercy condescend to comfort
 them, by making the first Promise of a mighty
 Saviour: A Saviour that should conquer him who
 now had the power of Death, and who is become
 Ruler in the Children of Disobedience. For thou,
 O adorable Son of God, Son co-eternal and equal
 with the Father: Thou didst undertake to redeem
 us by an amazing way, which will be the eternal
 wonder of all thy most intelligent Creatures. Blessed
 Son of God, thou didst undertake our Help when
 it was not in the power of any Creature to help
 us: Thou didst undertake to ransom us from our
 Misery, while the fallen Angels were left subject to
 theirs. In the fulness of time, O kind Redeemer,
 thou didst according to that Promise, descend into
 this miserable World: And, while here, thou wentest
 about doing good, and diffusing the Light of thy

giving Instructions: By taking the humane Nature into a personal Union, thou didst put thy self into subjection under the Law; and by thy spotless Life, and patient Death, thou hast satisfied all the Demands of the Law for us; so that believing in Thee we are justified by thy righteous Life, and our Sins are attoned for by thy precious Death: Thy death upon the Cross was our great Sacrifice for Sin, and sufficient at once offering of thy self to take it away. Thou hast by thy meritorious Life purchased for us all our forfeited Good; and by thy propitiatory Death removed our desert of Evil: By that Death thou didst go again out of this World, and art now ascended to the right Hand of the Father: where thou ever livest to make Intercession for us, and to dispence the purchases of thy Life and Death.

HYMN IX.

Long had the World, in gloomy shades
Of Ignorance and Sin,
Benighted sate whilst Hells dark Prince,
Had tyranniz'd therein.

Weak Reason's twinkling Tapers long
Contended with the Night;
And Prophets strove the Shades to chase
With Beams of borrow'd Light.

But all in vain, alas, till He,
The Sun of Righteousness,
At length with healing Beams arose
To cure the Worlds distress.

He rose, and with his Presence brought
A bright and glorious Day;
Infernal Spirits, and their dark Works,
Before him fled away.

They

They that in Errors fatal Chains
The captiv'd World had led,
Whereby the mighty Prince of Peace,
His conquer'd Captives made.

Thus came he, whom all Nations had
In great desire of old;
Whose coming, faithful Prophecies
To *Israel* long foretold.

And now, ye Nations of the Earth,
Know and revere your King,
Gladly submit to him who does
Your great Salvation bring.

Ye Nations of the Earth, rejoice,
And all your Voices raise;
The wondrous faithfulness and love
Of your great God to praise.

Glory to God the Father give,
And to the gracious Son,
And Holy Ghost, henceforth as long
As time his course shall run. *Amen.*

MEDITATION II.

LOrd, what a happy change has thy coming
made in the World! What glorious effects have
every where been the consequents of it! Narrow
was once the Gate, and strait the Path to Bliss, and
so cover'd with the mists of Ignorance that but
few could find it: The whole Earth then corrupted
their way before God, and Wickedness encreased
as fast as People multiplied: Then did but Eight
Persons among a great many thousands, find favour
with God to be saved from an universal Deluge:
In

In several populous Cities, before this Flood could be well forgotten, there could not ten righteous Persons be found, for whose sake they might be spar'd from Destruction: Then the Rays of divine Light were communicated but to a few particular Persons: Only *Abraham* found favour with God to have a numerous Seed, and that his Seed should be Heirs of a Covenant of Promise: I will be thy God, said the Almighty to him, and the God of thy Seed after thee: Accordingly he that was the God of *Abraham*, took also particular care of *Isaac* and *Jacob*: And he gave his Statutes and Judgments to the Children of *Israel*, but did not deal so with any other Nation: But since thy coming, O glorious Messiah, Light is come into the World, and the way of Salvation has been made known to all Men; unclouded light has come with thee; no more oppress'd with ceremonial Veils; which therefore has diffused it self into the dark corners of the Earth, and spread it self to the Ends of the World. The Day-spring from on high has visited our distant Region, and on us has the Sun of Righteousness kindly arose. The Christian Church, thanks be to thy Love, dear Lord, has included within its Pale a great many Nations: It has had thousands that with a strong and generous Love have run swiftly after Thee in the way of thy Counsels; nay, millions with a fair degree of hope, have walked constantly towards thee in the way of thy Commands. Whence O my God, could this strange improvement come but from the infinite Merits of the Redeemer's Death! Hence it was that when he had ended his Holy Life, he ascended to Heaven, and gave Gifts to Men; he gave largely of his Spirit to his chosen Apostles, and sent them out to Preach his Word, and dispense his appointed Sacraments. He gave them the Gift of Tongues, that they might Preach to all Nations, and the Gift of working Miracles,

to confirm their Doctrines: By his Spirits co-operating with these, and succeeding their Endeavours, they every where propagated the Faith and Love of Jesus. Our kind Lord, before he ascended into Heaven, appointed the use of two sacred Rites in his Church, to assist the Faith of those who did not see his Person, that they might notwithstanding believe, and in believing be blessed. Lest Mankind should be so ungrateful as to forget him, he has left us Memorials of his tender Love: By these he shews us his Bloody Death and Passion, and makes himself present to those that believe and love; and these by the powerful working of his Holy Spirit, have confirm'd many Disciples in their most holy Faith: Many they have possess'd with a holy Fervour and Courage, to do and suffer great Things for the Name of Jesus. O blest Memorials of my Saviour's Love, and faithful Seals of all his Promises! whereby what he has done for us is represented, and what he has purchas'd is applied to us: If I forget to sing of you, let my Tongue cleave to the roof of my Mouth. If I forget to meditate on you, let my Head forfeit its power to think.

MEDITATION III.

WHere, O thou boundless Ocean of immensurable Charity! where will thy overflowing Streams stay their course? We, and our Ingratitude, basely strive to oppose Thee, but nothing can resist thy Almighty Goodness: Thou didst come to thine own People, and They received Thee not? yet thou didst not forsake the kind design of thy coming: When the Impiety of Man was treacherously plotting to betray and Murder Thee, then didst thou mercifully consult about means to convey thy saving Blessings to the World: When they were resolving to bruise and kill thy Sacred Body, thou wast contriving

triving how we might best reap advantage from thy Passion and Death. Thy Love we see was desirous to do more than die for us, having contrived more-over a way to live in us. The Lord Jesus on the same Night when he was betray'd took Bread, and when he had given Thanks he brake it, and said, Take, Eat, this is my Body which was broken for you, this do in Remembrance of me: After the same manner also he took the Cup after Supper, saying, This Cup is the New Testament in my Blood, which is shed for the remission of the Sins of many, Drink ye all of it, and do this as oft as you Drink it, in remembrance of me. Thus has our wise Lord found an excellent way to make even our Flesh assist the Spirit in us: He has contrived by sensible Things to make us move towards Heavenly; by those Things which are wont to draw and fasten us to this Earth. When he distributed the Bread and Wine to his Disciples, he gave them an Interest in his abundant Graces and Merits: And thus is he ready to bestow himself still upon those that believe, and are desirous to partake of him. He has commanded the Celebration of this Holy Supper to be continu'd in the Christian Church, to the end of the World: And that not only to keep alive a thankful remembrance of his Death, but also to confirm his gracious Promises to them that believe on him. To the happy Soul then that with Faith and Thankfulness does thus commemorate the dying Love of our Saviour, this Holy Supper is a Feast of fat Things, and of Wine on the Lees well refined. Jesus Christ himself will come and Sup with such, and be willing to make his constant Abode with 'em: His Promise assures his Presence with them, while they are here on Earth, and that they shall, when they go hence, be taken up to be where he is. O praise the Lord, ye Nations of the Earth, all praise and admire his Wisdom and Love: His Love that so indu-

industriously seeks our Happiness, and his Wisdom that finds such excellent means to accomplish it: Praise him that is the sole Fountain of spiritual Blessings, and who alone has right to ordain the means of conveying them; for that he has instituted a few Means, and those easie to be observed, and made them the Conveyances of all the Riches of his Grace: Give hearty Thanks to the kind Redeemer for this Institution, and expresse your Thankfulness by coming to this his Supper: Come to it to remember his propitiatory Death, and to receive Jesus Christ, who offers himself to you. Come to partake of the important Purchases of his Death, and to devote your selves intirely to him who has so lov'd you: Come all ye People of the wide world, and let us adore the God that feeds us: With himself our kind Saviour will feed us, and with his sacred Flesh; his sacred Flesh is Meat indeed, and his Blood is Drink indeed. Our first Parents eat of the forbidden Tree, and incurr'd for themselves and their Posterity an eternal Death: We are invited to a Feast of Spiritual Food, which whosoever eateth shall live for ever. With these Dainties will divine Love nourish us up to immortal Life, confirming and encreasing that happy Union with himself, which is begun even while we live below on Earth, and shall be perfected when we come to Heaven.

PETITIONS.

O God the Father of Mercies! Father of our blessed Saviour Jesus the Christ: We believe, that having given us thy dear Son, thou wilt with him also freely give us all Things; that whatever we ask of thee, O Father, in thy Sons name, believing we shall receive it. I humbly beseech thee therefore, O Lord, to have Mercy upon me a poor miserable sinner: And as thou hast sent thy Son into the
World

World, send him also to take possession of my Heart. Let this great Light of the World, enlighten my dark Mind with a saving knowledge of thee, and of himself. Direct me to discern my true Happiness, from the false flattering Goods of this world; that I may not spend my time here in worldly Cares and Pursuits, but in seeking thee my End by him the only true Way to thee. Let him teach and convince me of the great Excellency of thy Laws; and make me consider my ways, and turn my Feet unto thy Testimonies. Let the glad Tidings of the Gospel, O Lord, be joyful Tidings to me, by thy giving me an assured Interest in them. Give me the pardon of all my sins by the Death of Christ; and a right to Life and Happiness by his meritorious Life. In me I pray that the mighty Redeemer may effectually destroy all the Works of the Devil; deface the ugly Image of the Apostate Spirit, and restore the glorious likeness of thee my God. Make me, Lord, diligently and reverently to use thy appointed Means of Grace; and let thy blessings always make them Means of Grace to me. And while I thankfully use them, and am duly fruitful under them, let me enjoy the Means of Grace till thou hast brought me to Glory. Grant this, O Father, for the sake of thy beloved Son our compassionate Saviour.

Glory be to the Father, &c. Amen.

For Thursday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

THE kind Master of this blessed Feast, sends his Embassadors to make a general Invitation. He that is the Divine Food puts the kindest Words into their Mouths, that their invitation may not fail

fail of good success. He has said, Come to me all ye that labour for Holiness, and are oppressed under the weight of your Sins: Come, and I will give you the end of your Labour; and will ease you of that intollerable Burthen. Come you that hunger after Angels spiritual Food, and thirst to drink at the Fountain of Bliss. Come to me, I will refresh you with the Wine of Gladness, and the Bread of Life. Come you that are Weak, and you shall be Strong: Come you that are Strong, lest you become Weak. Come you that have Leisure, and here entertain your time to your great advantage. And you also that are busie, and here sanctifie and devote your Employment. Our glorious God did not only make a Visit, but is willing to dwell perpetually with us Men upon Earth. He whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain, will make his residence in our little Tabernacles. He whom the Seraphims prostrate adore, and fly with all their Wings to perform his Commands. He who came down to die for us Sinners, and ascended again above the highest Heavens. Himself is there with all his precious Blessings to the Soul that does desire and believe. To such a Soul this blessed Sacrament applies all the Vertues and Merits of our Saviour's Death and Passion. When he receives the consecrated Bread and Wine from the Hands of Christ's Minister in his stead, he is made a Partaker in the satisfaction of his Death, and the Pardon of all his Sins is seal'd and confirm'd. By eating the Bread, and drinking the Wine, the good Soul is more firmly united to the Redeemer: And as a Member of his mystical Body, shall be quickned and guided by his good Spirit. The indwelling Spirit shall teach him his Duty, and inable him to run in the way everlasting. He shall communicate power to conquer Difficulties and Temptations, and to preserve with patience till he reach the Crown. By this

this is such a Soul united also to that Jesus, who rose again from the Death he submitted to. And as it is assuredly risen to a new Life of Grace, it shall hereafter rise to an eternal Life of Glory. It may look on these Signs as certain Pledges, that it shall be advanced to the happy Mansions above. Thus, as our Lord himself when on Earth contain'd under his outward Poverty, all the glorious fulness of the Godhead; so these Signs, that represent him to us, are but poor in themselves, in comparison to the rich Blessings they bring along with them. Whatever faintness we feel, if we hunger after Christ, and come hither to receive him, he can refresh us. Whatever Fears dwell in our guilty Minds and trouble us, this Wine of true Consolation will chase them away. O how great is thy Love, dear Lord, that invites us miserable Sinners to partake of thee! That invites our Emptiness to be united to thy Fullness, and our Weakness to be cured by thy all-sufficient Power. O how should the Sons of Men flock in, when he sends out his Invitations to this Feast! when he calls us to a Feast of Peace and Love! A Feast of Joy, and incomparable sweetness. What should the captive wish but Liberty, and the weary Pilgrim but Rest? What should the Sick desire but Health, and the depending Creature but to be near its God? All are welcome to this Feast that have but Desire to partake, and Faith to receive.

MEDITATION II.

Lord, who are we, unworthy Wretches, that thou thus regardest our sinful Dust! What is all the World compar'd to Thee, that thus thou seemest for our sakes to disregard thy self! It is for our sakes, and to make us rich in Grace, that thou so graciously condescendest to come among us. More unworthy yet do we make our selves, if we neglect

to come where thou wilt be present. O how insensible of their own true interest are those that neglect to approach this sacred Feast! Is it a small matter with you, O, careless Wretches, to lie under a great load of Guilt, that you come not to receive the pardon of your Sins? Is the Great God willing to be reconcil'd to sinners, and to give them sure Pledges of his reconciliation? And should not all Mankind then earnestly seek his Favour, and gladly receive the Pledges of his Love? None of us can be assur'd that he will not turn us into Hell, till we are assur'd of our Title to heaven. Where are all they that have been Baptized, and pretend that they account themselves Christians? Why do they not come, and own the Covenant then made, by renewing it again at this Supper? They that neglect this, do in effect renounce that Covenant, and despise the incomparable Blessings it promises. Well may they be impotent towards all Good, and enslaved to the Tyranny of evil Spirits, who neglect this Means appointed to convey Spiritual Strength, and to furnish them with the Spirit of Grace. Such must needs have lamentable cause to bewail the weakness of their Graces, and the slow progress of their Holiness. Well may they contract very deep Stains, that do not often wash themselves with the Blood of the Lamb. Well may they that begin in the Spirit, soon after end in the Flesh; who do not often here renew their Resolutions, and receive fresh Strength to hold on their Race. Those were times of vigorous and sound Piety, when Christians had a strong Appetite to this Spiritual Food. This Appetite discover'd their Health, and by often eating they maintain'd it: When they could hardly be contented a Day without receiving one of these blessed Meals: When they never came together to Worship, but they also broke this holy Bread: Then they were patient under the hardest Sufferings, and

then they abounded in every good Work. Then did the love of Jesus burn hot in their Breasts, and the Light of it shined bright before Men. Then they had great Charity towards all Men, and much Peace one with another. It is a sad sign, and may be reckon'd a cause that the spiritual Life greatly languishes in our Days: When the proper Food of it is little relish'd by many, and a great many more never desire it. Our sad Days are likely still to languish in Devotion, to be over-run with Impiety and Profaneness: Still will the base love of the World abound among us, every one minding his own things, and none the things of Christ. Christians will be Enemies to one another, and more barbarous and cruel than wild Beasts: They will go on to bite and devour their own kind, and to consume and destroy the Christian Church, if we do not oftner commemorate the Love of our Lord, and solemnly bind our selves to love one another.

MEDITATION III.

DOes our gracious Lord make a Feast of himself for us, and invite us poor Sinners to sit down at his Table? And should we not readily obey his Call, and go to the Feast he has so kindly prepared? Behold our Lord himself is willing to meet us, and to bring a Heaven with him to entertain us. O leave the Trifles of this World, ye reasonable Souls, and go to partake of his substantial Joys: Suspend the pursuit of transitory Goods, ye immortal Creatures, and seek of Christ his eternal Treasures. O how ungrateful, dear Lord, to thee, are all they that neglect this thy incomparable Provision: The Eternal Father's Love is slighted by them, who gave his beloved Son to die for us: The Love of our kind Redeemer is not duly valu'd, while we have no esteem or desire for the Blessings he has purchas'd:

chas'd: The sweet and saving influences of the Holy Spirit are set at nought, while we decline the proper means to enjoy them. Is it not a most unspeakable ingratitude in Mankind, to trample under foot the Blood of the Son of God? To despise that precious Blood which was shed for our sakes, which was shed for the remission of our sins; should we forget that painful Death he underwent, to excuse us from suffering an eternal Death? It was the particular charge that great Love left, when he was just a going to be sacrificed for us; That we should devoutly celebrate this Holy Supper, and often do it in remembrance of him. Are we not under great Obligations from his Love, to do any difficult or dangerous thing for his sake? And much more to comply with his dying Will, when it requires so easy, and so pleasant a Duty? Did our Saviour drink Vinegar, and eat Gall for us, and shall we refuse at his Command to take these pleasant Dainties? He drank off the bitter Cup which the Father gave him, to Purchase for us a Cup of Blessing. O how well would it become the whole World to say, We will take the Cup of Salvation, and praise the name of the Lord! We will remember thy Love more than Wine, dear Lord, and never forget thy most useful Benefits; We will shew that we love thee as we ought to do, by keeping this, and the rest of thy Commands. Had we but ingenuous Souls, we should be extreamly glad that he who has done so much for us, has told us what will please him. This Feast is appointed by our Lord, to shew forth his Death till he come, For he will come again in Glory and with Power, to judge both the Quick and the Dead: When he will render to every Man according to his Works, and severely punish all those that obey not the Gospel: What must become of all those in that dreadful Day, that do constantly neglect an undoubted Pre-

cept? Men pretend to fear the incurring of Damnation by unworthy receiving, but do not fear to deserve it by neglecting to receive his Supper. But since we disobey and offend our Lord in both of these, it should be our Labour and Care to prepare our selves and draw high.

PETITIONS.

O Most gracious and Merciful God, who hast in kindness sent thy Son into the World; O let the same kindness effectually draw us, and we will run after him; for none of us can come unto him except the Father, that has sent him, draw us. Alas! Lord, we know not our true Interest, till thou dost effectually reveal it, we certainly refuse our own Mercies if thou do not incline us to pursue them. O send forth a mighty Power of thy Spirit upon the World, and convince Men of Sin, because they believe not in Jesus, let him convince Men of their guilty state by Nature, and of their further guilt in not obeying the Gospel. Bring them in multitudes to Jesus Christ, by making them sensible that there is no other Name but his by which they can be saved. Teach us how necessary to make atonement for our sins the great Sacrifice of himself was; which he offer'd upon the Cross; and make us all earnestly concern'd to partake of that Sacrifice, and therefore forward to use the appointed means of it: Convince us that we are poor without the Riches of his Grace, and naked without the Robes of his Righteousness, and in want of all things necessary to Salvation, till we are possess'd of an interest in him: O make us come to Jesus Christ, that we may have life, that our forfeited right to eternal life may be restor'd; and that he by his Spirit may quicken us to a spiritual and divine life, who are by Nature dead in Trespases and Sins:
 Quicken

Quicken us, O thou who wast dead and art alive,
for thou alone hast the Words of eternal life:
Make us discern and seek, and relish divine and
spiritual Things, capable of the Pleasures of Devotion,
and desirous above all things of Communion
with thy self. Make us, in retir'd Devotion and
publick Worship, often seek to have Communion
with the Father and the Son through the Spirit:
And, Lord, whenever we draw nigh to thee, by
coming carefully prepar'd to thine Ordinances, do
thou graciously draw nigh to us and satisfie us
with those good Things thou hast to bestow: Make
us joyful in thy House of Prayer, and renew our
Strength while we wait upon thee. Let every approach
to thee in Worship conform us more to thy
Likeness, and fit us more to see thy Face in Heaven.
These Things, O Lord, our God, are desired as the
Purchases of our dear Saviour's Blood; to whom be
Glory and Praise, World without end. *Amen.*

HYMN X.

Come Royal Sion, come and sing
Thy Soul's kind Saviour, thy Hearts King:

Stretch all thy Powers thy Song to raise.
And since this lofty Theam's above
The best ambition of thy Love,
Call Heavens loud Quires to help thy Praise.

Sing how his love from heavens high throne
To Earth's low Foot-stool brought him down,

For thee a curst Death to die:
Sing that when hence he did remove,
He left a Legacy of Love,
His needles Presence to supply.

Lo here the Bread of Life! this Day's
 Triumphant Text provokes thy Praise;
 The living, and life giving Bread:
 See the heart chearing precious Wine
 Which great love's pierc'd heart did resign,
 To the Great Twelve distributed.

Praise him, who has thy Pastors bid
 Ever to do what he once did;
 And thankfully his Gifts receive.
 Sing loud that to this bounteous Feast,
 Each hungry Soul may be a Guest,
 And from his Death may Life derive.

The Heav'n instructed House of Faith
 Here a mysterious Dictate hath:
 Himself to me my Saviour brings,
 With Graces which are all divine.
 Under the veils of Bread and Wine;
 Immortal cloath'd with mortal Things.

Lo, the life food of Angels then
 Bow'd to the lowly Mouths of Men!
 Lo, the full final Sacrifice!
 The ransom'd *Isaac* and his Ram,
 The Manna, and the Paschal Lamb,
 As Figures fixt on this their Eyes.

Jesu, to thee we Sinners sue,
 O thou our Food and Shepherd too,
 Grant in all good we may improve,
 Still by thy self vouchsafe to keep
 As with thy self thou feed'st thy Sheep,
 And from us, Lord, all ill remove.

Blest be that Love which thus makes thee
 Mix with our low mortality:

O may

O may it raise, and set us up
 Coheirs with Saints, and so all may
 Drink the same Wine, and the same way ;
 Partakers all of thy full Cup

Amen.

For Friday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

MY God, who can complain of doing too much, if they consider the Labours of the loving Jesus? Those painful Labours that he freely undertook, and the humble Task he so mildly stoop'd to? When he might have flown on the wings of Cherubims, he chose to walk with us Worms in the Dust: When he might have call'd for Manna from Heaven, in the sweat of his Brows he would eat his Bread: When he might have made the Angels his Foot-stool, he rather became the Servant of his Parents, living with them in their little Cottage, and readily obeying even their least Command: Therein that humble privacy he encreas'd in Wisdom, and grew in favour with God and Man; still by his pious Candor gaining the love of those happy few that saw his Life. Happy they that saw thy Life, O glorious Jesu! and heard with joy and wonder thy incomparable Sayings? That felt a gentle motion stir their Hearts, to love and imitate so blest a Pattern. O that the same sweet Spirit of Grace might draw our Minds, dear Lord, to thee! O that we could, my Soul, in every passage of our Life, still actually reflect on the Example of His: His Retirements were fill'd with holy Speculations, and in the midst of Business his Mind was free for Heaven; His Converse with others misspent no

time, but bestowed every moment in excellent Charity; sometimes he was employed to instruct the Ignorant, sometimes to inform aright those that were deceived. He apply'd himself to comfort the Afflicted, and heal the Diseased; to convince the Froward, and absolve the Penitent, and perswade all the World to be truly happy. It was Meat and Drink to him to do his Father's Will, and it should be ours to perform his. It was for our sakes that he made himself subject to the Law, and to obtain for us an everlasting Happiness he perfectly obey'd it. Take up thy Cross, my Soul, and follow thy Lord; for his Yoke is sweet, his Burden is light. He humbled himself for us, and became obedient unto Death, even the Death of the Cross to save us. When we had sold our selves to sin, and were all become the Slaves of Satan, our blessed Jesus descended from Heaven, and brought a vast Price to buy out our freedom: The Price was no less than his own dearest Blood, which he plentifully shed on the ignominious Cross: Depositing so his inestimable Life to rescue us Sinners from eternal Death. Come let us adore our God that redeem'd us.

HYMN XI.

Come let's adore the King of Love.
 And King of Sufferings too;
 For Love it was that brought him down,
 And set him here in woe.

Love drew him from his Paradise,
 Where Flowers that fade not grow,
 And Planted him in our poor Dust,
 Among us Weeds below.

Here for a time this heavenly Plant
 Fairly grew up and thriv'd;

Diffus'd

Diffus'd its sweetness all about,
And all in sweetness liv'd.

But envious Frosts, and furious Storms,
So long, so fiercely chide;
This tender Plant at last bow'd down
Its bruised Head, and dy'd.

O narrow Thoughts, and narrower Speech,
Here your Defects confess;
The Life of God, the Death of Christ,
How faintly you express!

O Thou! who from a Virgin Root
Mad'st this fair Flower to spring,
Help us to raise both Heart and Voice,
And with more Spirit sing,

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One undivided Three,
All highest Praise, all humblest Thanks,
Now, and for ever be.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

MY God, who can repine at suffering too much,
if they remember the Afflictions of Jesus?
Those many Afflictions He so patiently endur'd,
and bore with silence all their Weight. Even from
his humble Cradle in the City of *Bethlehem*, to his
bitter Cross on the Mount of *Calvary*. How little
do we read of glad and prosperous in his Life!
how much of Pains, and Grief, and perpetual Af-
fronts! Sometimes he was abandon'd by his near-
est Friends, and left alone among all his Discom-
forts: Sometimes pursu'd by his fiercest Enemies,
and made the common Mark of all their spite:
Some-

Sometimes they plot to ensnare him in his Words, and enviously slander his miraculous Deeds: Sometimes they tumultuously gather about him, to gaze and abuse a Man of Sorrows: Sometimes they furiously seize on his Person, and hale and drag him along the Streets: At last they all conspire to take away his life, and condemn him to a sharp and cruel Death. Have you ever seen a harmless Lamb stand silent in the midst of ravenous Wolves? So stood the Prince of Peace and Innocence, besieged with a ring of Savage Jews: When they blasphemed Him, he replied not again; and when they injuriously struck him, he only observed their rashness. When they provoked him with their utmost Malice, he pleaded their excuse; and when they killed him, he earnestly prayed for their Pardon. O strange ingratitude of human Nature, thus barbarously to crucify the World's Redeemer! O admirable Love of the World's Redeemer, thus patiently to die for human Nature! Say now, my Soul, for whom thy dearest Lord endured all this, and infinitely more: Canst thou complain of thy little troubles, when the King of Glory was thus afflicted; Canst thou complain of a meanly furnish'd House, when the Son of God had not where to lay his Head? We wear the Badge of a crucified Lord, and shall we shrink back at every Cross we meet? We believe in a God that was Crown'd with Thorns, and shall we abide to tread on nothing but Roses? Before our Eyes, O Jesu, we see thee humble and meek? And shall thy Servants be proud and insolent? We see thee travel up and down, poor and unregarded, and shall thy Followers strive to be rich and esteemed? Thy charitable Labours were maliciously slander'd, and shall not our Faults have the patience to be reproved? Thou didst not disdain to be call'd, tho' in scorn, *The Carpenter's Son*; and cannot our lowliness

lowness bear a little disparagement; O how unlike are we to that blest Original, who descended from Heaven to become our Pattern! How do we go astray from that sacred Path, which the holy Jesus trac'd with his own steps!

MEDITATION III.

ALL this, O blessed Jesu! thou taughtest thy holy Prophets, to prepare the World for the coming of a humble Saviour; all this and infinitely more thou didst verifie in thine own Person, with the Reproaches, Pains, and inward Sorrows, thou didst endure. So much as was able to make even patience it self break forth into this sad Complaint: O all you that pass by behold and see, if there be any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow. My God, when consider what thou hast suffer'd for us, and what we have done against our selves, I am amaz'd at the Wonders of thy Goodness, and confounded at the vileness of our Misery. Our Sins were the cause of thy cruel Death, yet still we permit them to live in us. We entertain the worst of thine Enemies, and Treacherously lodge them in our own Bosoms. Preferring a petty Interest before thy Heaven, and a transitory Pleasure before Eternal Felicity. Many we confess are the Follies of our Life; and our Consciences may very justly tremble at their own great Guilt. Many are the times [thou hast graciously pardoned us, and still we relapse and abuse thy Clemency. The Memory, Lord, of my Transgressions shall be very bitter to me, and the thought of my Ingratitude shall extreemly afflict me. Oh, that my Head were Waters, and mine Eyes a Fountain of Tears; that Day and Night I might continually lament my own many Sins, and my dear Saviour's Sufferings. But is there, O my Jesu, any stain so foul,
which

which thy precious Blood cannot wash away? Is there any heap of sins so vast, to exceed the number of infinite Mercies? O no; Thou canst forgive more than we can offend; but thou wilt not forgive, unless we fear to offend: Unless we seek to thee for Peace and Reconcilement, and humble our selves in thy holy Presence. I will therefore, O Lord, humbly prostrate my self before thee, and cast my self upon thine infinite Mercy. I will look seriously into my own Breast, and make diligent search for my bosom Sins: I will confess, and heartily lament my many Failings, and strive to correct and amend my self by Fasting and Prayer. All we can offer thy offended Majesty, to pacify the Justice of thy Wrath, is only an humble Eye bath'd in Tears, and a penitent Heart broken with godly Sorrow: Only a firm resolve to change our Lives; and even all this we must beg of Thee.

U
PETITIONS.

O Thou our gracious and indulgent Lord, who freely pardonest all that truly repent; who givest Repentance to all that ask, and invitest all to ask by promising to give! O give me, I pray, an unfeign'd Repentance for my past Offences, and then give the Remission that thou hast promised to repentance. Open, O Lord, my Lips freely to accuse my self for all the Crimes which my Examination may find in my Heart or Life: Let the consideration of thy Cruel Sufferings heighten my sorrow for Sin, and confirm my detestation against it. Make me in every action still think of Thee, and call to mind what thou hast commanded me to do; make me call to mind thy holy and exemplary Life and think what thou thy self wouldst do, O blessed Jesu, if thou wert here among us. And when I have thus learnt my Duty, make me steadily do what thou

thou hast taught me to know. When I consider my Ways, make me turn my Feet unto thy Testimonies. Pity, O dear Redeemer, the Infirmities of thy Servant, and strengthen with thy Grace my often fainting Heart. Preserve me hereafter by thy Almighty Power, that no temptation may surprise or overcome me. Arm me, O glorious Conqueror of Sin and Death, against all the fears and terrors of this World. Arm all my Powers with those celestial Vertues, Faith and Hope, and invincible Charity: That I may still go on, and resolutely meet whatever stands in my way to Heaven. If I must suffer as a Christian, since I have deserv'd it from thee as a Sinner, help me to bear it with such patience, as becomes thy Servant. Let me not by doing evil, or omitting any required Duty, decline any suffering I may be expos'd to for thy sake: Since thy love made thee suffer so much for me, and has prepar'd so excellent Rewards to crown my sufferings hereafter: Since Flesh and Blood cannot enter into thy heavenly Kingdom, make me to put them off here by frequent denying even their just contentments. So shall I be dispos'd the better to endure with patience the Inconveniencies of my way thither. I am, O Lord, I must confess, unworthy of the least of thy Mercies; but these Things I hope to obtain through the merits of thy Passion.

Glory be to, &c.

For Friday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

O Senseless we that so little consider what we do against our Saviour, or what he suffer'd for us! How ingrateful are we to thy bless'd Memory!

ry ! We negligently forget thy sacred Passion ; or rather, which is far worse, our Sins renew thy Sufferings. While we deprive others of their Right what do we else but divest Thee of thy Cloaths ? While we delight in Strife and Schism, what do we else but rend thy seamless Coat ? If we despise the least of thy faithful Servants, are we not as so many *Herods* that scorn'd Thee ? If we for Fear proceed against our Conscience, how are we better than *Pilate* that unjustly condemn'd Thee ? By forsaking thy Will to follow our own, do we not chuse a Murderer before thee ? By retaining a sharp and bitter Malice, do we not give Thee Vinegar and Gall to drink ? By shewing no Mercy to the poor and afflicted, do we not pass by thy Cross as Strangers unconcern'd ? Thus we again crucifie the Lord of Glory, and put him afresh to an open Shame. Is this, O wretched we ! the Duty we pay to the sacred Memory of our dear Redeemer ? Are these the Thanks our Gratitude returns to that strange excess of our Saviour's Love ? When we sat in Darkness he took us by the Hand, and kindly led us into his own Light. We sought not him, but he came from far to find us ; we look'd not towards him, but his Mercy call'd after us : He call'd aloud in Words of melting Tendernefs, Why will you perish, O ye Children of Men ? Why will ye run after empty Trifles, as If there were no Joys above with me ? Return, O you dear-bought Souls, and I will receive you ; repent, and though you had really Crucified me, I will forgive you. Behold, O blessed Jesu, to Thee we come ; on Thee, O crucified Love, we fasten all our Confidence : Never will we unclasp our hold, till thy Grace has seal'd the pardon of our Sins. Never will we part from this standard of Hope, till our troubled Consciences be dismiss'd in Peace. There will we stand, and sigh and weep, and every one humbly say to thy Mercy, Jesu my God,

God, I am a miserable Sinner: O be thou my kind Advocate with the Father.

MEDITATION II.

Believe in Jesus, O my Soul, and thou maist be silent, for he thy Lord will answer for thee: Rely on him and he will be thy security, love him, and thou art united to his satisfaction and merits. Be Innocent, and he wilt exalt Thee. Repent, and he will forgive thy sins, and purge away all thy foul Impurities. He will wash away the Guilt of those sins, which thy Wickedness has ever caused in others; and of those also which thy Weakness has at any time receiv'd from them. The merciful Lord will purge thee from all thy secret Faults, and from those darling sins that most abuse our Nature. He will pardon what thou hast been, and correct what thou art; Will order by his good Providence what thou shalt be, and in the end crown his own excellent Gifts. Direct thy Prayers to his tender Mercy, and his Bounty will bestow more than thou askest. Never let us fear the favour of our God; If we can but esteem, and earnestly desire it. He that so freely gave us himself, will he not with himself give us all things else? Is not his painful Life, and bitter Death, sufficient Pledg of his mighty Love to us? He has greater tenderness than any Mother, and more faithful Love to our true Interest than any Friend. O disparage not his great willingness to help, by seeking Aid of any other Mediators. Surely they have little Faith, and far less Hope, who doubt the Mercies of so gracious a God: Mercies confirm'd by a thousand Miracles, and dearly seal'd with his own precious Blood: That innocent Blood which was shed for us, to appease the Wrath of his offended Father. Is not his infinite Love to us, a sufficient Motive of
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our Duty to him? A Duty to which we are so many ways oblig'd, and wherein our Eternity is so highly concern'd? Now, my Soul, is the time of Acceptance, now is the only Day of Salvation. Seek to Jesus to be wash'd in the pure Fountain of his Blood, and apply thy self to do whatever he as thy Lord requires thee: So shall the blessed Jesus be to thee Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption.

MEDITATION III.

SHould'st thou, O Lord, have dealt with us in Rigor, we had long since been sentenced to Eternal Death: Long since our guilty Souls has been snatch'd away from this World, and hurried down to everlasting Torments: But thy gracious Mercy has yet repriev'd our lives, and given us space to work out our Salvation. Now is the time of Acceptance with thee, Now is the Day of Salvation for us. Now, O my Soul, let us mourn our former Offences, and henceforth take care to bring forth Fruits worthy of Repentance. If we have hitherto persecuted the Lord of Glory, and with our Sins nail'd the blessed Jesus on the Tree of Death: Now let our whole eudeavours attend the Service of our Saviour, and loyally conspire to uncrucifie their Lord. Let us ascend the Mount of *Calvary*, and as often as we go, salute his holy steps. We kiss thy steps, dear Lord, when we love thy Ways, and humble our selves, and follow thee. Let us there on our Knees approach him on the Cross, and reverently cover his naked Body: We cover thee, when our Charity cloaths thy Servants, and hides the Infirmities of thy little ones. Let us there with tenderest care unfasten the Nails, and gently draw them out of his Hands and Feet: We draw them out, O Lord, when we freely obey thy Will,
and

and loosen our Affections from cleaving to the World. When thou hast thus, my Soul, rescu'd thy Lord, nail thy self in his stead to the Cross. Mortifie thy Members which are upon the Earth, and crucifie the Flesh with all its inordinate Lusts.

PETITIONS.

O Father of Mercies, and of our loving Saviour; let the love of thee, and of thy Son, win our Hearts entirely to thy self: Win them from this vain Life, and all the little goods of it, to the sole pursuit and hopes of enjoying thee in thy Eternity. Let the love of our crucified Redeemer, soften our Hearts, and make them break for our past Offences against thee: For we have broken the Laws of our Maker, we have provok'd the Wrath of our Judge; we have despised the goodness of our God. O deal not with us according to our sins, nor give us the sad desert of our Iniquities. We fly, O Lord, from the Bar of thy Justice, to the mild and gracious seat of thy Mercy. Spare us, O Lord, who are the Works of thine Hands, spare us whom thou hast redeem'd with the Blood of Christ. Pardon, O Lord, our sins of weakness and surprize; pardon our sins of wilfulness and deliberation; pardon our relapsing into the sins we have repented; pardon our former living in sin without Repentance. Make us so grieve for our sins as to hate them; so hate, as utterly to forsake them. O may the good Spirit mortifie all our corrupt Affections, that no Principle may ever divert us from loving and serving thee. Crucifie, O Lord, our Flesh with the fear of thee, and let us have all our portion of sorrow in this World: Crucifie us to the World, and the World to us; that being dead to it, we may live to thee: At least live thou in us, O holy Jesu: possess thou us, who hast bought us so dear as with thy

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Life's last drop of precious Blood. Dispose of all our motions according to thy righteous Will, help us to root out all our Vices with the constant practise of contrary Vertues, that so we may bring forth Fruits agreeable to a true Repentance.* And confirm, O Lord, we beseech thee, our Resolutions against sin, and our Courage to fight manfully under the Banner of thee our crucified Saviour; that we may withstand the shock of all Temptations, and conquer the Assaults of all our spiritual Enemies: And make us Watch, as well as Pray, lest we enter into Temptation; that so we may be delivered from evil. So guide and govern us, dear Lord, by thy great Wisdom and Love, that nothing may be able to separate us from the love of thee our glorious Redeemer; who with the Father, and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest ever one God, World without end. *Amen.*

HYMN XII.

AND now, my Soul, canst thou forget
That thy whole life is one long debt,
Of love to him, who on a Tree
Paid back the Flesh he took for thee?

Lo how the streams of precious Blood
Flow from five Wounds into one Flood!
With these he washes all thy stains,
And buys thy ease with his own pains.

Thy Cross, dear Lord, does clearly now
That doubt of former Ages show;
It was this Wood would make the Throne
Fit for a more than *Solomon*.

Large Throne of Love! royally spread
With Purple of too rich a red:

Strange

For Saturday Morning.

85

Strange costly Price! thus to make good
Its own esteem with its King's Blood.

Jesu, best Plant of Paradise!
To thee our Hopes lift up our Eyes:
O may aloft thy Branches shoot,
And fill the Nations with thy Fruit.

O may all reap from thy increase,
The Just more strength, the Sinner peace;
While our half-wither'd Hearts, and we,
Engraft our selves, and grow on thee.

Live, O for ever live, and reign,
Blest Lamb, whom thine own love has slain;
And may thy lost Sheep live to be
True Lovers of thy Cross and thee.

All Glory to the sacred Three,
One un-divided Deiry;
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now and ever still be done. *Amen.*

For Saturday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

A Wake all ye Powers of my Soul, and come pay
your Homage to the Prince of our Salva-
tion; cast your unworthy selves at his sacred Feet,
and renew your Vows of following his steps: He
triumph't over Death in his own Body, and will
enable us to conquer it in ours: He chang'd the
corrupted Government of the World, and establish'd
a new and holy Law, that as we were Vassals to

Sin before, we might now become the free Subjects of Grace: Let us live and die in his blest Obedience, and let no Temptation ever separate us from him, who if we resist will make us overcome, and when we have overcome will crown us with Peace. Come let us adore our victorious Redeemer. Thou hast, O Lord, triumphed over all thy Enemies, and ours; but we, alas, are yet conversing in the midst of our Enemies: Prostrate before Thee, we will confess our Misery: To how many Dangers is our Life expos'd! With how many Temptations are we round besieged! Temptations in Meat, Temptations in Drink, Temptations in Conversing, Temptations in Solitude! Temptations in Business, Temptations in Leisure, Temptations in Riches, Temptations in Poverty; all our Ways are strew'd with Snares, and even our Senses conspire against us. Whither, O my God, shall our poor Souls go encompass'd with a Body so frail, and a World so corrupt? Whither but to thee, the justifier of Sinners, and to thy Grace, the sustainer of the Weak? Thy Grace instructs us what we ought to do, and breeds in us the Will to endeavour what we know: Thy Grace inables us to perform our Resolves, and when all is done, thy Grace must give success. We that of our selves can do nothing, may, through Christ strengthening us, be able to do all things, and gain the sentence of approbation that shall be pronounc'd upon his steadfast Followers; Well done, good and faithful Servants, enter you into your Master's joy.

HYMN XIII.

Lord, we again lift up our Eyes,
And leave our sluggish Beds;
But why we wake, or why we rise,
Comes seldom in our Heads.

Is it to swear, and toil for Wealth,
Or sport our time away:
That thou preserv'st us still in Health,
And giv'st us this new day?

No, no, unskilful Soul, not so,
Be not deceiv'd with Toys;
Thy Lord's Commands more wisely go,
And aim at higher Joys.

They bid us wake to seek new Grace,
And some fresh Vertue gain;
They call us up to mend our pace,
'Till we the Prize attain.

That glorious Prize for which all run,
Who wisely spend their Breath;
Who when this weary Life is done,
Are sure of Rest in Death.

Not such a Rest as here we prove,
Disturb'd with cares and fears;
But endless Joy, and Peace, and Love!
Unmixt with Grief and Tears.

Glory to Thee, O bounteous Lord!
Who giv'st to all things Breath;
Glory to Thee Eternal Word!
Who sav'st us by thy Death:

Glory, O blessed Spirit, to Thee,
Who fill'st our Souls with Love;
Glory to all the mystick Three,
Who reign one God above.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

Lord, with what admirable Wisdom dost thou govern the World, and order the several Conditions of Men! Thy wise Providence orders some to be Poor, and appoints them their Task of innocent Work: Thy Providence is pleased to make others rich, and give them leisure for their better Improvements: Thou hast made both Poor and Rich to be some way needful to one another, that all may live in Love and Unity, and apply themselves to mutual assistance. Happy are they, O Lord, who have so much Employment, that there remains no room for idle Thoughts: Happy are they who have so little Business, that they want not space to attend their Souls: Happy yet more are they, who in the midst of their Work can think sometimes of the Wages above; whom nothing diverts from that chief concern of seeking to make their Election sure: But while their Backs are bow'd down with Labour, they freely can raise up their Minds to Heaven: And while they are ty'd to their Beds with sickness, can yet move on towards their eternal Rest: Often they rejoyce with themselves alone, and silently say in their contented Hearts, Here we, alas! are narrowly confin'd, and our time entertain'd with trivial Affairs: But hereafter we expect an unbounded enlargement, and the same glorious Office with the blessed Angels: Here we are subject to a Thousand Miseries, and the most prosperous Life is vain and short; but hereafter we expect an infinity of Joy, and the solid Pleasures of Heaven for ever. We too, my Soul, let us pray to be guided in the middle Path, and take care that we encline to no vicious extream; to avoid the stormy Sea of too much Business, and the dead Water of a slothful Life; lest we be cast away by forget-

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ting God, or become corrupted by neglecting our selves: Sometimes at least recollect thy Thoughts, how much soever thy Condition distracts thee: In all thy Works remember thy last End, when thou must bid a long Farewel to all this World; remember that dreadful Day of the universal Judgment, when thou must give an account for every idle Word: Remember the Joys prepar'd for the Innocent, and the miseries that attend the Wicked: Remember how nearly it concerns thee to have a good or a bad Eternity, and that every Action tends towards the one or the other: Thus kept in awe, thou wilt be careful not to sin, and encourag'd by the Reward thou wilt strive to do well. Then maist thou look up with humble confidence in our God, how low soever thy Afflictions depress thee: Thou may'st look up to the Eternal Mountains, and feed thy hungry Desires with this sweet hope; the day will come, when out of this dark World we shall joyfully ascend to that beauteous Light: The Day will come, and it cannot be far off, when we shall rest for ever in the Bosom of Bliss.

MEDITATION III.

Happiest of all, O Lord, are they, whose very Business is thy sacred Service: Who not only bestow an interrupted Glance, but steadily fix their Eyes on Thee: Who are devoted to the happy service of the Sanctuary, and Night and Day dwell in thy Presence: Who, not engag'd in the Cares and Tumults of the World, spend their time in Retirement and Devotion: If the Sun rise, it finds them at their Master's work; and when it sets, leaves them at the same sweet task. Every place is a Church, to such consecrated Souls, and every Day a holy Sabbath: Every Object is an occasion of Piety, and every Accident an exercise of Vertue.

Do they behold the beauteous Stars, they presently adore their great Creator: Do they look down on the fruitful Earth, they instantly begin to praise his Bounty: Let War or Peace do what they will, and the inconstant World reel up and down; they pass through all with a serene Mind, and smoothly go on their regular Course; looking still up to that glorious Life above, and entertaining this present in hope, and labour to attain it: When they depart sometimes from their proper Center, and forsake a while their belov'd Retirement; 'tis to approach and give Light to others, and enflame some cold or lukewarm Hearts: While they are abroad they are still with Thee, and nothing can divide them from thy dear Presence: When they return, still Devout and Innocent, thou receivest them as familiar Friends, and freely admit'st them to thy secret sweetness: Thou givest them a Taste from thine own full Board, and overflowest their Hearts with the Wine of Gladness. Often they feel a little Beam from Heaven strike gently, and fill their Breasts with Light; often that gentle Light is kindled into a Flame, and chafely burns with pure Desires: Desires that still mount up and aim at Thee, the supernatural center of all their hopes. Oh happy state of the Reverend Clergy, who empty of the World, are full of God! Such shall seldom fall, and quickly rise, and make swift Advances in the way to Heaven: They shall live in Purity, and die with Confidence, and go to sing among the Quires of Angels.

PETITIONS.

O Gracious and Eternal Wisdom and Goodness! Who seest and pitiest the Infirmities of our Nature surrounded on every side with the worst of Dangers, Temptations to Folly: O guide my steps in thy safe way; order every chance to prevent my falling,

falling, and still lead me on towards an happy end. Give me the Eye and Wing of an Eagle, to see my danger at a distance, and fly swiftly away from it: If I needs must engage my Enemy, and there be no means left to escape the Encounter, strengthen me, O Lord, with thy All-powerful Grace, to persevere with Courage, to break through all that offers to divert or stop the advance of my Love to thee alone; strengthen me, that I may never be wanting in my Fidelity to Thee. Convince me, O blessed God, into this firm Judgment, and make my Memory faithfully retain it; whatever my Senses say to deceive me, or the World to obscure so beauteous a Truth: That thy self alone art our chiefest Good, and the sight of thy Glory our supreme Felicity. Give me, O thou dispenser of all things, give me in this World neither Poverty nor Riches, but feed me with Food convenient for me, lest perhaps being full, I be allur'd to deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? Or compell'd by want, to Flatter or Steal, or Fore swear the Name of my God. Whatever my Lot be, assist me by thy Grace to submit my Will intirely to thine: Assist me so to improve the Talents which thy Providence assigns me, that at the great Day of Account I may be receiv'd with those precious words, Well done good and faithful Servant, enter thou into thy Master's Joy: Through the Merits of Jesus Christ the Mediator. *Glory be to, &c. Amen.*

For Saturday Evening.

MEDITATION I

WHY do we still pursue this World, and so eagerly seek its fond Enjoyments? A World of

of Vanity, and false Deceits; a World of Misery, and many sad Disasters; whose Crosses are solid, and Comforts empty; whose Sorrows are permanent, and Delights pass quickly away: A World where the Innocent are often condemn'd with Shame, and the bold Guilty acquitted with Applause; where sometimes the Wicked are advanc'd to Honour, and the Vertuous are oppress'd with Disgrace; where Friends soon fall off, and Kindred forget, and every one minds his own private Interest; Yet are we taken with this crooked World, and blindly court its ugly painted Face. We make some fardid Passion Mistress of our Heart, and neglect the pure and amiable love of Jesus; whose Goodness to us gives all we have, whose Perfections in himself are more than we can conceive. Thou art, O glorious Jesu, the Beauty of Angels, and the everlasting Joy of all thy Saints. Thou art the Heaven of Heavens it self, and in thy sight alone is the fulness of Bliss. All this thou art, and infinitely more; and yet, alas! how few esteem thee! The World (we dearly know) too often has deceiv'd us; and our rashness takes no care not to be undone again. Thou never, O Jesu, hast fail'd our Hope, and our Dulness fears to rely on thee. The World distracts and embroils our Spirits, and wretched we delight in our Misery. Thou always, O Jesu, fill'st our Hearts with Peace, and senseless we are weary of thy Happiness. The World calls, and we faint in eager following it; thou call'st, and we are still reliev'd by thee; Yet is our Nature so ungratefully perverse; we run after that which rires, and abandon that which refreshes. Sometimes our Lips speak gloriously of thee, O thou living Fountain of eternal Bliss. Some happy Times we relish thy Sweetness, and decry aloud the Voysons of the World. But we are soon entic'd by its gilded Cup, and easily forsake the Waters of Life.

MEDITATION II.

ALL this is true, and yet the World is lov'd, and our Nature inclines to affect its Vanities. 'Tis lov'd, and so it Justly deserves to be, did we understand its real value. Our life indeed seems trivial and mean, and all things about us look troublesome and dangerous: Yet, O my God, is their consequence excellent in this; that they are our only way of coming to Thee. This World, and this alone is the Womb that breed us, and brings us forth to see the Light. This is alone the proper Machine, wherein thy Hand has set our Lives; to learn the Art of managing it right, and wind up our selves to thy glorious Heaven. O that we had that happy Skill! How soon would every Thing help forward to advance us! Whether we Eat or Drink, or whatever else an innocent Hand can undertake; if we regard our faithful End, and order all to the improvement of our Minds: They instantly change their secular Name, and deservedly are preferr'd to become Religious. Riches themselves, and imperious Honour have not so perverse and fixt a Malice; but a prudent use converts them to Piety, and makes them fit Instruments of highest Bliss. Our very Delights (O the goodness of our God) may be temper'd with so wise an Alloy, that his Mercy accounts them as parts of our Duty, and fails not to give them the full Reward; while they are entertain'd for the Health of our Bodies, or the just refreshment of our wearied Spirits; and both our Bodies and Spirits constantly apply'd to gain new Degrees of the love of Heaven. Thus, gracious Lord, every moment of our Lives may still be climbing up towards thee; thus may we still proceed in thy Service, even then when we most of all serve our selves: And then indeed it is we best
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serve our selves, when we are busiest in what we call thy Service. Thou sweetly vouchsafest to stile that thy Glory, which in very Truth is nothing but our Interest: Thou kindly complain'st we dishonour thy Name, when we only mischief our own Souls.

MEDITATION III.

THis Life indeed is the way we must walk; but this alone cannot bring us to our End. E're we arrive at our appointed home, we must be led through the Gates of Death; where we shall absolutely be strip'd of all we have; and carry nothing with us but what we are. Where we not only must quit the whole World, but leave behind us even part of our selves. Hast thou, my Soul, seen some Neighbour die? And dost thou remember those circumstances of Sorrow? We are sure, the Case e'er long will be our own; and are not sure but it may be very soon. Have we our selves been dangerously sick, and do we remember the Thoughts we had then? How we resolv'd to correct our Passions, and strive against the Vices that particularly endanger us? It will come to this again; and no Reprieve shall be found to stay one single Minute the Hand of Death: But he immediately will seize upon us, and bear us away to the Region of Spirits; there to be rang'd in our proper place; as the course of our Life has qualified us here. Nor is this all, to expire and die, and dwell for a time in a state of Separation; we must expect another Day, a Day of publick Accounts and Restitution of all Things: When the Arch-Angel shall sound his Trumpet, and proclaim aloud this universal Summons: Arise you dead, and come to judgment; arise, appear before the Throne of God. Then shall the little heaps of Dust immediately awake, and every Soul put on again her proper Body. Imme-
diately

diately all the Children of *Adam* shall be gather'd together ; from Heaven and Hell, and every corner of the Earth. There they must stand, and all attend their Doom ; but O with how sad and fatal a difference ! The Just shall look up with a chearful confidence, and in their new white Robes triumph and sing *Allelujah* ; let us rejoyce, for the Marriage of the Lamb is come, and his Bride has prepar'd herself : Let us rejoyce, for the Kingdom of the World is made our Lords, and his Christs, and he shall Reign for ever and ever. Let us rejoyce, for now our Redeemer is nigh ; behold he comes quickly, and his Reward is with him. Come, come, Lord Jesu, thou long desire of our Hearts ; come quickly, thou full delight of our Souls : Come, and declare to all the World thy Glory ; come, and reward before all the World thy Servants. Lo, where aloft he comes in Power and Majesty, attended with a train of innumerable Angels. Behold where he sits enthron'd on the Wings of Cherubims, and takes at once a View of all Mankind. Soon he commands his Angels to sever his Sheep, and gather them together on his Right Hand. First then to them he turns his glorious Face, and shines upon them, and says these ravishing Words : Come ye blessed of my Father, possess the Kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the World. O the Joys their Souls shall feel, when those Heavenly Words sound in their Ears ; Joys that the Wit of Man cannot conceive ; Joys that the Tongues of Angels cannot express. Let it suffice, themselves shall tast their own Felicity, and feed on its sweetness for ever. But O, with what dejected Eyes, and trembling Hearts, shall the Wicked stand expecting their Judge ! What shall they do, when, where ever they look, their griev'd Eye can meet with nothing but what will cause Despair ? Above, the offended Judge ready to condemn them ; below,

low the bottomless Pit gaping to devour them: Within, the Worm of Conscience gnawing their Bowels, and round about them all the World is in Flames. What shall they do, when that terrible Voice shall strike them suddenly down to the bottom of Hell? Go you accursed into everlasting Fire, prepar'd for the Devil and his Angels. The Day of Man is past, when Sinners did what they pleas'd; and God seem'd to hold his Peace. 'Tis now the Day of God, when his Wrath shall speak in Thunder, and Sinners shall suffer what their Wickedness deserves. Then they shall sink immediately into the Pit of Sorrow, and dwell in Darkness and Torments for ever. While the Just shall go up in Joy and Triumph, and reign with our Lord in his Kingdom for ever. Thus shall the whole Creation be finally dispos'd, and Mercy and Justice divide the World. O my Soul! who now art here below, and read'st these dreadful Truths as things afar off: Know thou shalt be present, and see them with thine Eyes, and be thy self concern'd for all Eternity. Know, as thou livest, thou art sure to die; and as thou diest, thou art sure to be Judged. Think what a sad Condition it will be to find thy self on the wrong Hand: Think what then thou would'st give to have repented in time; think what thou would'st give for a little time to repent. Think on these Things, and now heartily repent, while yet a moment of Time is left Thee. Improve this moment about the necessary Work, because thou canst not be assur'd of the Succession of another. Watch now thy self continually, and continually Pray; for we know not the Hour when the Son of Man will come.

PETITIONS.

O Son of God and Man, who camest in Mercy to save! O bring the same Mercy with Thee, when

when thou comest to Judge us. In the mean while assist me by thy heavenly Grace, to stand perpetually with my Accounts prepared, that I may die in the Peace of God, and Communion of his Church, and go to live with him, and that part of his Holy Church which is Triumphant. O blessed Jesu! King of Clemency, and great Rewarder of every little Grace! Thou, who by all we can do pretendest no Gain, but bestowest on us all that thy self hast done: Instruct my Gratitude to consecrate all to Thee, since all, by thy Bounty, will redound to thy self. O thou who took'st upon Thee all our Frailty, to bestow on us thine own Perfections. Teach me to prize the Joys of Heaven, and part with all Things else to purchase Thee. O let not the Flatteries of worldly Pleasures any more delude me, nor any superfluous Cares perplex my mind. O may my chief Delight be to think of Thee, all my Study to come to the Enjoyment of Thee. Let the shortness and vexation of all worldly Enjoyments so disparage them to my Apprehensions, that they may become less tempting to me, and take the less hold of my Heart. Make me thankfully sensible of thy Mercy and Kindness to Mankind, in mixing this World's Enjoyments with so much Trouble and Inconvenience; since we cannot attain Thee, the Heaven of Heavens, if we do not fix our selves intirely upon Thee: Nor can we do this, if we are or may be satisfied with any thing beside thy glorious Self. Thus has thy Wisdom fitly qualified this Life, the present dark Womb of our Souls, so that by its own Uneasiness it will, with thy Blessing, the more easily dispose them for a Happy Birth into thy blessed Eternity: Through our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, together is worshipped and glorified.

H Y M N XIV.

Lord, what a pleasant Life were this;
 If all did well their parts;
 If all did one another love
 Sincerely with their Hearts!

No Suits of Law, no Noise of War,
 Our quiet Minds would fright;
 No Fear to lose, no Care to keep
 What justly is our right.

No envious Thought, no slandering Tongue
 Would e'er disturb our Peace,
 We should help them, and they help us,
 And all Unkindness cease.

But the All-wise chose other Laws,
 And thought it better so;
 He made the World, and sure he knows
 What's best with it to do.

'Tis for our Good, that all this Ill
 Is suffer'd here below;
 'Tis to correct those dangerous Sweets,
 That else would Poyson grow.

So Storms are rais'd to clear the Air,
 And chase dull Clouds away;
 So Weeds grow up to cure our Wound,
 And all our Pains allay.

How often, Lord, do we mistake,
 When we our Plots design!
 Rule thou hereafter thine own World,
 Only thy self be mine.

Or rather, Lord, let me be Thine,
Else I am not mine own;
Give me thy self, or take thou me,
Undone if left alone.

To Thee, great God of Heaven and Earth!
Each Knee for ever bow:
May all thy Blessed sing above,
And we adore below.

Amen.

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to our Lord a Psalm of David
to the God of our Salvation: sing with a loud and
loud cheerful Voice, sing with a loud and
cheerful Heart: sing to the words of spirit, be
strong lay to the banners of truth, be heedful
lay to the sorrowful, be of good comfort. Tell
thy soul rejoice, truth, and may
thy days within them to hear it: Tell
from the Lord of life is risen again, and has
cleansed himself with temporal glory: He made
the Angel's fingers of his victory, and vouch-
safed even himself to bring us the happy news.
How many ways did thy condescending mercy in-
vite: O thou wise Contriver of all our happiness:
to convince thy followers into this bliss believe:
and

DEVOTIONS

FOR

Every Day in the Week.

The Second Part.

For Sunday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

Sing to our Lord a Psalm of Joy, sing Praises to the God of our Salvation: sing with a loud and chearful Voice, sing with a glad and thankful Heart: Say to the weak of Spirit, Be strong! say to the staggering Faith, Be steadfast; say to the Sorrowful, Be of good Comfort. Tell all the World this Soul-reviving Truth, and may their Hearts leap within them to hear it: Tell them the Lord of Life is risen again, and has cloath'd himself with Immortal Glory: He made the Angels Messengers of his Victory, and vouchsafed even himself to bring us the happy News. How many ways did thy condescending Mercy invent, O thou wise Contriver of all our Happiness! to convince thy Followers into this blest Belief, and

and settle in their Hearts a firm ground of Hope: Thou appearedst to the holy Women, in their return from thy Sepulchre, and openedst their Eyes to know and adore Thee. Thou didst purposely overtake in their Journey two of thy Disciples, that were discoursing of Thee, and make their Hearts burn within them by thy Discourse, whilst thou didst kindly expound to them the Things that related to Thee in all the Scriptures, and which by Thee had been fulfill'd. Thou didst shew thy self on the Shore to thy Disciples labouring at Sea, to intimate that they must now leave that Fishing to become Fishers of Men: They labour'd all Night in vain, without the Blessing of their Master Jesus: Thou didst shew thy self to them, and tell them plainly who Thou wert by thy kind known Token of a beneficial Miracle: When the Doors of the House were shut, Thou who hadst insensibly come in, didst appear to give them Peace and Satisfaction; to satisfy them of thy Resurrection from the Dead, and of thy continued tender Love to them: How didst Thou condescend to Eat before them, and invite them to touch thy Body! How didst thou sweetly provoke the incredulous *Thomas* to thrust his Hand into thy wounded Side! And thou hast taken occasion from his hardness to believe, to facilitate the Faith of thy Church in after-Ages. We bless Thee, O Lord, who hast so ordered the Duties of our Faith, that the true Reports of Sense may help us in some of them, and do contradict us in none. How often, O gracious Lord, in those blessed 40 Days, did thy Charity cast to meet with thy Disciples! that Thou mightest teach them still some excellent Truth, and imprint still deeper thy Love in their Hearts: Discoursing perpetually of the Kingdom of Heaven, and establishing proper means to bring us thither. At last when all thy glorious Task was perfectly finish'd,

and thy Hour of departing from this Earth did approach, Thou didst tenderly gather thy Children about Thee, and in their full sight go up into Heaven; leaving thy dearest Blessing on their Heads, and promising a kind Comfort in thy Absence. O how adorable are thy Counsels, O Lord! How strangely endearing the ways of thy Love! Say now, my Soul, is not this Evidence clear enough to answer all our darkest Doubts? Is not this Hope abundantly sufficient to sweeten all our bitterest Sorrows? What tho' we mourn and be afflicted here, and sigh under the Miseries of the World for a time? We may be sure that our Tears shall one Day be turn'd into Joy, and that Joy none shall be able to take from us. What tho' our Bodies be crumbled into Dust, and that Dust should be blown about over the Face of the whole World? Yet we undoubtedly know that our Redeemer lives, and shall appear in Brightness at the last great Day. He shall appear in the midst of all the numerous Hosts of Angels, and before him shall be brought all Nations: Then with these Eyes which now read of him, we shall see him; we shall see him in whom we have so long believ'd; we shall find him whom we have so often sought: In our full and final Redemption, we shall find him a faithful and mighty Redeemer: We shall possess him whom our Souls have lov'd, and be united to him for ever, who is the only end of our Being.

HYMN XV.

A Wake, my Soul, rise from this Bed,
Of dull and sluggish Earth;
Quickly arise, lift up thy Head,
And see thy Lord's new Birth.

Once did he come, O blessed He!
Born of a Virgin-Womb;

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Loe, now he comes (and still for thee)
Sprung from a Virgin-Tomb.

See thy Lord rises fresh and bright,
Incircled round with Stars;
Which all from him receive their Light,
And from his glorious Scars.

And thus, as he his Progress makes
Up to his Heaven again,
Each risen Saint his Musick takes,
And follows in his Train.

Thus altogether they ascend,
'Till at Heav'n's Gate they come,
Where wondring Angels do attend,
To bid them welcome home.

The Angels know again their King,
And soon his Call obey;
All the glad Quires come forth to sing,
And crown with Mirth the Day.

Come thou, my Soul, let us rejoyce,
Us too, our Consort bring;
Up to high Heav'n let's lift up our Voice,
And with the Angels sing.

Glory and Honour, Power and Praise
To the mysterious Three;
As at the first beginning was,
May now and ever be.

MEDITATION II.

Raife thy Head, O my Soull and look up, and
behold the Glory of thy crucified Saviour. He
that was dead, and laid the in Grave low enoughto
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prove himself Man; He is risen again, and ascended into Heaven, and is in Exaltation high enough to prove himself God. He arose, and made the Light his Garment, and commanded the Clouds to be the Chariot of his Triumph. The Gates of Heaven obey'd their Lord, and the everlasting Doors opened to the King of Glory. Enter bright King, thy glorious Palace, attended with thy shining Angels; enter with the glad Train of thy new delivered Captives, the first Fruits of thy Victory, and the Earnests of more. Enter and repossess thy ancient Throne, and reign eternally at the Right Hand of thy Father. May every Knee bow low at thy exalted Name, and every Tongue confess thy Glory. May all created Nature adore thy Power, and the Church of thy Redeemed exult in thy Goodness. Whom have we in Heaven but Thee, O Lord, who didst expressly go thither to make way for thy Followers? What have we on Earth that yields us any Comfort and Delight, but our hope by following Thee to arrive at last where Thou art gone before us? And worth our while, O Lord, it is to follow Thee in the greatest Labour of doing well, and in Patience under the greatest Adversities; since the end of all is, that where Thou art, we shall be. We shall be there, and shall be like Thee; for we shall see Thee as Thou art: We shall be exalted and glorified, and rest from our Labours. O glorious Jesu, our Strength and our Joy, and the Immortal Life of our Souls. Thou art worthy to be the principal Subject of our Studies, and the daily Entertainment of our most serious Thoughts.

MEDITATION III.

WHat mighty Cause, O God, hast Thou given poor Mankind to rejoyce and Praise Thee, in that Thou hast raised our Saviour from the Grave!

Grave! He died for our Sins, and rose again for our Justification. In this we see a full Satisfaction made for our Sins by his Death: Hereby he ever Lives to make Intercession for us Sinners. O let all the World rejoice in the Victory and Triumph of our Lord, over all the Enemies of our Salvation. I bless Thee, O my Saviour, for thy Death, and I praise and adore Thee for thy Resurrection: The one, a Work, of Infinite condescending Mercy; the other, of infinite Power. And now, my Soul, how art thou conformable to thy kind Lord, if when He is risen, thou lie dead in Trespases and Sins? If thou be not risen with Christ to a new and Spiritual Life, certainly thou art none of his. Will he not draw all his own thus after him? Will he suffer any of them to lie entangled in Earthly Desires? If he has not drawn thy Heart from the World, and from thy Self, and made thee value him most, and delight to run the way of his Commandments; thou hast no part in him. And if thou be risen with Christ, thou should'st seek those Things which are above. Why should our Hearts dwell on Earth, when the best Treasure of our Hearts is return'd to Heaven; Since our glorified Jesus is ascended above, to prepare us a place in his own Kingdom? A place of Rest and secure Peace, where we shall see, and praise, and adore him for ever; a place of Joy and everlasting Fruition, where we shall love, and possess, and delight in him for ever. O happy We, and our poor Souls, if once admitted to that blissful Vision! If once those Heavenly Portals unfold their Gates, and let us in to the Joys of our Lord; how will our Spirits be raviſh'd within themselves, to reflect on the fulness of their own Beatitude! How shall we all rejoyce in one another's Felicity; but infinitely more in the infinitely greater Felicity of God! O Heaven, towards Thee it is meet that we frequently lift up craving

Eyes, and with out stretched Hands reach at thy Glories. It is fit that with languishing Hearts we often say, When, O when shall we behold that incomparable Light with which our exalted Saviour is cloathed, as with a Garment! That Glory which illuminates the Eyes of Angels, and Eternally renews the Youth of immortalized Saints. That Light is thy very Self, O Lord our God, whom we shall there see Face to Face; whom we shall there know as we are known. In thy Light we shall see Light.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Divine, Immense, Original Light! shine Thou perpetually in our Eyes, that thy Brightness may for ever darken all the false Lustre of this World. O Light! that delightest to diffuse and communicate thy Self, shed so many of thy powerful Beams into our Hearts, as that thy Heat may burn up all other Desires. Make us burn continually with the pure Love of Thee, and let that refining Fire purge us from the Love of this World. Let thy Light shine in our Hearts, and be a Guide to our Ways, till we be called from this Vale of Darkness, into the Glorious Presence of the Living God: To see him that made the Heavens and the Earth, and gave to all Things their lustre and beauty: To see him that first gave us our Being, then govern'd us in our way, and brought us to so blessed an end. Mean while, O glorious Jesu, thou art the Foundation and Finisher of all our Hopes, do thou make us entertain our Life with the Comfort of this Hope, and our Hope with the assurance of thy Promises. Let the Triumphs and Glories ever shine in our Eyes, to animate our Labours, and comfort our sufferings. Let them confirm our faith in this comfortable Point, that if we are thy faithful Followers

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lowers in this Life, we shall hereafter be Partakers in thy Glory. Make us also, Lord, every Day more perfectly understand our own great Duty, and thine infinite Love. Make us, especially on this thy Day, meditate the Advancement of thy Glory, and invite all the World to sing thy deserved Praises. Inspire our Hearts, O Lord, with such loving Wishes as these. Praise our Lord, O you holy Angels! Praise him, O you happy Saints! Let all the faithful Souls departed from this Life by his Grace, ever praise him. Let the Living on Earth, who subsist by his Mercy, praise him. Let one Generation after another carry on the Duty of Praise, till Generations shall be no more, and say,

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end.

Amen

For Sunday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

O Sin, how hast thou disturbed and confounded this our miserable World! Before Sin entered, nothing but Happiness dwelt here. Sin has disordered the Nature of Mankind, and of every thing else. The Righteous Vengeance of God has laid a deserved Curse upon the whole Creation: Now is unhappy Man born to Trouble, as the Sparks of Fire are to fly upward. Poor Mankind! this is not the place of thy Rest, because thy Sin has defil'd it. Thou art liable to receive Hurt and Trouble from
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all things here below ; thou canst never be happy till thou art translated into Heaven. Heaven only is the Place of true and lasting Joy, the Place of Ease, and secure Rest. Who will give my weary Soul the Wings of a Dove, that I may fly away, and be at Rest? That I may leave this dangerous, dark, uncomfortable, vexatious World: That I may flee away from the Troubles of this Life, and be at rest, dear Lord, with Thee. Here we, alas, are forced to utter many a deep Sigh, to bear with Grief the Burthen of weighty Miseries: Often we encounter Chances that endanger us, and divert our Progress in the way of Bliss: Often we are assaulted with Temptations that overcome us, and set us back in the Accounts of Eternity. How many times, O my Soul, have we plainly concluded that this Earth affords no real Joy. When we have observed by our own Experience, or by the Carriage of others, that the Enjoyment never performs that which the Expectation promises. How many times have we fully agreed that Heaven alone is the place of Happiness, when we have found all Places and Conditions here encumbered with Vanity and Vexation? Yet these false Allurements do again and again deceive us, and seduce our Hearts to dote on Folly. We have found that which glitter'd like Gold to be but Dross, and yet we are caught again with something else that glitters. Thus do we, foolish and unconstant Creatures, forget our wisest Resolves, and the meanwhile we neglect our true Felicity. My Soul, to be wise and happy thou must only thirst and sigh after thy God: He is the living Fountain of the true Rivers of Pleasures. Thou must despise all other Delights, and set thy Affections entirely on the Joys which the blisful Enjoyment of him affords. Nothing can ever satisfy thy Desires but He, and He alone can do this. O then seek nothing

thing so much as Him; seek nothing be sure that stands in Competition with Him. To seek Him is to save thy self, for thou shalt find Him: But by seeking other things in neglect of Him, thou wilt lose Him, and thy self, and them. Nothing but Labour, Disquiet and Unrest, will attend thy seeking other things, and the Enjoyment of them will not render thee free from those.

MEDITATION II.

IF my gracious God afford me but the Innocence of the Dove, I shall need none of its Wings: It my Soul, Lord, be fill'd with thy mild Spirit, Heaven it self will dwell in my Heart. 'Tis on the Proud thou look'st afar off, but inclinest thine Ear to the Humble and Meek. Those who delight in the Peace of a contented Mind, and limit their Thoughts to their own little Sphere: Who never intermeddle with the Actions of others, unless where Justice or Charity to Men, or Piety to God, does ingage them: Whose lov'd Employment is to sit in silence, and meditate on the Happiness that they expect hereafter; to contemplate the Joys of Saints and Angels, and the blissful Face of our glorified Jesus. O how secure and sweetly do they sleep, who go to Bed with a quiet Conscience! Who, after a Day of honest painful Industry, in a course of Just and pious Living, lay down their wearied Heads in Peace, and safely rest in the Bosom of Providence. If they awake, their Conscience comforts them in the Dark, and bids them not fear the shadow of Death; no, nor even Death it self, but confidently look up and long for the dawn of that Eternal Day that succeeds it. This too, my Soul, should be our Care, to note, and censure, and correct our Selves: To strive for Mastery over our Passions that molest us, and dismiss from
our

our Thoughts what does no way concern us. Are not our own Occasions business enough to fill as much time as this Life deserves? Does not the other at least deserve every Minute of leisure that we can spare from this? Let then the worldly Men pursue their fancied Liberties, and say and do as they think fit: What's that to thee, my Soul! who shalt not answer for others, unless thou some ways make their Faults thine own. Thy Pity may give, and thy Charity endeavour; but if they will not hear, follow thou thy God. Follow the Way that leads to Truth, follow the Truth that leads to Life: Follow the Steps of thy beloved Jesus, who alone is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Follow his Holiness in what he did, follow his Patience in what he suffer'd. Follow him that calls thee with a thousand bounteous Promises; kindly condescending to invite, when he might only command; and who will crown those that follow Him, with unconceivable Rewards. Follow thy faithful Lord, O my Soul, to the end, and thou may'st be sure in the end to enjoy Him for ever.

MEDITATION III.

Learn of me, says our kind and wise Master, for I am meek and humble of Heart, and you shall find Rest to your Souls. Thou, Lord, wer't wondrously meek, a glorious Pattern of Humility and Patience; and in that Meekness and Patience didst always possess a well composed Soul: A Mind regular in all its Motions, always easy to its Self, and always ready to do the will of Him that sent thee: Meekness of Spirit is indeed to us the Heaven of this Life; but the Heaven of Heavens, O Lord, is above with Thee. Meekness may qualify our Miseries here, and make the tedious time of this Life pass the gentler away: It fortifies the
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composed the Spirit to bear the present Burdens: But to be fully happy we must stay till hereafter, when all Burdens shall be removed, till thy mercy bring us to our last great End: That glorious End for which our Souls are made, and all things else to serve them in their way. It is not to sport away our time in Pleasures, that Thou, O Lord, hast plac'd us here on Earth: 'Tis not to gain a fair Estate, that thy Kindness still prolongs our Days: But to do good our selves and others, and to glorifie Thee in a wise Improvement, and regular Use of thy Creatures, to encrease every Day our longing Desires of beholding Thee in thine own bright Self. By the Goodness of thy Creatures we should be inflamed with greater Longings towards thee, because Thou hast all that Goodness in thy Self: By the Defect and Insufficiency of the Creatures, we should increase our Desire of thy Self, because Thou hast that Goodness which they want.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Thou who art the victorious Conqueror of Sin and Death; we, weak Combatants, beseech Thee to Assist us in our dangerous Warfare. Assist us against the Rebellions of our Passions; still Thou quickly all the Tumults which the Occurrences of this World begin to raise in our Souls! O thou the Fountain, as well as Pattern of Meekness, possess our Souls with this excellent Vertue; that our Minds may never be discompos'd, that our Tongues may not break forth into violent Expressions, nor our Hands into any rash injurious Actions. Let us be calm and regular within, however Irregular and full of Confusion the World be without us. O thou blessed Spirit, the only sure Comforter, the benign Refresher of distressed Spirits, grant us thy Joys and Consolations to relieve

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in this tedious Pilgrimage: Let our Souls feel only the sweet Impulses of divine Hope and Charity. O glorious and chiefest Good! whose infinite sweetness provokes and satisfies all our Appetites; may my entire Affections delight in Thee above all the vain Enjoyments of the World: Above all Praise and empty Honour, above all Beauty and fading Pleasure, above Health and all deceitful Riches, above all Power and subtlest Knowledge, above even all that thy own Bounty can give, and whatever is not thy very Self! O may my wearied Soul repose in thee, the Home and Centre of Eternal Rest! May I forget my self to think on Thee, and fill my Memory with the Wonders of thy Love: That infinite Love which when my Thoughts consider, not as they ought, alas! but as I am able! the Goods or Ills of this World lose their Names, and yield not either Relish or Distate. O my adored Jesus! let me love Thee always, because from Eternity Thou hast loved me: Let me love Thee above all Creatures, because Thou hast loved Mankind more than any besides. O let me love Thee only, gracious God! because Thou alone deservest all my Heart. Always, and only let me love Thee, dear Lord! since always my Hope is only in Thee.

Amen.

H Y M N XIV.

Dear Jesu, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with Thee!
When will this War of Passions cease,
And let my Soul enjoy thy Peace!

Here I repent, and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain;
Slain with the same unhappy Dart,
Which, O! too often wounds my Heart.

When

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When, dearest Lord, when shall I be
A Garden seal'd to all but Thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live, and grow to Thee alone.

'Tis, not alas! on this low Earth:
That such pure Flowers can find a Birth:
Only they spring above the Skies,
Where none can live till here he dies.

Then let me die that I may go,
And dwell where those bright Lillies grow;
Where those blest Plants of glory rise,
And make a safer Paradise.

No dangerous Fruit, no tempting Eve,
No crafty Serpent to deceive;
But we like Gods indeed shall be:
O let me die, that Life to see.

Thus says my Song: But does my Heart
Join with the Words, and sing its part?
Am I so thorow-wise to chuse
The other World, and this refuse?

Why should I not? What do I find,
That fully here contents my Mind?
What is this Mear, and Drink, and Sleep,
That such Poor things from Heaven should keep?

What is this Honour, or great Place;
Or Bag of Mony, or fair Face?
What's all the World, that thus we shou'd
Still long to live with Flesh and Blood?

Fear not, my Soul! stand to the Word,
Which thou hast sung to thy dear Lord;
Let

For Monday Morning.

Let but thy Love be firm and true,
And with more Heat thy Wish renew.

O may this dying Life make haste
To die into true Life at last:
No hope have I to live before;
But then to live, and die no more.

Great ever-living God: to Thee
In Essence One, in Persons Three,
May all thy Works their Tribute bring,
And Every Age thy Glory sing.

Amen.

For Monday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

COME, let us meditate the Praises of our God, and joyfully recite his divine Perfections: His Being is of himself alone, and no dependance his Eternal Essence knows: His Knowledge fathoms the vast extent of all things; and with his power he commands and disposes them as he pleases: His Goodness is supremely infinite, and all his glorious Attributes transcendently adorable. Come, let us meditate the Praises of our God, and joyfully recite his divine Perfections: He is the Source of all Felicity, eternally full of his own unchangeable Bliss; before Time began, he was; and when the Sun must lose its Light, his bright day will remain the same for ever: The Heaven of Heavens is the Palace of his Glory, and all created Nature the Subject of his Dominion: In his Presence the brightest

test Seraphims cover their Faces, and all the blessed Spirits bow down their Heads to his Foot-stool. It is the lov'd Employment of those Spirits, to sing aloud the eminent Prerogatives of their God and ours; let us then stretch our utmost Thoughts to exalt the divine Greatness. But, O most glorious and dreadful Deity, how dare we Wretches undertake thy Praise! How dare our Sin-Polluted Lips pronounce thy Name? Or where shall we seek Expressions fit for thee? All we can say, is nothing to thy unspeakable Excellencies; all we can think, but a faint Shaddow of thy unconceivable Beauties: Even the Voice of Angels is too low to reach thy Worth, and their highest Strains fall infinitely short of Thee. Only in this shall thy Servants rejoice, and all the Powers of our Souls be glad, that thy self alone art thy full Praise; that all thy Works, meerly in what they are, do praise thee: Thou hast magnified thy self in making the Creatures. The boundless Ocean of Being would not contain his Streams, but overflow'd upon pure nothing, and out of nothing a beauteous World appear'd. Be to thy self, O great Creator, thine own Glory, as thou hast made all things for thy self. Live, our great God, eternally encompass'd with the Beams of thine own inaccessible Light: Live, our ador'd Creator, and Reign for ever on the Throne of thine own immortal Kingdom.

H Y M N XVII.

Observe, my Soul, how every thing
 Consents to serve our bounteous King:
 Each Creature double Tribute pays,
 Sings first its part, and then obeys.

Birds, Nature chief and sweetest Quire,
 Him with their cheerful Notes admire.

Chant-

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Chanting out every Day their Lauds,
While the glad Grove their Song applauds.

And though their Voices lower be,
Yet Streams have too their Melody;
All Night, all Day, they warbling run,
They never pause, but still sing on.

All the fine Flow'rs that gild the Spring,
To this Praise their still Musick bring:
If kind Heav'n bless them, thankful they
Will smell more Sweet, and look more Gay.

Only Mankind can scarce afford
This easy Homage to our Lord:
We, on whom his large bounty flows,
Gives all we have, yet nothing owes.

Awake for shame, my sluggish Heart,
Rouse thee, and gladly sing thy part:
Learn of these Birds, and Beasts, and Flow'rs,
How thou shouldst use thy nobler Pow'rs.

Invire whole Nature to thine Aid,
Since it was he whole Nature made;
Join all in one Eternal Song,
Who to one Author all belong.

Say, Live for ever, glorious Lord!
Live by all thy great Works adore:
Thou one in three, and three in one,
All we thrice bow to thee alone.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

TOO glorious art Thou, O Lord, in thy
Self, and thy direct Ray shines too bright
for our Eyes: Yet we may venture to praise Thee
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in thy Works, and contemplate Thee at least reflected from thy Creatures : In them we may safely behold our Almighty Maker, and freely admire the Magnificence of our God : Heaven and Earth are full of his Greatness, Heaven and Earth were created by his Power : From him did all the Hosts of Angels receive their Being, from him they have the honour to worship in his Presence. He kindled warmth and brightness in the Sun ; and beautifully garnish'd the Firmament with Stars : He spread the Air, and stor'd it with Flocks of Birds ; he gather'd the Waters ; and replenish'd them with shoals of Fishes : He establish'd the Earth on a firm Foundation, and richly adorn'd it with innumerable Varieties. Every Element is fill'd with his Blessings, and all the World with his liberal Miracles ; He spake the Word, and they were made, He commands, and they are still preserv'd ; he governs their Motions in perfect order, distributes to each his proper Office, contriving the whole into one vast Machin, a spacious Theatre of his own unlimited Greatness. O glorious Architect of universal Nature, who disposeth all things in Number, Weight and Measure ! How does thy Wisdom engage us to admire thee ! How does thy Goodness oblige us to love thee ! How does thy Greatness and supream Excellency command us to reverence and stand in awe of Thee ! Not for themselves alone, O gracious God, did thy Hand produce those happy Spirits above, but partly to receive in charge thy little Flock, and watch them in this Wilderness till thou gatherest them to folds of Bliss. Not for themselves at all, O bounteous Lord, were the rest of this huge Creation fram'd, but to sustain our Lives in the Way, and carry us on to our Eternal Home. O my Soul, do thou first praise him for thy self, and the excellent Powers that he has given thee, and employ all thy Powers in his

excellent Service: Praise him next for all his Gifts, but infinitely above all still value the Giver. Let every Blessing be a Motive of thy Gratitude, and every Creature a Step of Approach towards God: So wilt thou faithfully observe their End, and happily arrive at thine own: Thou wilt use them only to sustain and comfort thee a little here, and they will not hinder thy Soul's Preparation for Heaven: And when thou art become full ripe for thy Translation hence, the kind Angels shall conduct thee into the Divine Presence.

MEDITATION III.

HOW admirable is thy Name, O Lord, over all the Earth! How wise and gracious the Counsels of thy Providence! After thou badst thus prepar'd the World, as an House ready furnish'd for Men to inhabit; thy mighty Hand fram'd our Bodies of the Dust, and built them in a Shape of Use and Beauty: Thou didst breath into us the Spirit of Life, and fit us with Faculties proportion'd to our End: Thou gavest us a Soul to govern our Bodies, and Reason to command in our Soul: Thou didst reveal a Law for the Improvement of our Reason, and enabledst us by thy Grace to observe that Law: Thou madst us Lords over all thy Creatures, but little inferiour to thy glorious Angels: Thou compelledst whole Nature to serve us without Reward, and invitedst us to love thee for our own Happiness: Thou designedst us an Age of pure Delights in that sweet and fruitful Garden; where, having led a long and pleasant Life, thou promisedst to transplant us to thine own Paradise. All this Thou didst, O glorious God, the full Possessor of universal Bliss! Not for any Need thou hadst of us, or the least Advantage thou couldst derive from our Being: All this thou didst

didst, O infinite Goodness, the liberal Bestower of all that we possess! Not for any Merit, alas, of ours, or for the least Motive we could offer to induce thee; but for thine own excessive Charity, and the meer Inclination of thine own rich Nature; that empty, we might receive of thy Fullness, and be Partakers of thy over-flowing Bounty: So sheds the generous Sun his Beams, and freely scatters them on every side, gilding all the World with his beauteous Light, and kindly cherishing it with his fruitful Heat: And so dost thou, and infinitely more, O thou God of infinite more Perfections! So we confess thou dost to us; but we, what return have we made to Thee? Have we consider'd well the End our Being, and faithfully comply'd with thy purpose to save us? Ah wretched we! we neglect thy holy Rules, and govern our Actions by Chance and Humor. We quite forget our God that made us; and fill our Heads with Thoughts that undo us. This is the only Praise thou expectest from us, and the whole Honour thou requirest of thy Creatures. That, by observing the Orders thou appointest here, in this lower Region of Motion and Change, we may all grow up to be happy hereafter, in that state of Permanency and Eternal Rest above.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Lord, the merciful and gracious God, I poor Sinner humbly beseech Thee to pardon all my past Ingratitude, all my Neglect and Forgetfulness of Thee; and mercifully do thou direct my Time to come. Teach me wherein I have done amiss, and have omitted my Duty, and enable me to practise a sincere Repentance and Amendment. Teach every Passage of my yet remaining Life to express the Acknowledgments due to Thee, and

to thy Mercies. O infinite and perfect Being! make me to know and adore Thee; to ascribe all Excellency and Perfection to Thee. So guide thou my Thoughts and Words, that neither of them may at any Time impute what is unworthy of Thee. Make me ever humbly to adore thy infinite Fulness of Being, a Fulness underived, independent and unchangeable. Make me often to think, and fully believe, that there is none besides Thee like unto Thee, and always to ascribe unfearchable Greatness. Give me too, O bounteous Lord, I pray, among thy other Gifts, a large Sense of thy immense Liberality to Mankind, that I may fitly acknowledge and praise thy bounteous Mercy. Give to all Mankind a fit and grateful Sense of thy Mercies; that the People every where with one Consent may confess and praise Thee, that one Generation may praise thy Name to another, and thankfully talk of all thy wondrous Mercies. O that Men would praise the Lord for his Goodness, and for his wonderful Works to the Children of Men! O make our Senses subject to our Reason, and our Reason intirely obedient to Thee. Make us always in using thy Creatures, to take their Service as Admonition and Obligation to mind our Duty to thy Self. Teach thou us, that all things in this World ought to praise Thee by the Tongues and Hearts of Men; whom thou hast not only made capable to know their Goodness, but hast also given leave to enjoy their Usefulness. O make the whole Creation conspire to thine Honour, and all that depend on Thee jointogether in thy Praise. Mercifully carry on the whole Creation to its End. Order thy Creatures about us to attain their End in serving us, and so Order us that we may attain Ours in glorifying and enjoying Thee.

Glory be to, &c. Amen.

For

For Monday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

MY God, in every thing I see thy Hand; in every Passage thy wise and gracious Providence. Thou wisely governest the House thou hast built, and preventest with thy Mercies all our wants. Thou callest us up early in the Morning, and givest us Light by the Beams of the Sun; that we may every one labour in his proper Work, and so fill up the little Place appointed for us in this World: Doing that Service to Thee, and that Good to Mankind which thou our great Lord and Master dost require. And thou providest also a Rest for our weary Evening, and savourest our Sleep with a shady Darkness; to refresh our Bodies in the Peace of Night, and save the waste of our decaying Spirits. Again, thou awakest our drowy Eyes, and biddest us return to our daily Task. Thus has thy Wisdom mixed our Life, and beautifully interwoven it with the Rest and Work; whose mutual change sweeten each other, and both prepare us for our greatest Duty: That of finishing here the Work of our Salvation, to rest hereafter in thy Holy Place. In like manner, thy wise Providence, O Lord, has appointed that after a little time of Toil and Trouble, Death should call thy Saints away to a state of Rest. Thou dost not, we thank Thee, oblige us to conflict with the Difficulties and Evils of this Life till the Day of Retribution comes. Thou soon callest us to a Place where the Wicked cease from troubling, and our

subtil Adversary the Devil from tempting us; where our own Appetites and Passions shall strive no more against our Reason and Conscience: Where our Innocence shall be no longer assaulted or endanger'd by the Threatnings or Allurements of this World: Our Souls are enlarg'd to a spacious Liberty, being let out from this Prison of Body, and go to dwell in the Region of Spirits; while our Bodies quietly rest in their silent Grave, till they rise again to Immortal Glory. And thou hast design'd, O Lord, that they shall awake again from the Sleep of Death, and rise even from the Bed of the Grave. And then indeed there comes a Morning which shall never be succeeded by an Evening; a waking time for the Body, after which it shall sleep no more. It rises indeed to work again, but that Work never tires it any more; that Work is sweeter than the Rest it leaves. There needs no interruption of that Work to sweeten it, which is eternally pleasant and delightful,

MEDITATION II.

Lord, how does thy Bounty give us all things else with a large and open Hand! Our Fields at once are cover'd with Corn, and our Trees bow under the weight of their Fruit. At once thou fillest our Magazines with Plenty, and sendest us whole Showres of other Blessings. Only our Time thou distillest by Drops, and never givest us two Moments at once: But takest away one, whilst thou lendest another, to teach us to prize so precious a Jewel. That we may learn to value every hour, and not childishly spend them upon Trifles: Much less maliciously murder whole Days, in pursuing a Course of Sin and Shame. It was thy Mercy too, O Gracious God, to disperse by Parcels our Portion of Time; that the succeeding
Day

For Monday Evening.

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Day may learn to grow Wise, and correct its Faults by Experience of the past. Else, if our being were all at once, as it shall be in the next, the Eternal Life; our Sins would have here no Power to be repented, and then, alas, how desperate were we? We who are born in the way to Misery, and unless we change can never be happy. We, who so often wilfully go astray, and unless we return, must perish for ever. Thou hast appointed our time, O Sovereign Lord, beyond which we cannot pass. When thou takest away our Breath, we die; we return to the Dust, and our place here shall know us again no more for ever. Thou com-madest the Grave to dispense with none, but indifferently to seize us all alike; that all alike may provide for the fatal hour of Death, and none may be undone with mistaken hopes. Thou tellest us plainly we must die, but kindly concealest the Time and Place, that every where we may stand upon our Guard, and every Moment expect thy Coming.

MEDITATION III.

WHY do we so much bemoan our selves, and complain for the Necessity of Dying? Seems it so hard a Fate to tread the Paths which all our Ancestors have gone before us? *Adam* the first of Men; and *Abraham* the Friend of God; *David* the Man after God's own Heart, and the blessed *Mary* Virgin-Mother of our Lord. All these have paid their Debt to Nature, and subscribed to the Law of Universal Mortality. Yea, *Jesus Christ* himself, the Eternal Son of God, expir'd on the Cross, and went to his Glory through the Gates of Death. And shall our fond-Self love so blindly flatter us, as to make us wish an Exemption from this common Fate? Should we not be glad that a trou-

troublesome Life will have an End, and rejoyce to get out of Danger into Safety, from a stormy Sea to a quiet Harbour? This Life is so incumber'd with Evils, that we have reason to be thankful it will not last always, and rather to wish than complain that it may not last long. If we die in Old Age, Death should be very welcome to us after a long and tedious Voyage: If in our Youth we die, it prevents a thousand Calamities, a thousand Dangers of ruining our Souls. What need we be posselt with Fear at thinking how many kinds of Death there are? We are sure there is but one for us. Dying is an Act to be done but once, and if it be once well done, we are happy for ever. Our Days perhaps are too few to grow Rich in, or to satisfy the Ambition of a haughty Spirit. But to be taught the Love of God, and the meek and humble Life of Jesus, requires not so much the number of Years, as the faithful Endeavours and Prayers of a pious Mind. Would we bestow on the Improvement of our Souls, the Time we vainly trifle away; our Day would be short enough, and not seem tedious, and yet would be long enough to finish our appointed Task. And what, O glorious Lord, is our Business here, but to trim our Lamps, and await thy Coming: To sow the Immortal Seed of Hope, and expect to receive the happy increase! It is no matter how late the Fruit be gather'd, if still it go on in growing better: No matter how soon it fall from the Tree, if it be not blown down before 'tis ripe.

P E T I T I O N S

O Thou most just, but secret Providence! who governest all things by the Council of thine own Will; whose powerful Hand can wound and heal, lead down to the Grave, and bring back again!

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Behold to Thee we bow our Heads, and freely submit our dearest Concerns. Strike as thou pleatest our Health, our Lives; we cannot be safer than at thy dispose. Only these few Requests we humbly make; which, O! may thy Clemency vouchsafe to hear. Cut us not off in the midst of our Folly, nor suffer us to expire impenitent, and with our Sins unpardon'd: But make us, Lord, first ready for thy Self, and then take us to thy Self in thine own fit time. Thou dost frequently, O Lord, put us in mind of our own, and the World's last End, by burying every Day in the dark silent Grave of Night. Sweeten, we humbly beseech thee, and render familiar to our Expectation those terrible Periods of Time, by our constant due Use of Night and Sleep: Grant that our yielding so often, and so easily at the Summons of our drowsie Humours, to suspend a while the Operations of the whole Man, may teach our Souls to reflect themselves into a more reasonable willingness, whenever thou callest, to leave our Bodies in the Bed of Dust, and pass into the State of their own perfect and ever-waking Activity and Bliss. Do thou, Lord, in whose indulgent Hands are both our Time, and our Eternity; whose Providence gives every Minute of our Life, and governs the fatal Period of our Death; make us every Evening still provide to pass with Comfort that Important Hour: Make us still ballance our Accounts for Heaven, and strive to increase our Treasure with Thee; that if we rise no more to our Acquaintance here, we may joyfully waken among thy blessed Angels; there to unite our Hymns with theirs, and joyn all together in one full Choir.

Amen.

HYMN

HYMN XVIII.

NOW, O my Soul, the Day is gone,
Which in the Morn was thine:
Its empty'd Glas no more shall run,
Its Sun no longer shine.

'Tis true, alas! the Day is gone:

Oh, were it only so!

Is it not lost, as well as done?

Cast up thy 'Counts, and know.

Art thou got so much nearer Heav'n,
As nearer to the Grave?

Has thy Heart's Grief a Fitness giv'n,
Sin's Pardon to receive?

From what base Vice hast thou refrain'd,
To break the Course of Sin?

Or what new Vertue hast thou gain'd,
To make thee Rich within?

Their Time is well bestow'd on those
Who well their Time bestow;

Whose main Concern still forward goes,
Whose Hopes still riper grow.

Who when the warning Clocks proclaim,
Another Hour is past;

Have the wise Art to set their Aim,
And Thoughts upon their last?

This sad Life's last and happy't Hour,
Which brings them to their Home;
Where they shall sing, and bless the Pow'r
That made them thither come.

O my dear Lord! of Life and Death,
The Ever-living King:
Since, thou dost give to all their Breath,
May all thy Glory sing.

Glory and Honour, Power and Praise,
To the Mysterious Three;
As at the first Beginning was,
May now, and ever be.

Amen.

For Tuesday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

BE thou eternally adored, O God of our Salvation; and may thy Praises be sung by thy Servants for ever. When our first Parents had disobeyed thy Precepts, to the Ruin of themselves and their whole Posterity, thy wondrous Mercy did immediately provide a Remedy: Thou didst provide and promise a powerful Redeemer: Thou didst commit the helping us to him that is able to save to the uttermost. A Redeemer that could conquer Sin and Death, and crush the Serpent's Head who drew us into Misery: A Redeemer that could fully repair the Breaches our Sin had made, and render our Condition better than before; that could satisfy for our Sins by his Death, and merit the beginning and perfection of Happiness for us, in our present Holiness and and future Glory. He can enlighten our Eyes with a clearer View of those excellent Truths that belong to our Peace, can support our feeble Nature with

with a stronger Grace, to carry us on safely thro' all Encounters, till we arrive at the Land of Rest, and be receiv'd for ever into the glorious Kingdom. O blessed Jesu! our Strength, our Guide; who knowest and dost pity our weak Capacities; and in thy tender Care hast so contriv'd the Way to our Happiness, that nothing can undo us but our own Perverseness; nothing but the wilful Love of Sin and Death. How easie hast thou made the Way to Heaven! How light is the Burthen thou lay'st on thy Followers! It is but to believe in Thee the God of Truth; but to love Thee, our greatest Benefactor; but to desire earnestly the seeing Thee, that thou requirest; and doing thus, we are sure to possess an Eternity of Joy. Eternal Praises be given to the admirable Wisdom of God, who knows how to bring Good out of Evil. Eternal Praises to that Infinite Goodness, which graciously condescended to do this. Let all the admiring World join together in this, and say, O the Depth of the Riches both of the Wisdom and Goodness of God! How unsearchable are his Attributes, and his Ways how much past finding out? Man guiltily threw away the Happiness his God had given him; God takes occasion thence to give him greater: He not only restores us to our first Degree, but makes even our Fall rebound us to a greater Height. This is the Love of God the Father to Mankind; this is the Love of Jesus the Christ; this is the Love of the Eternal Spirit of Love.

HYMN XIX.

LET others take their Course,
And sing what Name they please:
Let Wealth or Beauty be their Theam;
Such empty Sounds as these:

For

For me, I'll ne'er admire
A Lump of burnish'd Clay:
Howe'er it shines, it is but Dust,
And shall to Dust decay.

Sweet *Jesus* is the Name,
My Song shall still adore:
Sweet *Jesus* is the charming Word
That does my Life restore.

When I am dead in Grief,
Or, which is worse, in Sin,
I call on *Jesus*, and he hears!
And I to live begin.

Wherefore at this bright Name,
Behold, thus low I bow;
And thus again; yet is all this
Much less than what I owe.

Down then, down both my Knees,
Still lower to the Ground;
While with mine Eyes and Voice lift up,
Aloud these Lines I found,

Live, glorious King of Heaven;
By all thy Heaven ador'd:
Live, gracious Saviour of the World,
Our chief and only Lord.

Live, and for ever may
Thy Throne establish'd be:
For ever may all Hearts and Tongues
Sing Hymns of Praise to Thee.

Amen.

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MEDITATION II.

BEhold, our faithful Lord has remembered his Word: He has raised up in the World the long-expected Prophet like *Moses*, and put his Word in his Mouth, and he has kindly and sufficiently taught us. Light with him is come into the World, to lead us through the Wilderness of Life, into the true *Canaan* that is above. Admirable wert thou, O Lord, in thy merciful Promise; but infinitely more in thy wonderful Performance. Thou didst not depute an Angel to supply the place of a Redeemer, nor intrust so great a Work to the Management of a Seraphim; but didst thy self bow the Heavens, and come down, and with thine own blest Hands work our Redemption. Thy self didst take upon thee our frail Nature, and vouchsafe to be born of an humble Virgin, condescending to the Weaknesses of a Child; a Child whose Parents were poor, and of no Esteem in the World: So did he make himself of no Reputation. He did not decline the mean Entertainment of a Stable: O, how unfit was that for the Birth of the King of Heaven! He contented himself with a Manger, instead of a convenient Cradle; and with the homely, uneasy Lodging of a Bed of Straw; refusing the soft Accommodations of the Rich, to undergo the Inconveniences of a poor Stranger. Thus, Lord, at the Cost of thine own Ease, hast thou instructed us to despise the World. Only the faithful *Joseph* stood waiting on Thee, and provided as he was able for his helpless Family: Only thy pious Mother, dearly embrac'd Thee, and wrapt thy tender Limbs in little Clouts. Wonder, O Heavens, at this: Ye Angels, who had seen before many Wonders, for this surpasses all besides. Be amaz'd, O Earth, and let

let every Creature there humbly bow the Head and Knee: Bow all, and adore this incomprehensible Mystery; the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt with us. But most of all we who are most concern'd, the guilty Children of sinful *Adam*, let us bow down our Faces to the low Dust; and all prostrate, adore so unspeakable a Mercy. Behold, my Soul, thus low my Saviour stoop'd for me, to check the aspiring Pride of my corrupted Nature. Behold, thus low he stoop'd to take me from the Ground, and raise me to the Felicities of his own Kingdom. Rise willingly with him, my Soul, from base Sensuality; leave the low Earth with thy Desires, and seek a better Country; so shall this God not be ashamed to be call'd thy God. Lift up thy Voice too with Joy, O my Soul, and sing *Hosanna* to the New-born Jesus: With blessed Angels celebrate his glorious humble Birth, and say Glory be to God on high, for Peace on Earth, and Good-will towards Men. Lift up thy Voice aloud, O my Soul; lift up your Voices all ye his Saints, and join the Praises of the Church to the Hymns of Heaven.

MEDITATION III.

Rejoice all you the faithful Nations of the Earth, when ye hear the sweet Name of our dear Redeemer: Rejoice, and with your bended Knees and Hearts adore the blessed Jesus: He is the Sun of the ever-living God, equally participating the Glories of his Father: He is that great Messias whom the Prophets foretold, and all the ancient Saints so long expected: At length, in the fullness of Time, he came to visit in Person our miserable World: He came with his Hands full of Miracles, and every Miracle was full of Mercy, full of miraculous Good-will to an unkind,

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ungrateful World: He made the Crooked become Streight, and the Lame to Walk and Leap for Joy: He open'd the Ears of the Deaf to Hear, and gave Sight to them that were born Blind. Happy they in the Season of their Relief, who could then hear the Instructions of the Eternal Wisdom, and could see Thee the blessed Saviour of the World: He loosned the Tongues of the Dumb to speak, sure their first Exercise was his deserved Praise: He cleans'd the Leprous by the Word of his Mouth, and heal'd their Diseases who did but touch his Garment. To the Poor he reveal'd the Rich Treasures of his Gospel, and taught the Simple the Mysteries of his Kingdom. He cast out Devils by his awful Command, and forc'd them to confess and adore his Person; he rais'd the Dead from the very Grave to Life, the Dead that was four Days buried, and was corrupting: Nay, even himself being Slain for us on the Cross, and his Tomb made fast and secur'd with a Guard, he rais'd again by his own victorious Power, and carried up our Nature into the highest Heavens. All these stupendious Signs, O glorious Jesu! were done by the hand of thy Almighty Mercy, to witness thy Truth with the Seal of Heaven, and endear thy Precepts with obliging Miracles; that thus strongly engag'd, we might believe on Thee, and obey Thee to the Eternal Salvation of our own Souls.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Kind and Merciful Jesu! thou didst, when on Earth, go about doing Good, as thou didst purposely come hither to do Good: Thou hast not lost thy Goodness, we believe, since thou art gone to Heaven: O let us find that thou hast not; still exercise thy Goodness and thy Power,

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O God, in kind and beneficial Miracles. O may it please Thee to soften many stony Hearts into a tender Sense of thy great Goodness, and their own Duty. Raise our dead Spirits from this heavy Earth, to dwell with Thee in the Land of the Living, to mind and love spiritual and immortal Things. Open thou our Eyes, that we may behold the wondrous Things in thy Law; strengthen our feeble Faculties, O Lord, by thy all-sufficient Grace, That we may steadily run the Race which shall be set before us; strengthen us to encounter successfully all the Enemies of our Salvation, that we do not Run in vain, nor Labour in vain. Thus, Lord, let our Experience teach us to admire thy bounteous Power, that we may daily sing the Wonders of thy Grace towards our selves; and when our Days shall be exchanged for Eternity, let us eternally sing the Wonders of thy Glory. Whenever thou dost any of these kind things for us open thou our dumb Lips, that our Mouths may shew forth thy Praise.

Glory be to, &c.

For Tuesday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

Good God, how extremely ungrateful are Mankind! How strangely insensible of our manifest Duty: Every Creature performs its Duties, but we who alone are made capable to understand and know ours: Every Creature lives by Rule, but we who have reasonable Souls to direct our Actions. We, O Lord, are most beholden to Thee

of all the lower Creation, and we alone of all prove Rebellious against thee: The other Creatures live by thy wise Rules, and so do serve and attain their particular Ends. And thus does every Creature reach its true Dignity and Honour, while Man basely falls far below his, in neglecting the Rules of that Law which thou hast given to be his Direction. The Sun observes his place of Rising, and sets exactly at his appointed time: The Sun stands still if thou commandest, and goes back to obey thy Will; and yet the Sun pretends to no Reward, nor looks to be placed in a higher Heaven. But we who expect the Performance of glorious Promises, we forget and neglect the Law of our God; a Law that brings great Rewards with the Observance of it in this Life, and is followed by greater in the next. Thy Law, O Lord, written in our Hearts, perfects our corrupted Natures, by restoring to us thy glorious Image in Righteousness and true Holiness: Thy Law fills the dark Mind with cheering Light, and makes the Simple truly wise. Thy Law raises the Will to its true Liberty, and frees it from the Fetters of Sin: It tames the unruly Passions and Appetites of the Flesh, and settles an happy Peace within us. If we are so wise and happy, as not to be discouraged from observing it by the little Difficulty which attends it at first, our steady Perseverance in Well-doing will find it easie, and incomparably pleasant. Thy Laws will dispose us to Pass with Comfort through the various Circumstances of this Life; and they will also prepare us to enter at the End of it, into the pure Mansions of Heaven. For our kind Lord has prepared unspeakable Happiness to reward them with, who love him, and keep his Commands. Thy bounteous Goodness, O Lord, will reward us, for the Performance of our Duty;

thou wilt reward us for doing what is good for our selves. Thy Laws are all Holy, and Just, and Good, and thy Rewards are unconceivable and eternal Joys. Oh, what Blindness and Folly possesses the sinful World, who neglect and refuse so great Advantages!

MEDITATION II.

DOes it become Mankind, for whom Christ died, to neglect his Sacred Laws? Shall we say of him, who has done so much for us, he shall not reign over us? Shall we neglect so gracious a Saviour, whose only Design is to draw us to his Love? Shall we neglect so generous a Love, whose only Design is to make us happy? Yet, O Lord, how are thy just Commands neglected in the World! How few are there that demonstrate they love thee by keeping them! And indeed, to say the World generally neglect to keep thy Commands, is too mild a Reproof for us, who in many Instances directly contradict them. What thou forbiddes we eagerly pursue, as if our kind Saviour had therein envied us some great Advantage: And whatever thou commandest, we are forward still to do the contrary; as if the thing thou requirest were hurtful. We boldly converse with Temptation and Sin, which thy Charity advises us to flee like Death. We timorously dread the incurring any Worldly Losses, or the Displeasure of Men; when thou commandest us to proceed with undaunted Courage. And we do not stand in awe of the Wrath of Almighty God, nor fear the Loss of our own Souls, when thou threatnest us with them, to restrain us from Sin. We greedily pursue the little Vanities of this World, which thou forbiddest us to set our Affections upon; and are by them too easily drawn

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into Sin: But the greater Goods of a better World we slight, and will not suffer our selves to be allured by them to Holiness. We govern our Actions by our own wild Fancies, and expect that thy Providence should comply with our Humours. We would have Thee relieve us when we list; and Rain, and Shine, as we think fit. Thus is our rude Perverseness, O Lord, apt in every thing to go contrary to Thee.

MEDITATION III.

IT was not alone to make the Day, that thou, O Lord, didst make a glorious Sun: But to teach us these pious Lessons too, and write them plain as its own Beams. That so should our Light shine forth to others, and direct them to glorifie God: So should our Charity warm their Coldness, and quicken them to an active Zeal for his Honour. So when they say, we are under a Cloud of Adversity, we should like the Sun be really above it. And though to the sight of Men, we may be Eclips'd by disadvantageous Circumstances, and may seem quite extinguisht in a Night of Sorrow and Affliction; still we should shine to our Selves and God, and still go on in the ways of Light. Though we become small and despised in the Eye of the World, yet we should not forsake thy Law. So shall we after the vicissitudes of Bright and Dark, of Fair Weather and Foul, which we must expect to meet with in this World, enjoy an Eternal Bright and Serene Day. Not like the Sun that every Night goes down, and must at last be put quite out: When we have finish'd here our Course, and seem to set to this dark Earth, we hope to rise and set no more, but shine perpetually in a brighter Heaven. And this sweet hope, my Soul, may
justly

justly allay the Grief of thy present Afflictions. Thy Rest and Comfort meet with many Interruptions now; but let not them interrupt thy Faith and Holiness, and hereafter thou shalt enjoy an endless unmix'd Rest and Felicity. I am the Resurrection and the Life, says the Son of God, who was dead, and is now alive, and lives for evermore: He that believes in me, though he be Dead, shall Live; and every one that lives, and believes in me, shall not die for ever. O praise our Lord, all you blessed Saints, who are advanced from the transient mutable Light of this World, to the durable Glory of the other. My Soul, be thou a steadfast Follower of them, as they were of Christ; and thou canst not fail to attain the same Glory. O praise our gracious Lord and bounteous Master, ye glorious Angels, whose bright Felicity began so early! Stars that arose in the Morning of the World, and still through the goodness of God retain an unchangeable Lustre, shining perpetually near the Throne of God, as the top and Master-piece of all his Works. Let all Mankind with them praise the Lord for our excellent Work, and for our glorious Wages: That our God did make us but little lower than them at first; and when we are become a great deal lower by following our own Inventions, does concern himself to recover us from our Fall, and raise us by degrees to their bright and happy Society. O praise our Lord all you his Works; bless him and magnifie him for ever.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Infinite Wisdom and Goodness! Teach, I pray Thee, and convince my Soul of the great Excellency and Wisdom of thy incomparable Laws; Make me to esteem all thy Com-

mandments, concerning all things to be right; to consent unto thy Law, that it is Good; to delight in it in the inward Man, and regulate my whole Conversation thereby: So shall I walk by the best Rule, the Rule that certainly leads to happiness. Lord, make me to have such Apprehensions of thy Goodness, as to esteem thy Commands the necessary Rules of Soul-saving Love; to account that thou hast required nothing of us, but what is necessary and highly conducing to the Salvation of our Souls. Let me not be so dangerously foolish, as in any thing to think myself wise in contradiction to the Precepts and Directates of thy Word. O may thy Holy Will, dear Lord, therein reveal'd be all my Rule, and thy gracious Hand my constant Guide. Order thou my steps in thy Word, let no Iniquity have Dominion over me. Hold up my Goings, that my Footsteps do not slide. Quicken, O Lord, I pray, the too frequent slackness of my Obedience, by the Example of the Creatures about me, who yield Thee a constant and un-relucting Obedience; and by a firm Belief and Apprehension of those great and glorious Rewards, which thou hast prepared for such as serve Thee, fashion my Spirit to an humble Submission and Conformity to thy Will. Make me exactly observe what thou prescribe, how bitter soever it may taste to Flesh and Blood: Make me always readily submit to every Dispensation of thy Providence, though for the present it may be grievous. And, Lord, since thy Wisdom knows our Infirmities, I pray Thee, lay upon me at no time more Burden than I shall be able to bear: Let not my Circumstances be attended with Temptations, either that are so violent, or so lasting, as to overcome me. Since thy Goodness delights in our Relief, assist me against the difficulties of Duty: Lord, help me so to do
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all the Work thou givest (for thou alone canst help me) as that I may at last attain thy Eternal Rewards, through the Merits of Jesus Christ my Lord.

Amen.

H Y M N XX.

Blessed, O Lord, be thy wise Grace,
That governs all our Day;
And to the Night assigns it Place,
To rest us in our Way.

If Works the labouring Hand impair,
Or Thoughts the studious Mind;
Both are consider'd by thy Care,
Both fit refreshment find.

Fit to relieve the present state,
Fit to prepare the next;
While we are taught to meditate
This plain and useful Text.

As every Night lays down our Head,
And Morning opens our Eyes;
So shall the Dust be once our Bed,
And so we hope to rise:

To rise and see that beautiful Light
Spring from those Eyes of thine,
Not to be check'd by any Night,
But clear for ever shine.

That thou mayst hope, my Soul, to view
That lasting blissful Light;
Take heed thy present Work thou do,
And use thy Rest aright.

Al

All Glory to the sacred Three,
 One ever-living Lord;
 As at the first, still may he be,
 Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd.

Amen.

For Wednesday Morning.

M E D I T A T I O N I.

LET them neglect thy Praises, O Lord, who never consider thy Mercies: Let them be silent to thee, O gracious God, whose Mouths are full of themselves: But as for me who subsist by thy Gifts, and thankfully acknowledge the Riches of thy Goodness; my Heart shall continually meditate on thee, and my Lips shall delight to sing thy Glory: All my Life long will I praise my God, and lift up my Hands to his Holy Throne. Blessed for ever be thy Name, O Jesu! And blessed be the sweetness of thy Wisdom; whose infinite Charity has vouchsaf'd our Earth such excellent Rules to guide it to Heaven. Thou hast taught us that happy skill of finding our Lives, by a generous losing them to follow Thee: Thou hast taught us to love our true selves best, by wisely hating our mistaken selves. Thou hast taught us to trample this World under our Feet, and use it as a Step to climb up to the next. From thee we learn those glorious Mysteries that exalt our Faith so high above Reason: From thee we derive those Heroick Counsels, that raise our Souls so far above Nature; from thee alone, and from thy School of Grace, we learn all that we know, and receive Power for all that we do. How long

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long, alas! might we have wander'd here in the midst of Darkness and Errour, had not thy Love and Pity, O merciful Lord, brought down thy very Self to become our Light: Never should we else have learn'd to deny our selves, and take up our Cross, and follow thee: Never should we have known that great Secret of Peace, to forgive our Enemies, and do good to those who despitefully use us. On the unsatisfying Things of this low Earth should we blindly have set our whole Affections, if thou hadst not told us of the Kingdom of Heaven, and bid us lay up our Treasures there: We had always chose the deceitful and pernicious Ways of Sin, if thou hadst not terrify'd us to fear thy Wrath, by declaring the Miseries that attend them: We should ever have neglected thy good Commands, and lost the Happiness of a Religious Life, if thou hadst not invited us to obey thy Commands, and proposed to us the Felicities that will attend our doing so. Oh! what hast thou promised, gracious Lord, to the meek and poor in Spirit! Oh! what hast thou promised to the Weepers here; to those that hunger and thirst after Holiness! How many Joys has thy Bounty prepar'd for the Lovers of Mercy, and Makers of Peace! How many Blessings for the Pure of Heart, and those who with Patience bear their Crosses! Thus hast thou, Lord, kindly shewn us our End, and suggested the true Way to attain it: Thou hast given us such blessed Directions, as tend to make our Life here more sweet, and to lead us hereafter to Everlasting Felicity.

H Y M N. XXI.

MY God, had I my Breath from Thee,
This Pow'r to speak and sing,
And shall my Voice, and shall my Song,
Praise any but their King?

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My God, had I my Soul from Thee,
 This Pow'r to judge and chuse?
 And shall my Brain, and shall my Will,
 Their best to Thee refuse?

Hast Thou reveal'd the Ways that lead
 To Happiness above?
 And shall I let my wandering Feet
 From thy blest'd Paths remove?

Alas! not this alone, or that
 Hast thou bestow'd on me;
 But all I have, and all I hope,
 I have and hope from Thee.

And more I have, and more I hope,
 Than I can speak or think;
 Thy Blessings first refresh, then fill,
 Then overflow the Brink.

But though my Voice and Fancy be
 Too low to reach thy Praise.
 Yet both shall strain thy glorious Name,
 High as they can raise.

Glory to Thee, Immortal God,
 One great Co equal Three;
 As at the first Beginning was,
 May now, and ever be.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

NEver will we cease to exalt thy Goodness,
 O gracious Jesu! since thou never ceasest
 to oblige us with new Blessings. Thy generous
 Charity could not be thus satisfy'd, to have only
 spoken

spoken to us the Words of Life ; it was not enough for thy excessive Love, that thy heavenly Sermons told us our Duty, but thou wouldst moreover urge and provoke our Obedience by the sweet Enforcement of thine own Example. Thou didst forbid thy Followers to affect Superfluities, and accordingly, thine own Provision was a few Barley-Loaves. Thou didst command the Rich to give Alms with Chearfulness ; so thou wentest about doing good, and didst often relieve those that were not able to requite thee. Thou hast commanded us not to fear them which can kill the Body, and yielded up thine own to the Death upon the Cross: To do the Will of him that sent thee, thou wast obedient, even unto Death. Thou hast commanded Subjection to Parents, and practis'd it ; hast said, Give to *Cæsar* the Things that are *Cæsar's*, and wrought a Miracle to pay a Tribute. Thou enjoin'st us Mercy and Compassion ; and who ever exprest more than thy self. Thou didst not only weep in Sympathy, with the Affliction of thy Friends, but also over the hard and stubborn *Jerusalem*, that had killed thy Prophets, and was ready to kill thee. Thou enjoinest us to love our fiercest Enemies, and thy dying Breath pray'd for thy Crucifiers. Thy perfect Soul did not need, as our weak Natures do, the outward Forms and Discipline of Religion ; yet thou didst conform to the Observance of the common appointed Feasts, and assist in the publick Duties at the Temple. Thou didst watch and pray with so fervent a Zeal, that thy Practice was perfectly equal to thy Precepts. This Life, and even Death it self, our merciful Lord undertook, to mark out for us the Way to Heaven: To beat it plain by his own sacred Steps, and render our Passage thither easie and secure. Shall we not then, O my Soul, rejoicingly follow that Path which we see our

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Saviour trod before us? Which we see, though spread all over with Thorns, yet carry'd him directly to the Glories of Paradise? Shall we not confidently rely on so gracious a Leader, who promises, if we faint, to look back, and relieve us?

MEDITATION III.

MA Y every Age sing Praises to our God, and all Generations adore his Providence. From the Beginning his Mercy has still laid Means to raise us to those blessed Objects which are above our Nature. At first he created *Adam* with all necessary Knowledge, and then taught the Patriarchs to inform their Families. Afterwards he made use of the Angels to bring us his Commands; and often inspir'd the Prophets to declare his Will. When he had done all this, it was not enough to bring untoward Man to his true End. What did he then to save the perishing World? O strange Excess of Divine Goodness! He sent even his own beloved Son to dwell among us, and teach us the Way of Salvation; the sacred Art of training up our Souls for Heaven, and fitting them for the blissful Union with himself. But, O thou King of glorious Sweetness, whose flowing Tongue dropt Milk and Honey! We were, alas! not happy to behold thy Person, nor our Ears worthy to hear thy Voice: Yet, e'er we were born, thou hadst us in thy Thoughts, and didst provide a sufficient Method to supply that Defect, selecting a number of choice Disciples, and thorowly instructing them in thy Heavenly Doctrine, that they might keep alive the Memory of Thee, and witness to all Nations thy stupendous Works. Thou didst verifie their Mission with the Power of Miracles, and inflame their Hearts with the Fire of the Holy Spirit: Over all the World they pro-

proclaim'd thy Law, and undauntedly preach'd the Crucified Saviour and God. Deep in the Breasts of the Faithful did they write thy Gospel, and seal it before their Eyes with their own Blood. Their Successors deposited the same precious Treasure in the common Magazin of the Church. The Church has been maintain'd by the mighty Power of God, so that the Gates of Hell have not prevail'd against her. Thus is the Catholick Faith descended on us, and thus shall continue to the End of the World. Blessed be thy Power, O Lord, that has wrought such Miracles to confirm thy Truth, and inclin'd our Hearts to believe it. How many Souls are miserably seduced by the Corruptions of the latter Ages, and revolted to a mixture of Paganism with Christianity! while we, by thy good Providence, are led in the right Way to Happiness. We are taught to direct our Homage where we cannot sin, nor fail in doing it, to one God, by one Mediator between God and Man, the Man Christ Jesus, the Man who also is God. How many Nations lie miserably involv'd in the Darkness of Barbarism and Unbelief! while we enjoy a clear Noon-day, and safely walk in the Light of Truth. O Infinite Goodness! who freely chusest to pour forth thy Blessings on us, who are unworthy of the least Mercies! As 'tis from thee alone that we receive these Favours, to thee alone we will return our Praises.

PETITIONS.

O Christ, the All-seeing Wisdom of the Eternal Father, and Sovereign King of Men and Angels! who from thy glorious Throne, dost descend on our Earth, familiarly to teach us the Oracles of Heaven! Oh, write thy sacred Instructions deep in the Table of our Hearts, and suffer

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not at any time our Passions to break them, Make us still study thee, our Heavenly Master, and continually admire the excellent Beauty of thy Law. Let us be transform'd into an inward Agreement to it, by the Renovation of our Minds; that all our Infirmities may be cured, all our Defects supply'd, and our Thoughts, and Words and Actions, conform'd to the Dictates of right Reason. Let thy excellent Example, O Lord, always shine bright before our Eyes, and never be forgotten by us. O put it often into our Hearts to reflect, and say, How would our Master have behav'd himself in the Circumstances that we are in? And what thou hast done, we pray Thee enable us to do: Reach forth thy powerful Hand, and strengthen us with thy Grace, that nothing may divert us from following Thee. In the dangerous Labyrinth of this World, and the whole Course of our Pilgrimage here, Lord, let thy heavenly Dictates be our Map, and thy holy Life our Guide. And that we may be the more surely conducted to the Folds of Bliss, do thou, dear Lord, send us Pastors after thine own Heart. O illuminate all that thy Providence calls to the sacred Office, with true knowledge and understanding of thy Word; possess them with a fervent Zeal to promote thy Glory, and the Salvation of our Souls: Give them great Prudence, that they may know how to manage our Folly and Perverseness, so as notwithstanding them, to do us good. Make them, O Lord, good Examples to the Flock in Self-denial, Meekness, Contempt of the World in due subjection to Magistrates, and Charity to all their Neighbours; that they may save themselves, and those that hear them. And make us, O Lord, to encourage them by all means in their good Work, to esteem them highly in love for their Work's sake; to receive the Instructions,
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and submit to the Reproofs which thou sendest by them. Grant these things, O Lord, who art the great Shepherd of Shepherds, and of our Souls; for thine own Honour.

Glory be to, &c. Amen.

For Wednesday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

WELL, we are now so much nearer our Grave, and all the World is older by a Day than it was in the Morning of this. So much more of this short Life is spent, and can never be re-called again. My Soul, there is so much less time left us to enjoy the good things of this Life, that we have, or hope for; and so much less wherein we shall be exposed to the Evils that we feel or fear. Time has set us nearer to the Grave, from which no Priviledge can exempt any of the Sons of *Adam*. The Rich are nearer the Time when they must go hence, and leave all their Wealth behind them: The great Ones of the World are nearer to their dark Lodging in the Dust, into which they must e're long be thrown: The beauteous Face is nearer to be turn'd into noisom Rottenness, and the pamper'd Bodies to become the Food of Worms. This Day has set all the Living nearer to the Grave, and tumb'd a great many into it. The longer we live, the shorter does our Life become; and in the end all our Vigor, Strength and Beauty turns to a little lump of Clay. The Portion of the Wicked is so much less, and the Time of their Punishment is nearer approach'd: The Sufferings of the Patient are, so much diminish'd, and their hopes of Delivery so much encreased. They who

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have spent this Day in Sin and Folly, see all their Thoughts now vanish'd like a Dream: They see all the Pleasure of their guilty Actions is past, and there is nothing remains but the just Fears of a sad Revenge. The best Consequence that can be of their Course, is the sadness of a bitter Repentance. But such as have wisely bestow'd their Time, and made another new Step towards Heaven; they see their Joys come to meet them in their Way, and still grow bigger as they come; till by a holy Death they join in one, and dwell together for eternal Ages. For our bounteous God has made our Souls immortal: And when this House of Clay shall fall into the Dust, and this narrow Cottage be broken down, they shall soar aloft on their own free Wings, and enter into the beatifick Vision of God: If they have train'd themselves up whilst they were here to a fitness for Heaven, and its Joys, they shall instantly fly to those blessed Objects. But if their terrene Thoughts have flagg'd before, and delighted most to hover near the base Earth: If they have not lov'd above all things, and sought most the Enjoyment of their God: They must sit down in the Shades of Sorrow, and be confin'd in the Vale of Darkness and Despair for ever.

MEDITATION II.

WE are nearer indeed to the End of our Life, but what are we nearer the End for which we Live? What have we done, my Soul, this Day, that has given Glory to God, and advanced us toward our future Blessedness? Have we encreas'd our esteem of Heaven, and settled its Love more stronger in our Hearts? Have we avoided any known Temptation, or faithfully resisted what we could not avoid? Have we interrupted our customary

many Faults, and check'd the Vices we are most inclin'd to? Have we embrac'd the opportunities of doing Good, which the Mercy of Providence has offer'd to our Hands? Have we industriously contriv'd Occasions to improve, as we are able, our selves and others? Tell me, my Soul, how stand our great Accounts? Are we prepar'd to meet our strict and righteous Judge? Who without respect of Persons judges all Men, and will dispose them accordingly to their eternal Abodes. Alas! dread Lord, what do we see when seriously we reflect upon our too careless Lives? Many Hours and Days we spend in nothing; and many we abuse in that which is far worse than Nothing. We sacrifice our Youth to Sport and Folly, and our Manly Years to Lust and Pride. We spend our Old Age in Craft and Avarice, and think then of beginning to live, when we apprehend we shall shortly dye. Thus we lead a negligent Life, and Death steals upon us unawares. We are apt to bewail the shortness of our Time, when yet we do prodigally throw much of it away. We lose the time of working out our Salvation, in the busy pursuit of very Trifles; and so we lose our neglected Souls for ever. They must in eternal Anguish lament our present careless Liberties, and suffer unspeakable Pains for our gratifying the Passions and Appetites of our Flesh. O my Soul, consider the mighty Work thou hast to do, to fit Thee for a happy Departure out of this World. Do that Work diligently while it is called to Day, because the Night constantly approaches wherein none can work. Every one of these Nights sets us nearer to our last and longest; which, if we have spent the Day of Life in diligence, reserves for us eternal Wages.

MEDITATION III.

Come, my Soul, let us make our Peace betimes with our God, before the Evening of our Life approach too near. Let us endeavour to find Favour with our Judge, before we shall be brought to his awful Tribunal. Confess the Follies and Sins thou findest in thy Life, and charge them all entirely on thy self. Confess them with a penitent and contrite Heart; for a broken and a contrite Heart our gracious God will not despise. Thy Repentance, my Soul, will come too late to meet with Mercy, if thou defer it till this Life is at an end. Seek the Favour of God, in the Name of his beloved Son; he is pleased that we should make mention of him: For his sake he will readily bestow a Pardon to them that humbly seek it; for he desires not the Death of a Sinner. Moreover, my Soul, all the Good that thou hast done to thy self, or others, thou must ascribe to his free Grace, as the only Principle of it. Such Humility will be very acceptable to him, and dispose thee to receive larger Benefits from his Bounty. Say then to him, if thou hast found any Good in thy Course; Little, O Lord, thou knowest, is the Good we do, and every Grain of it is deriv'd from Thee. We could not have sav'd our selves from any dangerous Temptation, unless our God had powerfully sustain'd us. We could not have carry'd on any pious Purpose, unless thy Hand had blest our Endeavours. No, to thy self, O Lord, take all the Praise, if thy Creatures have perform'd the least good Work: Take to thy self all the Glory, O Lord, if they have not committed the worst of Sins. Thy Hand alone directs us to do well, and the same blest Hand restrains us from ill. 'Tis not in us to esteem thy unseen Joys, nor to despise the
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the charming Flatteries of this deceitful World: 'Tis not the Work of corrupted Nature to mortifie our Senses, and patiently bear the Crosses we meet. Of our selves we are inclin'd to none of these, but the Grace of God enables us for all: Grace gives us Strength to overcome our Passions, to make the World and the Flesh subject to us: Grace gives us Faith to fortifie our Reason, and helps us to take Heaven by Violence. Oh, how glorious, dear Lord, are the Effects of thy Grace! How shameful the Instances of our Folly and Weakness!

P E T I T I O N S.

O Blessed Jesu! who art a Prince and Saviour, whose Kindness it is to give Repentance, and Remission of Sin! Bestow, I beseech thee, on me, such a hearty Contrition for all the wandring Steps that I have made from my Duty, as to fit me to receive thy Pardon: And then pardon, O meek Redeemer, what my Passions have done; and what my Weakness has omitted: Let a Sense that thou, my God, art reconcil'd to me, give me this Night a sweet Repose, as in the Arms of thy tender Mercy. Make me too hereafter, O Lord, if I shall live after this Night, more carefully watch my self, that my few Days do not slide unprofitably away, and especially that they be not spent in Sin. Make me every Day retire to study Thee, and my Self: My self, that I may know and correct my many Infirmities; and Thee, that I may adore thy Infinite Perfections. And to thy Perfections, O Lord, and the Strength from them communicated unto me, make me ascribe all the good that I am able to do. Let me always say, as I ought, This is not I, but Christ that liveth in me. Make me also the more attentively obsequious to the

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steady guidance of thy Grace, and grant I may never want it, while the time of my Warfare and Pilgrimage continues: Instruct me, I beseech Thee, O thou who art the best of Teachers, in these great and wise Truths; that the things of this World are of very little import, since its Joys and Griefs will last but a very little while; and that the future State does infinitely concern me, where the Life and Death are for ever. Fix my Heart, O Sovereign Goodness, I pray Thee, on thy self alone: Let me not be good only by halves, since there is a glorious Heaven prepared, that is worth all our Labours. Prevent, by the power and prevalence of thy Grace in me, my mingling so much as formerly thy pure Grace with my corrupted Nature. Deliver me, O Lord, from the Temptations of this World, and Mercifully save me from the Wrath to come; that dreadful Wrath which we so justly fear, and which many condemned Wretches do already irrecoverably feel.

H Y M N XXII.

AND do we then believe
There is a World to come,
Where all this World shall summon'd be,
To take their final Doom?

Is there a Heaven indeed,
To Crown the Innocent?
Is there a Hell, and horrid Pains,
The Wicked to torment?

Are these Eternal too,
And never to have end?
Shall never those Delights decay,
These Sorrows never mend?

Good

Good God, is all this true?
And sure most true it is;
And yet we live as if there were
Nothing so false as this.

O quicken, Lord, our Faith
Of these great Joys and Fears:
And make the Lasts Day's Trumpet be
Still sounding in our Ears.

Still may this glorious Hope
Shine bright before our Eyes;
We shall go up at last, to meet
Our Jesus in the Skies.

Come, Jesu! come, and take
Our banish'd Souls to thee:
Come quickly, Lord, that in thy Light,
Our Eyes thy Light may see.

Glory to Thee, great God,
One Co-eternal Three;
As at the first Beginning was,
May now, and ever be.

Amen.

For Thursday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

HE who made the Sun to enlighten our Steps in the Pilgrimage of this short Life; has he ordain'd no Guide to conduct our Souls in the difficult Way to our Eternal Home? Yes; he sent his Son, a bright Light into the World, by whose Directions we may find our Happiness. He who feeds the Ravens when they call upon him, has he not provided Bread for his Children? He has; and still his Mercy furnishes Means to perform whatever his Justice commands. The Son of God himself became Incarnate, and took the Humane Nature into a Personal Union. Thus it was consecrated by him to become the Instrument wherewith he would accomplish our Redemption. He was sacrificed for us upon the Cross, that so he might become Food to our Faith: And that Food he gives, with the Sacramental Bread and Wine, to every the meanest meet Receiver. Though he be now exalted to the Right Hand of God, and his glorify'd Body shall suffer Death no more. Yet the believing Soul that comes to this Supper, finds him really present, and does partake of his Body and Blood. The Lord of Love has espous'd to himself an holy Church, and promis'd it his Presence to the End of the World: He has made her all Glorious within; the Saints are the Excellent of the Earth. With these he is present at the Celebration of his Worship, and feeds them with his own crucify'd Body at his Supper. O Souls redeem'd by the Blood of Jesus, and nourish'd with
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his sacred Body ! Why melt you not away in Tears of Joy, for being so regarded by the King of Heaven ? What hast thou promis'd, O gracious and faithful Lord ! to him that receives Thee with an humble Love ? All that is contain'd in those sweet and mystick Words, *He dwells in me, and I in him.* O blessed Words, if once my Soul can say, He dwells in me, and I in him. He is my Refuge in all Temptations : He is my Comfort in all Distresses : He is my Security against all mine Enemies : He dwells in me, and I in him. What can an Infinite Bounty give greater than it self ? And what can an empty Creature receive better than the All-sufficient God ? Blessed, O Jesu ! are they who discern Thee under the Vails of Bread and Wine : Blessed are the Souls prepar'd by Faith and Love to receive thee at this sacred Supper : Blessed yet more is that devout Heart that desires thy Second Coming into the World, that longs to see thy immediate Self, and to see Thee in thy Glory. O thou Lord of Grace and Glory ! our chiefest Joy, and best Portion in the Land of the Living ! What hast thou prepar'd for thy Servants to give them hereafter, when thy Bounty is so liberal to them here ! What dost thou reserve in thy Kingdom, who givest us thy Self in this place of Banishment ! How will thy open Vision transport our Souls, when our dark Faith yields us now such Delight ! O my ador'd Redeemer, my Soul longs for the happy Day, when I shall see thy Face without a Vail ; when I shall be able to endure the Beams of thy Glory, shining out upon me in their full Brightness ; and my Weakness will not need, as now, to converse with Thee with Clouds and Shadows interpos'd. My Soul, seek thy Saviour now, and thou shalt find him hereafter ; receive him thus veiled, and thou shalt enjoy him in his Glory. Take these things that he offers thee, with a thankful Heart, and
humble

humble Faith; and then they shall prove sure
Pledges, that Christ himself will be ever thine.

H Y M N XXIII.

With all the Pow'rs my poor Soul hath,
Of humble Love, and loyal Faith;
I come, dear Lord, and worship Thee,
Whom too much Love bow'd low for me.

Down busy Sense, Discourses dye,
And all adore Faith's Mystery:
Faith is my Skill; Faith can believe,
As fast as Love new Laws shall give.

Faith is my Eye, Faith Strength affords,
To keep pace with those gracious Words:
And words more sure, more sweet than they
Love could not think, Truth could not say.

O dear Memorial of that Death,
Which still survives, and gives us Breath!
Live ever Bread of Life, and be
My Food, my Joy, my All to me.

Come glorious Lord, my Hopes increase,
And mix my Portion with thy Peace:
Come, and for ever dwell in me,
That I may only live to Thee.

Come hidden Life, and that long Day
For which I languish, come away:
When this dry Soul, those Eyes shall see,
And drink the unseal'd Source of Thee.

When Glory's Sun Faith's shade shall chase,
And, for thy Vail, give me thy Face,

Then

Then shall my Praise Eternal be,
To the Eternal Trinity.

MEDITATION II.

DO ST thou, my Soul, design an approach to the sacred Table of our Lord? Take heed then that thou put on a Wedding-Garment, and come thither drest like a Friend of the Bridegroom: Consider how chaste these Eyes should be which go to behold the Symbols of his Presence: How clean that Mouth should be which presumes to receive the Bread of Heaven: How all celestial that Soul should be which aspires to an Union with our heavenly Lord. Look, look my Heart, look well into thy self, and strictly search every corner of thy Breast. Carefully empty thy self of all that which this sacred Food will not agree with; that thou mayst safely come to the Marriage Supper, and not Eat and Drink thine own Damnation. Empty thy self of all self-admiring Thoughts, and take heed there be no secret Love of Sin. Empty thy self of Worldly Cares, and let thy Desires seek only thy Saviour; seek only now the Riches of his Grace, seek only the Pleasures of his Love. Let no turbulent Passions now dwell in thee, but only serious Thoughts, and devout Affections. This spiritual Food affords no Nourishment, but what we receive by calm Meditation. Come not with any Malice against a Neighbour, when thou seekest the Favour of thy God: The God of Love will not dwell with Hatred, nor shew Mercy but to those that are merciful. Come hither with a Faith that works by Love, and then thou shalt be fill'd with the Celestial Manna. But the uncharitable Faith, as a dead Thing, is utterly incapable of Food or Nourishment. Draw nigh with an humble and broken Heart, to partake of the
broken

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broken Body of thy Lord. Get a distinct Knowledge of this Divine Institution, that thou may'st be able to discern the Lord's Body. Know that Christ our Passover was crucified for us, the Innocent Lamb of God made a Sacrifice for our Sins. We are invited to feast upon this Sacrifice, and therein to be united to it, and have Interest in it. Jesus Christ gives himself to us at this Ordinance; and expects that we should give our selves to him. Come with a mighty Love to thy loving Saviour; and a very great Esteem of an Interest in him. If thou believe indeed, he will be precious to thee: And in such Thoughts as these will thy Soul move towards him: Thou art my only Hope, O blessed Jesu! and thy Favour alone is all things to me. In Thee I shall possess whatever I want, and thy Fulness exceeds even my utmost Desires. In Thee I shall find the Providence of a Father, and the tender Kindness of an indulgent Mother. In Thee I shall enjoy the Protection of a King, and the rare Fidelity of a constant Friend. I shall need no other Advocate with the Father, but Thee; nor want any Instruction, if thou wilt be my Teacher. What can I wish for more, if I may say, O Jesu! thou art my God, and all things! In that enough is said for them that love Thee, and know the Value of those precious Words. O sweet and charming Words! My God, and all things! Sweet in excess to those that taste them: Not so indeed, to the corrupted Palates of the World, who relish nothing but the Food of Sense: Words that revive the fainting Mind, and fill its darkest Thoughts with Light and Joy. Thus furnish'd, my Soul, thou may'st come to this Feast, and shalt find the reception of a welcome Guest. Though some Imperfections do remain in Thee, yet go, that those Imperfections may be healed. He has kindly and earnestly invited us to his Supper, who sees, and has

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has great compassion on our Miseries. He bids us come, my Soul, and he will surely receive us, and with his bounteous Fulness supply our Defects. Go then, my Soul, to that sacred Table, and take thy part of that delicious Banquet: Go all inflam'd with Love, and with Desire; and quench thy Holy Thirst at that Spring of Bliss.

MEDITATION III.

Approach, my Soul, with an amorous Reverence to the Presence of so kind a Majesty: O be transported with Joy, and wonder to think that thou art going to receive thy God, thy great and glorious God, who only out of love thus gives himself the Pledge of thy final Salvation. Welcome the glad Day with Thankfulness and Praise, on which thou may'st be admitted to this excellent Feast: And while the King sits at his Table, it is meet thy Spikenard send forth the smell thereof; that thou exercise those Graces he has given thee in devout Meditations: He delights in the Exercises of these, and thou oughtest to delight in pleasing him. Say then, my Soul, when the Solemnity begins, and thou art bid to draw near, and take the Holy Sacrament: Alas, how poor, dull, and empty am I! O Lord, how infinitely unworthy so divine a Sacrament! In my best Attire, O Lord, I am so ragged, that I am even ashamed to see my self: Well may I then with shame and blushing come into the presence of Holy Angels, and much rather be abash'd to appear before the purer Eyes of thy infinite Glory. What is Man, O Lord, that thou art thus mindful of him! What am I, the unworthiest of Men, that thou shouldst invite me! O this Kindness is too much for Man to receive, 'tis infinitely more than the meanest Creature can deserve; but 'tis a Kindness suitable to a God to be-

bestow, whose Goodness like himself is infinite. It is in Obedience, great Lord, to thy Command, that I now present my self before Thee; and in a due acknowledgment of thy Faithfulness, I come to partake of thy Blessings. When thou hearest, my Soul, the Words of Consecration pronounced, which separate the Bread and Wine from a common to a divine Use, say, I believe, O Eternal Son of God, thou didst take our Nature into a Personal Union with thy self; Thou didst take it in all its essential Parts, but free from all our sinful Infirmities: I believe thy Soul was made an Offering for Sin, and that Offering was accepted of the Father; thy Sacrifice made a full Propitiation, and therefore are we permitted to eat of it: And seeing the Body and Blood of our Crucified Redeemer, I cannot question the Love of the Father to Mankind. God the Father, it appears, did so love the World, as that he gave his only begotten Son to die for them. God the Son, I see, Is willing that many should be Partakers in his Death, since he has instituted this blessed Sacrament, and invites all Men to it. With Angels then, and Arch-angels, and all the glorious Host of Heaven, I praise and admire the Love of God the Father, and God the Son: I praise and adore the ever Blessed Trinity, for the Redemption of the World by our Lord Jesus Christ: And I come, O Saviour, to take and eat thy Body which was broken for me; I come joyfully to drink that Cup which is the New-Testament in thy Blood, which Blood thou hast shed for the Remission of the Sins of many, and invited all believing Souls to partake of: I desire, I long to partake of this my necessary Food; I desire, I long to receive these incomparable Dainties. As the Hart pants after the Water-brooks, so thirsteth my Soul after Thee, O Christ: I will open my Mouth wide, O Lord,
for

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for thy Fulness can suffice my largest Desires. When, O my Soul, thou seest the Holy Bread broken, and the Consecrated Wine apart from it, say: I remember thy Sufferings, O crucified Love, and that bitter Passion which ended in Death it self. I call to mind how thy blessed Body was scourg'd and bruised! how thy sacred Head was prick'd with the sharp Thorns! How thy Hands, which had wrought many a kind Miracle, were bored through, and torn with great Nails! How thy Feet, which had carried Thee about to do good, were now, by ungrateful Men, nail'd to the Cross! How thy tender Heart was pierc'd by the Soldier's Spear; and at these Wounds thy Blood and thy Life forsook Thee. I must grieve, and I must love, O thou great Martyr of Love, when I consider all this was undergone for me. I must needs detest my self, and abhor my Sins, when I consider thou wast made a Curse for me. My numerous Sins increas'd thy heavy Load; my Sins were some of the procuring Causes of thy bitter Death. With a broken and contrite Heart, I deeply lament my past Transgressions; and resolve that from henceforth every Sin shall be very odious to me. I resolve to fight against it with all possible Care and Industry, and will not allow any known Sin to be quiet in me. When the Bread and Wine, my Soul, are by Christ's Ministers given to thee, say; These, kind Lord, are thy Instruments of Conveyance, and they make over to me the Blessings of the New Covenant. Welcome dear Signs of my Saviour's Presence: Welcome sure Pledges of his Love, and of my Happiness. Open ye everlasting Doors of my Heart, and let this King of Glory enter in. Welcome, dear Lord, to my poor Soul, and sit thou as Sovereign of my Heart. I shall be very happy under thy Dominion, and very safe under thy

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Protection. My Beloved is mine, and I am his; I will live to my Love, that died for me. When the Bread and Wine are given to others in thy sight, thou must look upon them as Members of Jesus Christ: Thou must look with Love upon those whom he loves; and resolve to practise all the Kindness to them that thou canst. Conclude the Solemnity with hearty Joy and Thankfulness, and say; What shall I render unto the Lord for all his Benefits? O matchless Love of God to a poor Sinner! O Love beyond degree! O Love that passes Knowledge! I can never sufficiently shew my self grateful. Yet bless the Lord, O my Soul; and all that is within me praise his Holy Name. Praise him who graciously forgivest all thy Sins, and justifiest thee freely by his Grace. Praise him who healeth all thy Diseases. Study to make as liberal Returns to thy Lord as thou canst, for thy Lord has dealt very bountifully with thee.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Lord, thou art the great Searcher of Hearts, and thou knowest us altogether: O assist my serious Examinations of my self, that I may overlook no secret Sin. Thou, Lord, know'st how to influence, and turn our Hearts even as pleaseth Thee. O prepare my Heart according to thine own Will, to draw nigh to Thee, Breath, O Divine Spirit, upon my Soul, and then the grateful Odours of my Grace will flow forth. O Lord, I would with all due Affections commemorate and receive my Saviour; and I earnestly desire that every Grace may renew its Strength. Let every Grace, O Lord, be so improv'd, that I may bring forth more Fruit in going well; and may more steadily resist the Assaults of all Temptations

tations to Evil. Lord, I believe, help thou my Unbelief, and fill me with all Joy and Peace in believing. In flame my Heart with a more ardent Charity ; let my Love be stronger than Death, let me be rooted and grounded in Love. Make me to mind more the things above, and despise the things below ; to be more patient in Adversity, and more humble and fruitful in Prosperity : To be strictly just and honest in a deceitful World, and Charitable to those that injure me, and set themselves against me. Increase in me the Love of all thy Commandments, and the Hatred of every Sin. O God the Father, our Creator and Sovereign Lord, regard, I beseech Thee, thy Son's Death, which we shall now commemorate before Thee ; remember how well he pleased Thee in all things ; and when I am united to him, regard me with Favour too. When I partake of his Sacrifice, accept it as a Propitiation for my Sins, and Pardon for his sake all my Transgressions. O spotless Lamb of God, once slain for us Sinners on the Cross, have Mercy upon me ; O Christ hear me, and be my powerful Advocate with the Heavenly Father. Solicite, by thy Merits, his Mercy for my poor Soul. Offer thy sacred Body before his Throne, and turn away the Wrath that my Sins have deserved. If Thou wilt, O Eternal Merciful God, one God in Three Persons, do all these kind things for me, for the sake and merits of the Redeemer, and out of thy great Love to souls ; then since I can never have given thee Praises enough, grant that I ever live to praise thee,

Glory be to, &c. Amen.

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For

For Thursday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

HAst thou, my Soul, been Feasting at the Table of the Lord? Has he given thee himself, and his rich Blessings? What thou hast done signifies the renewal of that Covenant, that was made in Baptism between thy Lord and thee. Thou hast in coming to this Feast profest thy self a Christian, and declar'd a Resolution to live and die so. Thou hast pretended to account nothing so precious to thee as thy Saviour, and that no other Lord but he shall have Dominion over thee. The loving Jesus must now have full Possession of thy Heart, and thou may'st not be govern'd by the Love of this World. Thou hast bound thy self, my Soul, to be the Servant of Jesus Christ, and to observe the whole Religion of our Saviour: To be taught by his Precepts, and to follow his excellent Example. Thou must not then learn the foolish Maxims of this World, nor conform to the sinful Practices of it: But live as one redeem'd from a vain Conversation, and engag'd to hate every wicked Way. Thou must hereafter challenge no right to have thy self at thine own disposal: But deny thy self to please thy Master, and take up thy Cross when he requires it. When it would cost thee thy Estate or Life to own him, and profess his Truth, thou must cleave to Him with full purpose of Heart, and forsake all things as Dross and Dung for his sake: Thou must endeavour to walk worthy of thy heavenly Calling, and that thy Conversation be
such

such as becomes the Gospel: And therefore live not after the Flesh, but after the Spirit: and live Godly, Righteously and Soberly in this present World. Do good to them that hate thee, and pray for them that despitefully use thee. Forgive those that injure thee, and live in Charity with all Mankind. As thou hast opportunity, it is required that thou do good to all Men, but especially to those of the Household of Faith. The Law of thy Saviour requires, that according to thy Capacity, thou do cloth these when they are naked, and feed any of them when they are hungry; direct them when they are wandring, restore them when they are fallen, quicken them when they are slothful, fortify them when they are tempted: Bear with their acknowledg'd Infirmities, and encourage them in all their well-doing. And the Lord, having plentifully entertain'd thee at his Table, does expect, my Soul, that thou shouldst encrease in strength. He expects that thy Knowledge of Divine Things should be more clear, thy Faith be stronger to resist Temptations: That thou be more patient under the Adversities of this Life, and more ardent in thy Desires after a better. That thou be fruitful in holy Thoughts and pious Words, fruitful in just and charitable Deeds, fruitful to thy self in thine own Improveiments, and to others in thy good Example. If thou do not encrease in strength, it is because thou art slothful in Business. Be diligent then in thy Work, and hold on thy way, so shall thy Exercise of Grace make thee grow stronger and stronger: For to him that hath, shall be given, and he shall have abundance.

MEDITATION II.

MY Soul, thou didst dissemble with God in going to his sacred Table, if it was not in thy intention and purpose to love him, and keep his Commands. And if thou do not continue in that purpose afterwards, and endeavour to put in practice thy Resolutions, thou despisest the Obligations of his Love, and art basely false to thy Covenant. Every Act of Sin that thou committest after thou hast been a Partaker of thy Lord's Supper, is not only a Neglect of thy Duty, but the Breach of a renewed Oath. Canst thou find in thy Heart to take the Cup of Salvation, and not call upon the Name of the Lord? If he delivers thee from Death and Hell, thou art highly oblig'd to worship him, and reverence all his Institutions. Wilt thou take an Interest in Christ, without giving him an Interest in thee? Is it not a very fitting Act of Thanksgiving for this, to offer and resign thy self to his disposal? Is it not great Shame that thou shouldst ever hereafter account any thing too much to part with, or do for his sake, when he lov'd not his own Life to the Death, that he might ransom thee from Eternal Misery? Thou hast renewed the Remembrance of thy Saviour's dying Love, receiv'd new Pledges of thy Interest in it: These things ought to tie thee faster in Bonds of Love to him, and spread the Divine Love further in thy Soul, till all thy Faculties and Powers be under the Command of it, and thy whole self as it were chang'd into Love. Such should thy Love be, as never to forget how great Things his Love has done for thee; such, as never to think of those great Things without the most fervent and hearty Adorations; such as to make thee much delighted to think often of his Love,
and

and often to commemorate him at his Supper; to make thee study what will please him, and strive to do it in an universal Obedience; to make thee desire that his Honour may be promoted in the World, and his Kingdom enlarg'd to all the Corners of the Earth. Did our Saviour come into the World to destroy the Works of the Devil, and shall I help to carry on those Works in the World by retaining and living in any Sin? This sure were highly to affront the great Redeemer, and despise his kind Undertaking: To such there remains no other Offering for Sin, but they ought with Fear to expect a terrible Judgment. Wilt thou, my Soul, entertain and cherish that which has pierc'd the Heart of thy Saviour? Oh, with what Indignation should we regard all Sin, even our most beloved Sins! when it was these that gave him his many Wounds, these brought him to the Agony in the Garden, these caus'd his secret Sufferings on the Cross, which his Soul felt, when he sadly cry'd out, *My God, my God, Why hast thou forsaken me!* All these things will condemn me, if I regard any Iniquity in my Heart. Consider further, my Soul, what is worthy of them who are wash'd in the precious Blood of the Lamb. How very much ought they to love, to whom much has been forgiven! How should they love one another, whom the Father so lov'd, as to give them his Son? Consider again, how they ought to walk, who are consign'd to Immortal Blessedness! How should they purifie themselves, as God is pure, and cast away all Filthiness of Flesh and Spirit! With what Contempt should they look upon all the Pomp and Glory of this World; and pity those that fondly admire it, and never envy any the Enjoyment of it! With what Moderation and Indifferency should they desire to enjoy these Things! They should never be proud of any En-

joyments in this World, nor be dejected with any Wants. In vain was our Saviour a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with Griefs, to purchase for us the Glories and Joys of Heaven, if the Hopes of Glory are not worthy to delight us, and make us rejoice evermore. Thou dost undervalue thy Saviour's Purchase, if the Thoughts of Heaven do not inflame thy Desires; and account his Blood cheaply thrown away, if thou think it not worth thy Endeavours. To answer then the Obligations of thy Saviour's Love, thou must earnestly strive to fit thy self for Heaven, thou must greatly desire to be there, and cherish the Hopes of it as thy chiefest Joys and Consolations on Earth.

MEDITATION III.

I Acknowledge, O blessed Son of God, and Lord of Heaven and Earth, that as I am Thine by receiving my Being from Thee, so I was early devoted to Thee: I was engag'd in a solemn Covenant, by which I stand bound to do Thee faithful Service. I own, O Lord, the Justice and Equiry of being so oblig'd; I account it my Interest to be entirely thine. I am saved by being devoted to Thee, and honour'd in Admission to thy Service: It is the greatest Preferment I can attain, to serve him who is Lord of Heaven, and Prince of the Kings of the Earth. Thy Service, O Lord, is perfect Freedom, and they have great peace that love thy Law: There is no Riches comparable to thy Rewards, nor any Pleasures so sweet as thy Consolations. I am ashamed, O Lord, and have great Reason to be so, for that I have liv'd no more suitable to such a devoted State: That I have presum'd to dispose of my self so much according to the Devices and Desires of my own Heart

Heart. I have often wander'd from the safe and pleasant Path of thy Commandments, and often stept into the dangerous uneasy ways of Sin: I have greatly disparag'd my self hereby in thy sight, and in the sight of thy holy Angels: O it is fit that Thou, and they who have seen my Sins, should see my Repentance; that have seen me most basely breaking my Covenant with my God, should see me heartily renewing again so just a Covenant. I thank thy Love, dear Jesu, for 'tis by what Thou hast done for us, that our Repentance may be accepted: I thank Thee, O gracious Saviour, for Instituting thy Supper, for the Renewal and Confirmation of our Baptismal Covenant; That Thou hast commanded us at that to re-inforce our Resolutions, and that Thou art ready to confirm them by thy Grace. It is, Lord, the sincere Desire of my Soul, never to revolt from Thee any more. I believe there is no greater Happiness, than to be a firm Confederate with the faithful Jesus: By which I shall become a Temple to the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Light and Love, the Spirit of Grace and Glory. Now, Lord, that I have had a fresh sight of thy Love, and have sat under thy Shadow with Delight, thy blessed Name shall be deeply engraven in my Heart; I will allow no Affection but the Love of Jesus, and all my Powers, and all their Motions shall be subject to that: I will say to all the Vanities of the World, Be gone, I have no room in my Heart for you, whom I cannot Love too little; I will reserve it all for my Saviour, whom I can never love too much: I will say to those Temptations that would draw me into Sin, Cease your base Solicitation, for I cannot willingly grieve my loving Saviour: If it be difficult to serve him, I will steadily conflict with those Difficulties: If it will cost me the loss of all Worldly Conveniences,

I will gladly forsake all to adhere to him: If it expose my Life, I will let that go, rather than deny my loving Lord. Now that I have receiv'd the blessed Jesus at his Supper, and thou, Lord, art come to make thy Abode with me, I will study to give Thee such kind Entertainment as may please Thee, and keep Thee with me: I will endeavour in my Thoughts, Words and Actions, to set always before Thee what I think will be acceptable; I will watch against every thing that is impure, and would be offensive to thy holy Sight. I will often retire from the World to converse with Thee: Worldly Cares and Business shall not keep me from thy Company. I have been praising Thee, O Lord, in thy House, and at thy Table; but I have not praised Thee enough: And who can praise Thee enough for what I there saw, for what I there received! O how low are my Conceptions of thy Love! How vastly below it are all my Words! I will try, O Lord, what my Deeds can do in praising Thee; and every part of my Life shall endeavour thy Honour. Thus, Lord, I may and ought to resolve; but my Practice depends entirely on thy Grace.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Lord, our kind and gracious Redeemer! Thou art exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give Repentance and Remission of Sins: I beseech Thee, O Lord, as Thou hast enabled me to repent, and to confess the folly of my back-sliding Heart, do Thou graciously give me thy Pardon. Forgive me, O Lord, that I have been so false to former Vows, and have so often contradicted my Covenants with Thee. O deal not with me as I deserve; cast me not away from thy Presence, take not thy Holy Spirit from me. I have been

been weakly striving against my Sins, and could not so far conquer them as I would: And therefore, Lord, I come to thy Table, to receive greater strength against them. O let such a Virtue come from thy Death at this Remembrance of it, as may lay all my Sins utterly dead; and let the influence of that Power so remain, as that they may never revive; that I may never be hinder'd in my Duty by any sin easily besetting me; that I may serve and please Thee in all purity, Heavenly mindedness, Integrity, in Charity, Humility and Contentedness, in whatever Condition it shall please Thee to place me. Enable me perfectly to overcome my Passions, and keep them all subject to the Laws of thy Love. Let thy Love, which is represented in this Sacrament, so deeply affect me, that I may delight to think and to speak of it, and my endeavour, as far as I can, to imitate it. Keep me mindful of my Vows; make my Endeavours successful, and my Obedience perfect and compleat in all things. So possess me with the Love of Thee, my kind Redeemer, as to make me ardently desirous of seeing Thee Face to Face. Refine me at length by that holy Fire, from all the Dross of my Corruptions, and to such a degree of Holiness and Purity, that I may be fit to fly away from this World, to the Habitation of thy Holiness and Glory. *Amen.*

H Y M N XXIV.

DO I resolve an easie Life,
With Plenty stor'd, and free from Strife;
When, my dear Lord, thy Days and Nights,
Were pass'd in Poverty and Frights;

Do I design a gentle Death,
Just singing out my aged Breath;

When

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When, my Love, cruel Tortures tore
Thy dear Soul out, all drown'd in Gore?

Oh, no! Our Christian Sacrifice,
Still acting in a sweet Disguise,
My Saviour's Passion o'er again,
Shall all such fond Concets restrain.

This must keep lively in my Mind,
How I ought still to be resign'd.
This humble Pattern should destroy
My sensual Grief, and wordly Joy.

Are Sufferings Ills? No; Goodness chose
His, and our Way to Bliss through those.
Are Pleasures good? No Wisdom scorn'd
Their Dalliance, and has us fore-warn'd.

This, Lord, this make my Song to be,
At least, when'er I meet with Thee;
Thee, its glad Ground, so oft repeating,
As may prevent my Soul's forgetting.

Jesu! thus arm'd, no Terrours shall
E'er make my vertuous Courage fall:
No Flatteries here my blest Hopes drown,
Since thy sad Cross led to thy Crown.

Oh, live for ever, glorious Lord;
Live by all Heaven and Earth ador'd:
May both their joyful Praises give,
They who can see, we who believe.

Praise to the glorious Three in One,
Let Time ascribe till Time be done:
Then let the Work continu'd be,
By an endless Eternity.

Amen.

For

For Friday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

Come let us glory in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom is our Life and Health, and Resurrection. Shall we rejoice, my Soul, to day? Shall we not rather mourn at the Funeral of our dear Redeemer? Such, O my Lord, was the Excess of thy Goodness, to derive Joys for us from thine own Sorrows. Thou forbid'st thy Followers to weep for Thee, and reserved'st to thy self alone the shame and grief. Thou invitest all the World to glory in thy Cross, and command'st us to delight in the Memory of thy Passion. Sing then, all you dear-bought Nations of the Earth; sing Hymns of Glory to the holy Jesus. Sing every one who pretends to Felicity, sing immortal Praises to the God of our Salvation: To Him, who for us endur'd so much Scorn, and patiently receiv'd so many Injuries: To Him, who for us sweat Drops of Blood, and drank off the Dregs of his Father's Wrath: To the Eternal Lord of Heaven and Earth, who for us was slain by the Hands of the Wicked; who for us was led away as a Sheep to the Slaughter, and as a meek Lamb, opened not his Mouth. Whither, O my God, did thy Compassion carry Thee? How did thy Charity too far prevail with Thee? Was it not enough to become Man for us, but Thou must expose thy self to all our Miseries? Was it not enough to labour all thy Life, but Thou must suffer for us even the Pains of Death? No, gracious Lord, thy Merely still observ'd some Wants in our Condition

tion as yet unsupply'd. Thou saw'st our too much Fondness of Life, needed thy parting with it to réconcile us to Death. Thou saw'st our fear of Sufferings could no way be abated but by freely undergoing them in thine own Person. Thou saw'st our Souls so deeply stain'd with Guilt, that without thy Blood we could have no Remission: O blessed Jesu! whose Grace alone begins and perfects all our Hopes: How are we bound to praise thy Love! How infinitely oblig'd to adore thy Goodness! At any rate Thou wouldst still go on, to heal our weak, and wounded Nature; Even at the Price of thine own dear Blood, thou wouldst accomplish for us the Purchase of Heaven.

H Y M N XXV.

TUNE now your selves, my Heart-strings, high;
Let us aloft our Voices raise;
That our loud Song may reach the Sky,
And there present to Thee our Praise.

To Thee, bless'd Jesu! who cam'st down
From those bright Spheres of Joy above,
To purchase us a dear-bought Crown,
And woove our Souls t' espouse thy Love.

Long had the World in Darkness fate,
Till thou and thy All-glorious Light
Began to dawn from Heaven's fair Gate,
And with thy Beams dispel their Night.

We too, alas! still there had stood,
As common Slaves, in the same Shade;
But mercy came, and with his Blood
Our general Ransom freely paid.

Not all the Spite of all the *Jews*,
Nor Death it self could him remove;
Still he his bless'd Design pursues,
And gives his Life to crown our Love.

And now, my Lord, my God, my All;
What shall I most in Thee admire?
That Power which made the World, and shall
The World again dissolve with Fire;

Oh, no! Thy strange Humility,
Thy Wounds, thy Pains, thy Cross, thy Death;
These shall alone my Wonder be,
My Health, my Joy, my Staff, my Breath.

To Thee, great God! to Thee alone,
Three Persons in one Deity;
As former Ages still have done,
All Glory now and ever be.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

A Wake, my Soul, and speedily prepare thy
richest Sacrifice of humble Praise: Awake,
and summon all thy Thoughts to make haste and
adore our great Redeemer. To him let us reve-
rently go, and offer our devout Hearts at his sacred
Feet. Thither let us fly from the Troubles of the
World; with him, let us dwell among the Mercies
of Heaven: Under the Shade of that happy Tree
let us fix our Abode: A Tree of safe Defence, and
delicious Fruit. Let us remember every Passage
of our Saviour's Love, and Desire that none may
escape our Thanks. Let us compassionate every stroke
of his Death, and one by one salute His Sacred
Wounds. Blest be the Hands that wrought so ma-
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ny kind Miracles, and were bor'd with cruel Nails. Blest be the Feet that so often travell'd for us, and at last were unmercifully fasten'd to the Cross. Blest be the Head which was crown'd with Thorns; the Head that so industriously studied our Happiness. Blest be the Heart which was pierced with a Spear; the Heart that so passionately lov'd our Peace. Blest be the intire Person of our crucified Lord, and may all our Powers join in his Praise: In thy eternal Praise, O gracious Jesu! and the ravishing Thoughts of thy incomparable Sweetness. O what Excels of Kindness was this! What strange Extremity of Love and Pity! The Lord is sold that the Slave may be free; the Innocent condemn'd, that the Guilty may be sav'd. The Physician is sick, that the Patient may be cur'd; and he who was God dies, that Man may live. Tell me, my Soul, when first thou hast well consider'd, and look'd about among all we know; tell me, Who ever wish'd us so much Good? Who ever lov'd us with so much Tenderness? What have our nearest Friends done for us, or even our Parents, in comparison of this Charity? No less than the Son of God came down to redeem us; no less than his own dear Life was the Price he paid for us. What can the Favour of the whole World promise us, compar'd to this miraculous Bounty? No less than the Joys of Angels are become our Hope; no less than the Kingdom of Heaven is made our Inheritance.

MEDITATION II.

TO Thee, O God, we owe our selves, for making us after thine own Image. To Thee, O Lord, we owe more than our selves, for redeeming us with the Death of thine only Son. Nor were our Ruins so soon repair'd, as at first our Being was easily

easily produc'd. Thy Power to create us said but one Word, and immediately we became a living Soul: But thy Wisdom to redeem us, both spake much, and wrought more, and suffer'd most of all. To redeem us, he humbl'd himself to this low World, and all the Infirmities of our miserable Nature. He patiently endur'd Hunger and Thirst, and the malicious Affronts of enrag'd Enemies. How many times did he hazard his Life, to sustain with Courage the Truths of Heaven! How many Tears did he tenderly weep, in Compassion of his blind ungrateful Country! How many Drops of Blood did he shed in the doleful Garden, and on the bitter Cross! the Cross, where, after three long Hours of Grief, and Shame, and intolerable Pains, he meekly bow'd his fainting Head, and in an Agony of Prayer yielded up the Ghost. So sets the glorious Sun in a sad Cloud, and leaves our Earth in Darkness and Disorder; but goes to shine immediately in the other World, and soon returns again, and brings us Light. And so dost Thou, dear Lord, and more: Thy very Darkness is our Light. 'Tis by thy Death we are made to live, and by thy Wounds our Sores are heal'd. O my ador'd Redeemer, who took'st upon Thee all our Miseries, to impart to us thine own Felicities! Can we remember thy Labours for us, and not be convinc'd of our Duty to Thee? Can our cold Hearts recount thy Sufferings, and not be inflam'd with the Love that suffer'd? Can we believe our Salvation cost Thee so dear, and live as if to be sav'd were not worth our Pains? Ingrateful we! How do we slight the Kindness of our God! How carelessly comply with his gracious Designs! For all his Gifts, he requires no other Return, than to hope still more, and desire still greater Blessings. For all his Favours he seeks no other Praise, than our following his Steps, to arrive at his Glory.

PETITIONS.

O Glorious Jesu! behold, to Thee we bow, and humbly implore thy Blessing, in whom all Fulness dwells. Accomplish in us, we pray, those gracious Purposes for which Thou didst assume the Humane Nature, and suffer a painful and ignominious Death. Teach us, O Lord, by thy Word, and thy Example, the sole way to that Bliss for which we were created. Give us an assur'd Pardon of all our Sins, and the Privilege of becoming the Sons of God: Possess us with the joyful hope of an Eternal Life, purchas'd for us by our Redeemer's Death. O Almighty Redeemer, destroy in us the Works of the Devil: Deliver us (for none else can) from the Power of every Sin. Set us at liberty to run the Ways of thy Commandments; Thy Service is perfect Freedom. Give us the special Assistance of thy Grace, that we may wean our Affections from all vain Desires, and clear our Thoughts from all impertinent Fancies: That our Lives may be intirely dedicated to Thee, and all the Faculties of our Souls to thy Holy Service: That our Minds may continually study thy Knowledge, and our Wills grow every day stronger in thy Love: Our Memories may faithfully lay up thy Mercy, and both Tongue and Heart be continually disposed, and often employ'd to praise Thee; to praise thy incomparable Love, which has done and suffer'd so much for lost Mankind. O let the continual Memory of thy bitter Passion and Death, make us despise the Good or Ills that we meet with here, compar'd to the advancing our selves or others in the Esteem of what we hope hereafter; through the Sufferings and Merits of Thee our Lord Jesus Christ.

Glory be to, &c. Amen.

For

For Friday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

Come, let us now call off our Thoughts from ranging Abroad, where they but lose themselves. Let us diligently examine the accounts of our Time, and sum up the Profit we have made to day. What have we gain'd by all we have seen or heard? For nothing is so barren but it may yield some Fruit, had we the Art to cultivate it right, and fitly apply it to our own Advantage. If we have spy'd some good Example, which our gracious God has presented, to instruct or quicken us; did we immediately entertain the Motion, and resolve in our Hearts effectively to follow it? If we have fallen among vicious Company, which, Oh! too often engages into Folly; did the Danger increase our Care, and the Sin of others breed Vertue in us? We have heard, perhaps, some Melancholy News of sudden Sickneses, or unexpected Deaths; but did we fear to be surpriz'd our selves, and provide betimes for that Day of Trial? We meet with Accidents enough to disparage this World; but do we really feel it lose Credit in our Hearts? Does our Esteem of the other grow strong and high, and every one faithfully tell his own Soul, 'Tis not in this poor World thou must expect Content; 'tis not here thou must hope to enjoy a perfect Rest. Order thy whole Affairs with utmost Skill, and which is seldom seen, let all thy Designs succeed, still thou shalt find something to trouble thee; and even thy Pleasures will be tedious to thee: Wheresoever thou goest, still

Crosses will follow Thee; because where ever thou goest thou carriest thy Self. Who then, my God, is truly happy in this World? or rather I should ask, who comes the nearest to happiness? He that with patience resolves to suffer whatever his Endeavours are not able to avoid. Happy yet more is he that delights to suffer, and glories to be like his Crucify'd Saviour. When thou art come to this, my Soul, that thy Crosses seem sweet for the Love of Jesus, think then thy self sublimely happy; for surely thou hast found a Heaven upon Earth; at least, the best Heaven that this Earth can afford; and take it as a Pledge of a better to come.

MEDITATION II.

MY Soul, when thou art thus retir'd alone, and fitly dispos'd for quiet Thoughts; never let the greatness of another molest thy Peace, nor his prosperous Condition make Thee repine. Say not in thy Heart, had I that fair Estate, or were I intrusted with so high a Place; I should know how to contrive things better, and never commit such gross Mistakes. Tell me, how dost thou manage thine own Employments; and fit the little room thou holdest in the World? If thou hast leisure, art thou not Idle, and spendest thy precious Time in unprofitable Follies? If thou art busy, art thou not so too much; and leavest no time to provide for thy Immortal Soul? Do thy Riches make Thee more wise, and generously assist the Innocent Poor? Does thy Poverty make Thee humble, and faithfully labour for thy little Family? Dost thou in every state give thanks to Heaven, and contentedly submit to its severest Decrees? Canst thou rejoicingly say to God; O my ador'd Creator! I am glad my Lot is in thy Hands: Thou art all Wisdom, and seest my Wants? Thou art all Good-

Goodness, and delightest to relieve me: Under thy Providence I know I am safe; whatever befalls me, thou guidest to my Advantage. If thou wilt have me obscure and low, thy blessed Will, not mine, be done. If thou wilt load my Back with Crosses, and imbitter my Days with Grief or Sicknes, still may thy blessed Will, O Lord, be done; still govern thy Creatures in thine own best way. Place where-ever thou pleatest thy other Favours; but secure to my Soul a Portion in thy Love. Take what thou wilt of the things thou hast lent me, but leave, I beseech Thee, in my Heart, the Possession of thy self. Let others be prefer'd, and me neglected; let their Affairs succeed, and mine, if thou pleatest, miscarry: Only, one thing I cannot chuse but desire, and may my gracious God vouchsafe to grant me that; That thou cast me not away from thy Presence for ever; nor wipe my Name out of the Book of Life: But let my Eternal Hopes remain, and still grow quicker as they approach their End.

MEDITATION III.

MY Thoughts, run over the Passages you have met to day; or rather, forget such impertinent Things. What have we seen, but distracting Vanities; and what brought home, but unprofitable Fancies? How often have we felt our Minds disturb'd! how often endanger'd by unhappy Accidents! Sometimes we frowardly throw our selves down, and, like fallen Children, will not stand: Sometimes the Tempest throws us down, and, like weak Children, we cannot stand: Yet are we venturing still among the Snarcs, entic'd by the Appearance of some present Delight. We weary out our selves with running after Flies, which are hard to catch, and Trifles when they

are caught. This we pursue, and follow that; but nothing we meet can fill our Hearts, till we found out Thee, O gracious Lord! our only full, all-satisfying Good; till we have found out Thee, not by a dark Belief, but clearly, as thou art in thine own bright self. Remember, O my Soul, this Truth of the World we live in, which our own Experience too evidently proves: The Eye is not fill'd with seeing its Varieties, nor the Ear with hearing all its Harmony. Remember also this Truth of the World we hope for, which is made sure to our Faith by the Word of Christ: The Eye has not seen such beauteous Glories, nor has the Ear ever heard such ravishing Charms; nor can the Heart it self conceive such incredible Joys, as our God has provided for them that love him, as our blessed Jesus has purchas'd for his Servants; and even for thee, my Soul, if thou art one of them: Then thou may'st in Peace lay down thy Head, and rest secure in the Protection of thy God, whose Mercy has so graciously singl'd thee out from among the Race of guilty Mortals, to give thee the Peace which passes all Understanding, and the Hopes that are strongly establish'd on himself.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Infinitely mild, and unexhaustible source of Mercy and Compassion! have Mercy upon me poor miserable Sinner. Have Mercy, Lord, and help me, for I spend my Days in Vanity, tho' I am continually hastening down to the Grave. I do not improve as I might in Vertue by the Occasions I meet with, but they often make me guilty and improve in Vice. O Lord, enter not into Judgment with thy poor Creature, for in thy sight shall no Man living be justified. Lord, make me
judge

judge my self, lest I be condemned by thee, and frequently chastise my self, lest I be punish'd by thee: Make me mortify my Senses with discreet Austerities, that I may reduce my Body into subjection to my Mind, and bring my Mind at length into a due subjection to Thee. O Lord, of thy great Mercy pardon my daily sins, and let thy Grace make even them Occasions of improvement in Virtue. Let thy provident Mercy, O God, make every Day a new Branch of Knowledge to me, from whence the Evening may gather fresh variety of Fruits to nourish my Soul to an Eternal Life; Fruits that may strengthen me against those Occasions by which I have been most frequently overcome; that may render me steady in the ways of Virtue. Grant, I beseech Thee, that no Experience of Good or Evil, which this Day has afforded, may be lost upon me. Make me more skilful by all, to discern the true value and use of the present state in all its various Postures; wean me more from this World, since thou hast made me for a better: Make me more ready to offer up with our Saviour my whole Concerns and Being here to thy Will, and the sole Advance of thy Glory, that I may at length be crown'd with Bliss among the rest of thy resigned and devoted Servants, through Jesus Christ thy well blessed Son,

Amen.

H Y M N XXVI.

TIS not for us, and our proud Hearts,
O mighty Lord, to chuse our parts;
But act well what thou wisely giv'st:
Tis not in our weak Power to make,
On step o' th' way we undertake;
Unless thou kindly us reliev'st.

What thou hast given, thou canst take,
And, when thou wilt, new Gifts canst make:

As all things flow from Thee alone:
When thou didst give it, it was thine;
When thou retook'st it, 'twas not mine:
'Tis fit thy Will in all be done.

It might perhaps too pleasant prove,
Too much attractive of my Love;
And so make less my Love of Thee:
Some things there are, thy Scriptures say,
And Reason proves that Heaven and they
Can very seldom well agree.

Lord! let me then sit calmly down,
And rest contented with my own;
That is, with what thou here allow'st:
Keep thou my Mind serene and free,
Often to think on Heaven and Thee;
And those great things thou there bestow'st.

There let me have my Portion, Lord!
There all my Losses be restor'd;
And then no matter what falls here:
Is't not enough that we shall sing,
And Love for ever our blest King;
Whose glorious Goodness brought us there?

Great God, as thou art One, may we
With one another all agree,

All in thy thankful Praise conspire:
May Men and Angels join and sing
Eternal Hymns to Thee their King,
And make up one Adoring Quire:

Amen.

For Saturday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

IF we rejoiced for our Selves, in the Sufferings of our Lord, let us now rejoice for him, that his Sufferings are ended: Now that the Fowlers Net is broken, and the meek and innocent Dove escap'd: Now that the Cup of Bitterness is past away, and never possible to return again: Never again, O dearest Jesu, shall those blest Eyes weep, nor thy holy Soul be sorrowful unto Death: Never shall thy precious Life be subject any more to the bloody malice of ambitious Hypocrites: Never shall thy Innocence any more be expos'd to the barbarous Fury of an ingrateful Multitude; but thou shalt live and reign for ever, and all created Nature shall perpetually adore Thee. O happy End of well-endur'd Afflictions: O blessed Fruits, that spring from the Cross of Jesus! Look up my Soul, and see thy Crucified Lord sit gloriously enthron'd at the Right Hand of his Father: Behold the ragged Purple now turn'd into a Robe of Light, and the scornful Reed into a royal Scepter: The Wreath of Thorns is grown into a sparkling Diadem, and all his Scars polish'd into Brightness: His Tears are all now chang'd into Joy, and the Laughter of his Persecutors into sad Despair: *Herod* long since perish'd in miserable Contempt, and *Pilate* still trembles with everlasting Fears: The impenitent *Jews* are scatter'd over the World, to attest his Truth, and their own obdurate Blindness; but himself is crown'd with eternal Triumphs, and the Souls he redeems shall

sing his Victories for ever. Live, Glorious King of Men and Angels; live, happy Conqueror of Sin and Death: Our Praises shall always attend thy Sufferings, and our Patience endeavour to bear our own: Through fiercest Dangers our Faith shall follow Thee, and nothing wrest from us our Hope at last to see Thee: We will fear no more the Sting of Death, nor be frightened at the Darkeness of the Grave, since thou hast chang'd our Grave into a Bed of Rest, and made Death it self but a Passage into Life. We will love no more the Pleasures of Vanity, nor set our Hearts on unsatisfying Riches, since thou hast open'd Paradise again, and purchas'd for us the Kingdom of Heaven.

H Y M N XXVII.

MY God, to Thee our selves we owe;
And to thy Bounty, all we have:
Behold, to Thee our Praises bow,
And humbly thy Acceptance crave.

If we are happy in a Friend,
That very Friend 'tis thou bestow'st;
His Power, his Will, to help our End,
Is just so much as thou allow'st.

If we enjoy a free Estate,
Our only Title is from Thee;
Thou mad'st our Lot to bear that Rate,
Which else an empty Blank would be.

If we have Health, that well-run'd Ground,
Which gives the Musick to the rest;
It is by Thee our Air is sound,
Our Food secur'd, our Physick blest.

If

If we have Hope, one Day to view
 The Glories of thy blissful Face;
 Each Drop of that refreshing Dew
 Must fall from Heaven, and thy Free Grace.
 Thus, then, to Thee our Praises bow,
 And humbly thy Acceptance crave;
 Since 'tis to Thee our selves we owe;
 And to thy Bounty all we have.
 Glory to Thee, great God, alone,
 Three Persons in one Deity;
 As it has been in Ages gone,
 May now, and still for ever be.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

Blessed be thy Name, O holy Jesu! and blessed be the Mercy of thy Providence; who hast cast our Lot in these Times of Grace, and design'd our Birth in the Days of Light; when we may clearly see our ready Way, and directly go on to our glorious End. 'Till thou appearedst, O thou only Light of the World! our miserable Earth lay cover'd with Darknes: 'Till thou wentest away, O thou Sovereign Lord of Life! the Kingdom of Heaven was close shut up: When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of Death, thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all Believers: Thou didst communicate the Joys to all the World, and display the bright Glories of thy happy Kingdom, to all that esteem'd so bless'd a Sight, and stood prepar'd to entertain thy Coming; As for the rest, whose Eyes are shut, or turn'd away by their own Malice, thy Presence yields them no more Joy, than Light to those that

that will not see; But the Hearts that receive and love Thee, thou fillest with Gladness, and overflowest them with an Ocean of heavenly Delights. Come ye happy believing Souls, that are made Partakers of the Mercies of his Kingdom: Come, let us now raise up our Thoughts, and continually meditate our future Beatitude: Let us comfort our selves with the hope of Rest, and our Sufferings with the Expectance of a glorious Reward, now that the Hand of our gracious Lord has unlock'd the Gates of everlasting Bliss; now that they stand wide open, to admit such as diligently strive to enter in, such as have wisely made choice of Heaven for the only End and Business of their Life; rejecting all the false Allurements of this World, to attend the Pursuit of true Felicity.

MEDITATION III.

PRAISE our Lord, O you Children of Men! Praise him as the Author of all your Hopes! Praise our Lord, O you blessed of Heaven! Praise him as the Finisher of all your Joys. Sing, O you reverend Patriarchs, and holy Prophets! Sing Hymns of Glory to the great *MESSIAS*. Sing and Rejoice all you Ancient Saints, who have so long enjoy'd the happy Repose of *Abraham's* Bosom: Bring forth your best and purest Incense, and humbly offer it at the Throne of the Lamb: The Lamb that was slain from the beginning of the World; by the sprinkling of whose Blood you all were saved. O still Sing on the praises of the King of Peace, and bless for ever his victorious Mercy: It was He dissolv'd the Power of Darkness, and broke a sunder the strong Bars of Death. He has conquer'd Death, and him that had the Power of it, even the Devil, that his faithful Followers might triumph over both. How did

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did your glad Eyes sparkle with Joy, to see the Ascension of your humble Redeemer! How were your Spirits transported with Delight, to behold the Splendors of his glorious Exaltation! to have his Presence among you, his blissful Presence, that can turn even the saddest Night into a chearful Day; that can change a Dungeon into a House of Mirth; and make every Place a joyful Paradise! O glorious Presence! when shall our Souls be fill'd with strong and constant Desires of enjoying Thee! O sluggish Soul! how canst thou contentedly hover about this Earth, when the loving Jesus is ascended above the Skies? with longing Hopes look up thither and say, When, dearest Jesu! shall my Desires be fill'd with the everlasting Fruition of thy blessed Self? Henceforth for Thee, and for thy Sacred Love, O thou great and only Comfort of our Souls! shall all Afflictions be welcome to me, as wholesome Physick to correct my Follies; shall the Pleasures of the World be very cautiously used, as dangerous Fruit that may fill me with Diseases: Will I, by thy Example, neither fear to Die, nor refuse the Labours of this present Life: But while I live, I will obey thy Grace, that when I die, I may enjoy thy Glory.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Blessed Jesu, our only Hope, our all sufficient Strength, and the liberal Rewarder of all thy Servants: As thou hast freely prepared for us ready Wages, so Lord, let thy Grace enable us to work: Let thy Grace excite to diligence in our Work, and make us steady and persevering in the Way thou lovest: Make us direct our whole Life to thee, O Fullness of Bliss, and undervalue all things compar'd with thy Love. O Seal up our Eyes to the Illusions of this World, and open them

them upwards to thy solid Joys; there let them fix their pleased Sight, and look 'till we be transform'd into thy glorious Likeness: That when our present Earthly Tabernacle shall be dissolv'd, and this House of Clay shall fall down into the Dust, we may ascend to Thee, and dwell above in that Building not made with Hands, Eternal in the Heavens. O Jesu! thou didst expire on the Cross, and descend into the Grave, to destroy the Life of Sin in us, and the Fears of Death: Grant then, I beseech Thee, that these may never revive in me, to tempt or affright me from the Ways of Holiness. Fix in me, O Lord, the firm belief of this very sure and important Truth, that the greatest Afflictions, which our Salvation can cost us here, are but Momentary, and shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of Glory: Through thy abundant Merits, O dear Redeemer.

Glory be to, &c.

Amen.

For Saturday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

TOO often are we troubled about many things, when the truly necessary is only One. Retire, O my Soul, into thine own Bosom, and search what thou aim'st at in all thy Thoughts: Examine where thou dost place thy chief Felicity, and whither tend thy strongest Desires: Go to the Great and Prudent of the World, and learn of them to chuse thy Interests: Do they not there increase their Estates, where they mean to spend the
most

most of their Life? Do they project their Mansion-Seat in a Country through which they only pass as Travellers? No more, my Soul, should we build our best hopes on the sandy Foundation of this perishable Earth; where, sure we are, that we cannot stay long, and are not sure we may have leave to stay but a very little while. We must then use this transitory Life, as Pilgrims returning to their beloved Home; that we may take only what our Journey requires, and not think of settling in a Foreign Country; but wisely fore-cast our Treasures so, as to be happy there where we must always be: Let us use this World as not abusing it, for the Fashion of this World passes away: Use it so as to gain thereby the next, in Reward for our using this well: So let us lay out this short transitory and Mortal Life, as to gain thereby an Eternal Stable and Immortal One. Let us so lay out that which we cannot keep, as to gain that which we shall never lose.

MEDITATION II.

NOW thou hast found thy happy End, and found it the only Good that lasts for ever; study, O my Soul, to know still more, and still more to value those immortal Joys. Strive for so glorious a prize with thy whole Force, with the utmost Endeavours of all thy Faculties: Purchase, at any Rate, that blest Inheritance, and wisely neglect before that any thing else; any thing that would divert Thee from thy holy Course, or but retard the speed of thy Advance: For tho' the lowest degree of Happiness in the Mansions above be happy enough, where every satisfied Vessel is fill'd to the Brim; yet to enlarge our Capacity to the least higher Degree, deserves the busiest diligence of our whole Life. Shall the industrious Bee endure

endure no rest, but fly, and sing, and labour all Day? Shall the unwearied Ant be running up and down, to fetch and carry a few Grains of Corn? And we for whom all Nature so faithfully works, and tires it self in perpetual Motion; for whom the tender Providence of God commands even his Angels to watch continually; for whom the ador'd Jesus came down from Heaven, and spent a whole Life in continual Labours? Shall we sleep on in a drowsy Sloth, and not stir a Finger to help our selves? Awake, my Soul, and chide thy sluggish Thoughts, and let their stupid Folly plainly know; we have a Store to provide as well as Ants, and infinitely richer than their poor Hoard. We have a Work to do as well as Bees, and that which is infinitely sweeter than all their Hony. What can so nobly enrich an immortal Soul, as still to be gathering a Stock for Eternity; What can so highly delight one that every Day improves, as daily to see the encrease of his Hope. O blessed Hope, thou shalt be my chief Delight, and the only Treasure I covet to lay up: Thou art the quickning Life of all my Actions, and the sweet Allay of all my Sufferings. So shall I never refuse any the meanest Labour, while I look to receive such glorious Wages. So shall I never repine at any temporal Loss, while I hope to gain such eternal Rewards.

MEDITATION III.

BUT O! 'tis not so much our Sloth undoes us, as the imprudent Choice in applying our Diligence. Many, alas, take Pains enough; many perplex themselves too much. See how the busy Toilers of the World are chain'd perpetually like Slaves to their Work. How early they rise, and go late to sleep; and eat the Bread of Care and Sorrow.

Sorrow. See how the hardy Soldiers follow their Prince, through a thousand Difficulties, to meet with Dangers; See how the venturous Mariners expole their Lives over stormy Seas, and into barbarous Nations: And why is all this, poor ill-advised Wretches! but to fetch, perhaps, a little Fish or Spice? To gain a few Pence, or some petty Honour; which others often share in more than your Selves? O Gracious Lord, how easy are thy Commands! how cheap hast thou made the purchase of Heaven! Half these pains would make excellent Saints; half these Sufferings would place us in thy Account among the Martyrs; were they devoutly undertaken for Thee, and the higher Enjoyment of thy Glorious promises. Thou dost not bid us freeze under the Polar Star, nor burn in the Heats of the Torrid Zone: But proposest a sweet and gentle Rule; and such as our Nature it self would choose, did not our passions strangely mislead us, and the World about us distract our Reason. Thou biddest us but wisely love our Selves, and attend above all things our own true Happiness. Thou bidd'st us value even this World as much as it deserves; since 'tis the School that breeds up for the other: Only we are forbidden to be wilful Fools; and prefer a short Vanity before eternal Felicity. O the mild Government of the King of Heaven! his Will we can do, whatever else we are doing. This we can do even while we sit still; and only move our Thoughts towards Thee. Yet take care, my Soul, that this Sweetness of thy Lord be never abused to a wanton Neglect: But strive still to love thy Lord so much the more, as by any means thou discoverest more the Excess of his Love.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Thou the Eternal Being, who changeſt not, and yet art the Cauſe and End of all our Changes! Who ſtill remaineſt the ſame rich Fulneſs in thy Self, the ſame bright Glory to all thy Bleſſed: Make me ſenſible of my approaching Change, of the Diſſolution that will call me away from this preſent World: And make me regard this World as a Place of Pilgrimage, as having here no enduring City. Teach me alſo, O Lord, the Immortality of my Soul, and convince me that I muſt dwell for ever in another World; ſo make me endeavour to have Thee the Eternal God for my Everlaſting Portion, and ſpend this ſhort Time in diligent ſtriving to reach the Bleſſed Enjoyment of Thee: Suffer me not, O God, to take up my Reſt on Earth; to be ever unconcern'd about Eternity, whatever my Condition be here. When I ſee with what unwearied Diligence the wretched Adventurers for all ſorts of Vanity, do round about me purſue their vain Deſigns; let this, Lord, be taken as a very juſt Reproach for my Negligence in the purſuit of better things. Make me aſham'd to ſee any others more concern'd for the Applauſe of Men, than I am for the Favour and Approbation of God: To ſee others more eager of the tranſient Pleaſures of this World, than I for the laſting Delights of Heaven. Preſerve me, O Gracious Lord, from the many Dangers which on all ſides aſſault me now, to divert or hinder my Progreſs towards Heaven. O keep my Mind ever diſpos'd to receive thy holy Inſpirations; that being always ſtrongly and pleaſantly carried forward by thy holy Spirit, I may at laſt happily arrive at the heavenly *Jeruſalem*; for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt the Mediator. *Amen.*

HYMN

H Y M N XXVIII.

MY Soul! what's all this World to thee?
This World of Sin and Woe;
Where only Sense can tast its Sweets,
And those unwholsom too?

Truth is thy Food, Truth thy Delight,
Which cannot here be free;
Thy Mind was born to know and love,
What this Life ne're can see.

Malicious World, how dost thou lay,
And cover thy false Baits!
Here those of Pleasure, there of Gain,
Each for our Ruin waits.

Unhappy we, it is our Fault,
'Tis we our Life abuse;
The World presents a furnish'd Shop,
And we the Tools misuse.

So have I seen a little Child,
If Nurse but turn her Eye,
Instead of Haft, take hold o'th' Blade,
And cut it self, and cry.

This little Child, alas, am I,
Self-will'd, self-wounded too;
But, Lord, turn not thy Face away,
Lest I my self undo.

O make me still so use this World,
That I the other gain;
O make me so the other love,
That this its End attain.

Its end to breed up Souls for Heaven,
 Then be it self new drest;
 No more Corruption, no more Change,
 But one perpetual Rest.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 The un-divided Three,
 One equal Glory, one same Praise,
 Now, and for ever be.

Amen

DEVO-

DEVOTIONS

FOR THE

Holy Days.

In Two Parts.

FOR THE

FEASTS

OF OUR

BLESSED SAVIOUR

For the Morning.

MEDITATION I.

BRing to our Lord, all you his Servants;
bring to our Lord the Sacrifice of Praise:
Bring to our Lord all you Nations of the
Earth, bring Hymns of Glory to his great Name!
at the Name of Jesus let every Knee bow, of things

in Heaven, and things on Earth; and let his whole Church Militant and Triumphant gladly adore our God that redeem'd us. Come now and hear, you that fear our Lord, and I will tell you what he has done for my Soul: Hear, and I will tell you what he has done for yours, and the wonders of his Bounty towards all the World. When we lay asleep in the Shades of Nothing, his mighty Hand awak'd us into Being: Not that of Stones, or Plants, or Beasts, o're which he has made us absolute Lords; but an accomplish'd Body he has given us, and an immortal Spirit, and has made us little inferiour to his glorious Angels: He printed on our Souls his own similitude, and promised to our Obedience, that we should partake of his own Felicity: He endu'd us with Appetites to live well and happily, and furnish'd us with Means to satisfy those Appetites; creating a World furnish'd with excellent Creatures to serve us while we abode on Earth, and providing a Heaven of Bliss to glorify us when we remov'd hence. Thus didst thou favour us, O infinite Goodness! but we, what return did we make thee? Blush, O my Soul, for shame at so strange a Weakness, and weep for grief at so extream an Ingratitude. We childishly preferr'd a trivial Apple before the Law of our God, and the safety of our own Lives: We fondly embrac'd a little needless Satisfaction before the Pleasures of Paradise, and the eternal Joys of Heaven. Behold the unhappy Source of all our Miseries, which still encreas'd its Streams as they went farther on; till they exacted at last a Deluge of Justice to drown their Deluge of Iniquity. And here, alas, had been an end of a Man, a sad and fatal End of the whole World; had not our wise Creator foreseen the Danger, and in time prevented the Extremity of the Ruin, reserving for himself a few choice Plants, to replenish the Earth
with

with more hopeful Fruit: Yet they quickly grew wild, and brought forth four Grapes, and their Childrens Teeth were set on edge. Quickly they aspir'd to an intollerable Pride of fortifying their Wickedness against the Power of Heaven: Justice was now provok'd to a second Deluge, and to bring again a Cloud over the Earth: But Mercy discover'd a Bow in the Cloud, and our faithful God remembred his Promise; allaying their Punishment with a milder sentence, and only scattering them from the place of their Conspiracy; which yet his Providence turn'd into a Blessing, by making it an Occasion of Peopling the World. Still their rebellious Nature disobey'd again, and neither fear'd his Judgments, nor valued his Mercies; but with a graceless Emulation they propagated sin, as far as his Goodness propagated Mankind. Then he selected a private Family, and increas'd and govern'd them with a particular Tenderness; giving them a Law by the Hands of Angels, and engaging their Obedience by a Thousand Favours: But they neglected too their God and Heaven, and fell in love with the Ways of Death. When thou hadst thus, O dearest Lord! used many Remedies, and our Disease was beyond their Power to cure; when the Light of Nature proved too weak a Guide, and the general Flood too mild a Correction; when the Miracles of *Moses* could not soften their Hearts, nor the Law of Angels bring any to Perfection; when all was reduc'd to this desperate State, and no imaginable Hope was left to recover us: Behold the Eternal Wisdom finds a strange Expedient, the last and highest instance of Almighty Love: Himself he resolves to cloth with our Flesh, and come down among us, and Die to redeem us. Wonder, O my Soul, at the Mercies of our Lord! How infinitely do they transcend even the utmost that we could

have wish'd! Wonder at the admirable Providence of his Counsels, that they are so exactly fitted to their great Design! Had our Saviour been less than God, we could never have believ'd the sublime Mysteries of his Heavenly Doctrine: Had he been other than Man, we must needs have wanted the powerful Motive of his holy Example: Had he been only God, he could never have suffer'd the least of those Afflictions which he so gloriously overcame: Had he been meerly Man, he could never have overcome those infinite Afflictions which he so patiently endur'd. In Thee, O blessed Saviour! the two Natures of God and Man were so mysteriously united, without either Change or Confusion, that they made in Thee but one Person, one Mediator and Lord.

H Y M N XXIX.

Jesu! who from thy Father's Throne,
To this low Vale of Tears cam'st down,
In our poor Nature humbly dress'd!
Oh, may the Charms of that sweet Love
Draw up our Souls to Thee above,
And fix them there, on Thee to rest.

Jesu! who wert with Joy conceiv'd;
With Joy wert born, while no Pain griev'd
Thy blessed Mother's Virgin-womb!
Oh, may we breed, and bring Thee forth
In our glad Hearts; for all is Mirth
Where Thou, kind Lord, art pleas'd to come.

Jesu! whose high and humble Birth,
In Heaven the Angels, and on Earth
The faithful Shepherds gladly sing;
Oh, may our Hymns, which here run low,
Shoot up aloft, and fruitful grow
In that more warm, eternal Spring. Jesu!

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Jesu! how soon didst thou begin
To bleed and suffer for our Sin,

Cut by the Circumcising Knife!
Oh, may thy Grace, by making good
Our Souls just Cause 'gainst Flesh and Blood,
Cut off for us that dang'rous Strife.

Jesu! who took'st that Heavenly Name,
Thy blessed Purpose to proclaim,
Of saving self destroy'd Mankind:
Oh, may we bow our Heart and Knee,
Bright King of Names, to Glorious Thee,
And thy hid Sweetness ever find.

Jesu! who thus began'st our Bliss,
Thus carry'dst on our Happiness!
To Thee, as due, all Praise be paid:
Oh, may the Great Mysterious Three
For ever live, and ever be
By all Ador'd, Belov'd, Obey'd.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

SOON as this bless'd Decree was made, of send-
ing the Son of God to redeem Mankind, im-
mediately his Goodness was ready to come among
us, had our ungracious World been ready to re-
ceive him. But as yet we were too gross and sen-
sual, and utterly incapable of his so sublime
Laws: We were immers'd in Wordly Cares
and Pleasures, and indisposed to be allur'd by un-
seen Rewards. While we were thus unfit for
Thee, O God of pure and perfect Holiness! Thou
graciously wert pleased to stay for us; and all that
time to prepare us for thy Coming; from the
Beginning entertaining us with Hope, and through

every Age confirming our Faith. How early, O my God, didst thou engage to relieve us! *The Seed of the Woman shall break the Serpent's Head?* How often didst thou repeat thy Promise to *Abraham!* *In thy Seed shall all the Nations of the Earth be blessed?* How many Ways did thy Mercy invent, by unquestionable Tokens, to give notice of thy Coming? *Behold! a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call his Name, God with us.* There shall come forth a Rod out of the Stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his Roots; The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him; the Spirit of Wisdom and Understanding; the Spirit of Counsel and Might; the Spirit of the Knowledge and Fear of the Lord. I will raise them up a Prophet, like unto Moses; and will put my Words in his Mouth, and he shall speak unto them all that I command him. And thou ^o Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the Thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth that is to be Ruler in Israel; whose Goings forth have been from of Old, even from the Days of Eternity. Hark, how the Eternal Father introduces his Son! commanding first all the Angels of God to worship him: *Thou art my Son, this Day have I begotten Thee; I will be to him a Father, and he shall be to me a Son.* Ask of me, and I will give thee the Heathen for thine Inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the Earth for thy Possession. It is too little that thou raise up the Tribes of Jacob, and convert only the Dregs of Israel: Thou art appointed a Light to lighten the Gentiles, as well as to be the Glory of thy People Israel. Hark how the ancient Prophets rejoice in the Messiah; and in soft and gentle words foretel his Sweetness. He shall come down like Rain upon the mown Grass, as Showers that Water the Earth. He shall feed his Flock like a tender Shepherd, and gently lead those that are with Young: He shall gather his Lambs with his Arms, and carry the weak in his

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his Bosom. The bruised Reed he shall not break, nor quench the smoking Flax. In his Days shall the Righteous flourish; and abundance of Peace so long as the Moon endureth. Then shall the Eyes of the Blind be opened, and the Ears of the Deaf shall be made to hear. Then shall the lame Man leap as an Hart, and the Tongue of the Dumb shall sing. Thus did thy holy Servants prophesy of Thee: Thus did their Children sing thy Praises. Blessed be the Lord our God, who alone does wonderful things; and blessed be the Name of his Majesty for ever. His Dominion shall reach from Sea to Sea; and from the River to the ends of the Earth. They who dwell in the Wilderness shall bow before him; and his Enemies shall lick the Dust. The Kings of Tarshish, and the Isles, shall offer him Presents; the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall bring their Gifts: Yea, all the Kings of the Earth shall fall down before him; and all Nations shall do him Service, For he shall deliver the Poor when he crieth; the Poor and him that hath no Helper. He shall spare the Poor and Needy, and preserve the Souls of the Poor. He shall redeem their Souls from Deceit and Violence, and precious shall their Blood be in his sight. He shall live, and to him shall be given of the Gold of Sheba; Prayer also shall be made for him continually. and daily shall he be praised.

MEDITATION III

IT was not thy Joys alone, O dearest Lord, that thou inspir'dst thy holy Prophets to foretel: But thou didst reveal to them also thy Sorrows, and give command to publish them with exact Care. That they should not only speak thy Words, but the more to affect us, sometimes put on thy Person. O let our Eyes run dwn with Water; and our Hearts faint away with Grief: While we remember the Sufferings of our Lord, and

and listen to his sad Complaints. I gave my Back to those that scourged me; and my Cheeks to those that plucked off the Hair. I turned not away my Face from shame and spitting. My Enemies speak evil against me; they say, When shall he die, and his Name perish? Yea, my familiar Friend, who did eat of my Bread, has lifted up his Heel against me. As for me, thou uphold'st me, Lord, in my Integrity, and settest me before thy Face for ever. They compassed me about with Words of Hatred, and fought against me without a Cause. They have rewarded me Evil for Good, and with Hatred they requited my Love. I am poured forth like Water; I am taken away as a Shadow when it declineth. My Heart within me is as melted Wax; and all my Bones are out of joint. My Strength is dried up like a Posherd, and my Tongue cleaves to the Roof of my Mouth. I looked for some to take pity, but there was none. I looked for my Comforters, but I found not one. O my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me! Thou hast brought me into the Dust of Death. Our Fathers cried to thee, and were delivered; they trusted in thee, and were not confounded. But I am a Worm, and no Man; a Reproach of Men, and despised of the People. All they that see me laugh me to scorn; they shoot out the Lip, and shake the Head, saying, He trusted on the Lord, that he would save him; let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him. Be not thou far from me, O Lord, my Strength! for Trouble is nigh, and there is none to help me. The Assembly of the Wicked have enclosed me; they pierced my Hands and my Feet. I may tell all my Bones; they look and stare upon me. They parted my Garments among them, and on my Vesture they cast Lots. They Gave me Gall for my Meat, and Vinegar, when I was thirsty, to drink. All these sad things, O Lord, thy Prophets foretold, to prepare our Faith for such Truths. All these indeed they expressly foretold; but could there be found such Wretches

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as would act them? Yes, O my God, thine own selected Nation conspir'd against thee, and after innumerable Affronts most barbarously Murder'd thee. This too, even this thy cruel Death, thou plainly foreshew'dst in saying, *The Inhabitants of Jerusalem shall look on me whom they have pierced, and mourn.* But, O you holy Prophets! what was the dismal Cause, that shed the Blood of this spotless Lamb? *He had* (they quickly answer). *and he no Iniquity, neither was Guile found in his Mouth.* He was cut off from the Land of the living: For the Transgression of the People was he stricken. He hath poured out his Soul to death, and he was number'd with the Transgressors: He bore the Sins of many, and made intercession for the Transgressors. All we, like Sheep, have gone astray, and the Lord hath laid on him the Iniquities of us all. He was wounded for our Transgressions, he was bruised for our Sins: The Chastisement of our Peace was upon him, and with his Stripes we are healed. Thou wert for us, O Lord, obedient to the Death, even the cursed Death of the Cross; wherefore God also has highly exalted thee, and given thee a Name above every Name. Live, glorious Jesu! and reign for ever, eternal King of Heaven and Earth; may all thy blessed above perpetually adore thee, and all thy Servants here continually praise thee.

P E T I T I O N S.

O MOST blessed and adorable Jesu! who hast graciously vindicated our Nature from the Contempt and Tyranny of the Devil, by taking it into a personal Union with thy Godhead: I earnestly beseech thee, deliver me in my Person from the Dominion of that my great Adversary; let not the Prince of Darkness rule in me as a Child of Disobedience. Make me always a watchful Enemy against any thing that may debase my

thy Nature, which thou hast so much honoured; to hate all sensual and devilish Sins, abstain from all appearance of evil, and not willingly enslave thy self to any base Lusts. Make me, Lord, duly to adore thee as God, who art Lord of Heaven and Earth; and teach me to imitate thee in the excellent Pattern thou hast set us, of a holy, harmless, and beneficent Man. Thou didst take upon thee, O blessed Jesu! our innocent Infirmities, to bestow on us thy Perfections, to cure us of our guilty Infirmities: Heal me then, I pray thee, O thou great Physician of Souls; and as thou wert free from Sin, make me so: O cleanse me from all Untighteousness; Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean. Let every step thou tookst in the working of our Redemption, which thy Servants have recorded in thy Life and Actions to be consider'd by us Men, be often and always profitably consider'd by me: Let each have some good influence upon my Heart and Life, and by thy powerful Grace tend to the healing my Sinfulness, and the fitting me for eternal Happiness. Heal me, O Lord, and advance me in Holiness by the Mystery of thy holy Incarnation; instruct me by the meanness of thy humble Birth. Heal and save me by the precious Blood of thy Circumcision: When thou tookst upon thee the sweet and ever blessed Name of *Jesus*, a Name signifying thy kind Design, which was the saving thy People from their Sins: Strengthen then my Faith in thee, O Lord, by thy wondrous Miracles; confirm my Hope, and inflame my Love, by thy kind and meritorious Passion. Help me by the Joys of thy victorious Resurrection, and the Triumph of thy glorious Ascension: So effectually rule me here, O Lord; That I may always obey thy Grace;

and
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and do thou so favour me hereafter, that I may
enjoy thy Glory.

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the
Holy Ghost;*

*As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end.*

Amen.

For the Evening.

MEDITATION I.

LET us be willing to learn of the blessed Jesus,
and he will teach us his Ways; let us fol-
low him, who is the Light of the World: He that
followeth him shall not walk in Darkness, but shall have
the Light of Life. The Law and its Types were
given by Moses, but Grace and Truth came by Jesus
Christ. Lift up thy Voice, O Jerusalem, and be not
afraid; say to the Cities of Judah, Behold your God:
Behold the Lord your God is come with a strong Hand;
his Reward is with him, and his Work before him.
He is come to bring Redemption to all the World,
and graciously offers it first to you his People.
But ye deny'd the Holy One, and the Just, and desired
a Murderer to be granted to you. Hark with how
sweet and elegant a Compassion, thy kind Redeem-
mer complains of the Ingratitude: O Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets, and stonest
them that are sent unto Thee: How often would I have
gathered thy Children together, as a Hen gathereth
her Brood under her Wings; and ye would not. Hark,
with how tender and charitable a Reproof thy
Lord unwillingly withdraws from thee his Fa-
vour,

your. O hadst thou known in this thy Day the things
 that belong to thy Peace! but now they are hid from
 thine Eyes. Hearken once more, and if his Kind-
 ness cannot move thy Love, he will try how his
 Anger can work upon thy Fear. Hearken then,
 and tremble at those terrible Threatnings, with
 which thy provident Lord forewarns thee of thy
 Danger. O Daughter of my People, gird thee with
 Sackcloth, and wallow thy self in Ashes; make thee
 mourning as for an only Son, most bitter Lamentation.
 For the Days shall come upon thee, when thy Enemies
 shall cast a Trench about thee; they shall compass thee
 round, and keep thee inſon every ſide. They ſhall lay thee
 even with the Ground, and thy Children in thee, and
 they ſhall not leave in thee one Stone upon another: Thy
 People ſhall fall by the Edge of the Sword, and ſhall
 be led away Captive into all Nations. They ſhall
 abide many Days without a King, and without
 a Prince; they ſhall mourn without Sacrifice or Altar.
 And Jeruſalem ſhall be trodden down by the Gentiles,
 till the times of the Gentiles ſhall be fulfilled. But O,
 how long, Lord, holy and merciful, how long!
 Wilt thou be angry with them for ever? Haſt thou
 not ſaid, he that ſcatters Iſrael will gather them
 again, and keep them as a Shepherd does his Flock?
 When wilt thou remember thy ancient Promiſes,
 O Lord! and reſolve to ſave the Remnant of thy
 once lov'd Iſrael? When wilt thou take away the
 Veil from before their Eyes; that they may ſee thy
 Truth, and embrace it? And take away the hardneſs
 from their ſtony Hearts, that they again may be
 thy People, and thou again their God? Then ſhall
 they lay aſide the Garment of Mourning, and put
 on the Brightneſs which comes from Thee. They
 ſhall celebrate the Jubilee of this their greateſt
 Deliverance, and every one ſing in that Day of
 Joy; Come, let us aſcend to the Mountain of our
 Lord, to the Houſe of the God of Jacob; he will teach

us of his Ways, and we will walk in his Paths. As it was our Wickedness to go astray from our God; so now return'd, let us seek him ten times more. Too late have we believ'd on thee, O thou ancient Truth! too late have we lov'd thee, O thou the Desire of all Nations: We were misled by the Error of our Forefathers; we were abus'd by our own blind Passions. The Kingdom we expected deserves not that Name; a short, vain, and troublesome Prosperity. Thy Dominion, O Lord, is Holiness and Peace, and of thy Kingdom there shall be no End. Such was the Kingdom thou promisedst to *David; Thy Throne will I establish for ever.* Such is the Kingdom thou giv'st to thy Servants; they shall live and reign with thee for ever. If we love, my Soul, and seek first this eternal Kingdom, all other things shall be added to it: This happy Kingdom we ought to love and seek, though nothing else should be added to it. Thou art, O Lord, the true Light of the World; they who follow Thee, walk not in Darkness.

MEDITATION II.

RISE Holy Spouse of the Son of God; rise, and put on thy Robes of Joy: Rise, and shine forth for thy Glory is come; and the Splendour of our Lord strikes bright upon Thee. The *Gentiles* shall walk in the Beams of thy Light; and Kings in the Lustre of thy Brightness: Lift up thine Eyes round about, and behold, they gather all together and flock to thee: *Thy Sons shall come from far; and thy Daughters be nurs'd at thy Side: Then thou shalt see, and flow together; thy Heart shall wonder, and be enlarged with Gladness. Because the abundance of the Sea shall be converted unto Thee; and the Strength of the Gentiles come unto thee. The Sons of Strangers shall build up thy Walls; and their Kings shall*

shall minister unto Thee. The Nation shall perish, that will not serve Thee; and the Kingdom be utterly wasted, that refuses Thee. The Sons of thy Afflictors shall come bending before Thee; and all they that despised Thee, bow themselves down at the Soles of thy Feet. For our Lord shall be thy Everlasting Light; and the Days of thy Mourning shall end in Glory. To thee shall be given the Keys of Heaven; and thou shalt shut and open those Eternal Doors. Thy Foundation shall be laid on a firm Rock, and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against thee. A Way shall be made so direct and plain, that the Passengers, though Fools, shall not err therein. And the Earth shall be fill'd with the Knowledge of our Lord, as the Waters cover the Sea. All this we read, all this we firmly believe; for the Mouth of our Lord has spoken it. Heaven and Earth shall pass away; but not a Tittle of his Word be disappointed for ever. Many of the Sacred Prophecies are already fulfill'd; abundantly sufficient to assure us of the rest. Already a Virgin has brought forth a Son, and given him the Gracious Name of *Jesus*; The Kings of the East have been led to him by a Star; and offer'd him Gold and Frankincense, and Myrrh. His Holy Parents have presented him in the Temple; and the Devout *Simeon* was over-joy'd to see him. In his tender Infancy he fled into *Egypt*, and out of *Egypt* again God brought forth his Son. He pass'd his private Life in Peace and Meekness; and taught a contradicting People in Patience and Humility! He confirm'd his Doctrine with innumerable Miracles; and defended the Truth to the last drop of his Blood. He rose again victoriously from the Grave; and ascended in Triumph to the Right Hand of his Father: And there, O Glorious *Jesu*, wilt thou sit and Reign, till all thy Enemies become thy Footstool. Nor has thy Judgment slept, O dreadful Lord! but with

a swift, and terrible Vengeance crusht them into Ruine: *Jerusalem* long since was made a heap of Stones; and the Children of thy Crucifiers run wandering over the World; But while thou art thus severe in the Predictions of thy Justice, thou hast not forgot those of thy Mercy. Thousands of that ungrateful City have acknowledged Thee their Lord: Thousands of that perverse Generation have submitted to thy Scepter. Whole Nations of the *Gentiles* have embrac'd thy Faith; and the remotest Islands obey'd thy Law. Blessed for ever be thy Name, O Lord, and blessed be the sweetness of thy Mercy; who hast reveal'd thy self to those that knew thee not; and art found of those that sought thee not: Who often followest those that fly from thee, and never refuseth any that come to Thee. Thou still exactly performest thy part, but we ungrateful Wretches, how do we comply with ours? Where is the profit thou mayst justly require to answer the Care of thy Providence over us? Thou hast planted us, O Lord, in thine own Vineyard; and fenced us about with thy Holy Discipline: Where is the Fruit we should always be bearing, since good works are never out of Season. Of our selves, alafs, we are very dry and barren; and our Nature at best brings forth nothing but leaves. In Thee, Lord, while we remain we live, but separated from Thee we are certainly dead and fruitless. In thee, O Lord, is all our hope; and that thou wilt have Mercy on the work of thy Hands: That thou wilt not curse these too fruitless branches, lest they wither away, and be cast into the Fire: Nor pronounce against us, that dreadful Sentence; Cut them down, why cumber they the Ground? But mercifully cut them off from their wild stock, and graft them in thy self the true Vine. And then still water us with the dew of Heaven, and bless our low

shrubs with thy powerful influence: So shall Grapes grow on Thorns, and Figs be gather'd from those that were Thistles.

MEDITATION III.

Rejoice in our Lord, all you Children of *Adam*; rejoice in the bounty of his free Grace: No longer now confin'd to a few choice Favourites, and the narrow compass of a private Family; he has thrown down that Partition Wall, and opened the Way of Life to all Mankind: That all may believe and love him here, and all enjoy, and be happy in him hereafter. But, O my God! what do we see when we look abroad into the wide World? We see the sad Effects, but cannot see the cause why so many Kingdoms lie miserably waste. We know, O Lord, thy ways are in the deep Abyss, and humbly adore thy secret Councils: Only we cannot think of their lamentable Condition, without pitying their Misery, and imploring thy Mercy. Some have not yet so much as heard of thee, and others who have heard, have refus'd to entertain thee: Some who have once acknowledg'd thee, have quite fallen away; others have corrupted thy Doctrins by mixing with them their own Traditions. Many, even of those who rightly believe, abuse their holy Faith by a wicked Life. Thus the far greatest part of wretched Mankind, whom thy Goodness created after thine own Similitude; whom thou hast shed thy precious Blood to redeem, and to bring them to an everlasting Happiness, still fail, alais! of their true End, and die in their sins, and everlastingly perish. Where, O Lord, is thy Zeal, and the Bowels of thy Mercy? Where are thy Promises to thy beloved Son? Hast thou not said, All Nations shall adore him, and all the Tribes of the Earth be blessed in him?

Hast

Hast thou not said, thy self, O glorious Jesu! *If I be lifted up, I will draw all Men after me?* Hast thou not given thy Disciples express Commission to go into all the World, and preach the Gospel to every Creature? When wilt thou again, O infinite Charity, chuse out burning and shining Lights, and send them forth over all the World; and send them not alone, lest they faint by the way, or miscarry in the end. If thou wilt go with them thy self, and guide them by thy Grace, and crown their Labours with thy powerful Blessing: Oh, then what mighty Works would be done by them! Then shall the humble Vallies be rais'd up, and the haughty Mountains be brought low. So shall the crooked Paths be made direct, and the rough Ways smooth and plain: So shall the Glory of God be every where reveal'd, and all Flesh shall joyfully see it together; the light of the knowledge of the Glory of God in the bright Face of *Jesus Christ*. Happy the times when this shall come to pass, happy the Eyes that shall see these times? Come glorious Days wherein that Sun shall shine, which enlightens all at once, both the Hemispheres.

P E T I T I O N S.

Remember, O God the Father, God of everlasting Truth, thy dear Engagements to the Son: Remember, O God the Son; who art the Author and Finisher of our Faith, thy gracious Promises to the World: Come holy Jesu, in a plentiful Effusion of thy Spirit upon us, and make that glorious Day of Gospel light, which we greatly desire, and thy Promises give us leave to expect: Come, and in the largest sense maintain thy Title, and be effectively the Saviour of the Universal World. Visit, O Lord, thine own House first, and thoroughly redress what thou findest amiss. Make our

Lives holy, as thou hast made our Faith, and let all that name thy Name depart from Iniquity. O thou who art the Author of Peace and Lover of Concord; who did'st so often repeat the Command, that thy Disciples should love one another! Inspire, we beseech thee, thy whole Church with a Spirit of Truth, Unity and Concord. Bring thou into the way of Truth all such as have erred and are deceived. Convince us all, that the Wrath and Fury of Man worketh not the Righteousness of God; and hasten the time when there shall be no hurting nor destroying in all thy holy Mountain. Kindle, O Lord, in the hearts of Kings, and the great Ones of the World, an heroick Spirit to advance thy Glory: In flame the Hearts of Prelates, and the Priests of thy Church, with a generous Zeal for the Conversion of Souls: Convince them all, it is the End and Duty of their Places, to endeavour the improving of Mankind in Vertue and Religion, and direct them to the use of such just and gentle means, as are suitable to the End, and agreeable to thy Word. Send forth thy saving Light, O Lord, into the dark Corners of the World, and bring them from the Power of Satan into the Kingdom of God. Remember thy great Love which thou hast shewn, and the Mercies which seem yet promised to the *Jews*. Let every People bow their Knees to thy great Name, Oh, blessed Jesu! and all Tongues confess thy greatness: Make all to receive thy Truth in the love of it, and mix it with Faith, that it may become an engrafted Word, able to save their Souls. These Things we crave for the Honour of our Advocate, and only Mediator, Jesus the Christ.

Amen.

HYMN

HYMN XXX.

Jesu, whose Grace directs thy Priests
 To keep alive, by solemn Feasts,
 The memory of thy great Love:
 O may we here so pass thy Days,
 That they at last our Souls may raise,
 To that long Feast with thee above.

To that long Day of sacred Rest,
 Whereon our happy Souls shall feast
 On thy celestial Joys, and thee:
 Our Bodies too thy Love shall raise,
 Thy self to see, and sing thy Praise
 In a blest Immortality.

Jesu, behold three Kings from far
 Led to thy Cradle by a Star,
 Bring Gifts to thee their greater King:
 O guide us by thy Light, that we
 May find thy lov'd Face, and to thee
 Our selves may for thy Tribute bring.

O thou the pure and spotless Lamb,
 Who to the Temple humbly came,
 Appointed legal Rites to pay:
 Make our proud Heart, and stubborn Will,
 Thine, and thy Church's Law fulfil,
 Where'er reluctant Natures say.

Jesu, who on the fatal Wood
 Pour'd'st forth thy Life's last drop of Blood,
 (For us nail'd to a shameful Cross:)
 O! may we bless thy Love, and be
 Ready, dear Lord, to bear for thee
 All present grief, or pain, or loss.

Dear Lord, who by thine own Love slain,
 By thine own Pow'r took'st Life again,
 And from the Sepulcher did'st rise:
 O may thy Death our Spir'its revive,
 And at our Death a new Life give,
 A lasting Life, that never dies.

Jesu, who to thy Heaven again
 Return'd'st in Triumph there to reign,
 Of Men and Angels mighty King;
 O may our parting Souls take flight,
 Up to that Land of Joy and Light,
 And there with Angels ever sing.

All Glory to the sacred Three,
 One undivided Deity;
 All honour, blessing, power and praise.
 O may thy blessed Name shine bright,
 Crown'd with those Beams of beauteous light,
 It's own eternal glorious Rays

Amen.

FOR

FOR THE

F E A S T S

OF THE

HOLY GHOST.

For the Morning.

MEDITATION I.

LORD, we are forced to admire the sweet and natural conduct with which thy Providence governs the Children of Men! leading them on from one degree to another, till thou hast brought them up to their highest perfection: Thou puttest them to learn in the School of Vertue, and disposdest their Capacities into several Forms. In the first Ages, when the World was young, thou gavest them for their Guide the Book of Nature; there thy divine Assistance helpt them to read some few plain Lessons of their Duty to thee: They saw this admirable Frame of Creatures; and as far as these could argue, they could conclude: Sure there is a God, the cause of all things, certainly there is a Providence that disposes of all things;

things; he must be very powerful that made so vast a World, and exceeding wise, that contriv'd such excellent works: He must be goodness it self, that did all this for us, and we ingrateful Wretches, if we will do nothing for him. Thus far some few could say, and very few could do, with those slender Assistances which they then enjoy'd. Afterwards thou gavest thy People a Written Rule, which train'd them up in a set Form of Discipline, which grew and spread into a publick Religion, and which was uniformly profess'd by a whole Nation: They had some weak Conceit of the Kingdom of Heaven, and some imperfect means to bring them thither! But for those high supernatural Mysteries that so gloriously exalt the Christian Faith, they all, alas, were blind, or in the dark, and dangerously expos'd to the Effects of their own Ignorance; wanting those clear Instructions to know their end, and those powerful Motives to love their God: Yet this prepar'd them for the times of Grace, to which thy Mercy, O Lord, reserv'd far greater Favours; to which thou hast promised by the Holy Prophets, an effusion of Blessings from thine own full Hands: *I will put my Law in their inward parts, and write it in their Hearts; I will be their God, and they shall be my People; I will pour out my Spirit upon all Flesh, and your Sons and your Daughters shall Prophecie: They shall teach no more every one his Neighbour, saying, Know the Lord, for all shall know me, from the least of them to the greatest, saith the Lord.*

H Y M N XXXI.

Come holy Spirit, come and breath
 Thy spicy Odours, on the Face
 Of our dull Regions here beneath;
 And fill our Souls with thy sweet Grace.

Come

Come, and root out the poy's'nous Weeds
Which over-run, and choak our Lives;
And in our Hearts plant thine own Seeds,
Whose quickening Pow'r our Spirit revives.

First plant the humble Violet there,
Which dwells secure by dwelling low;
Then let the Lilly next appear,
And make us chaste, yet fruitful too.

But O! plant all the Vertues, Lord,
And let the Metaphors alone,
Repeat once more that mighty Word,
Thou need'st but say, let it be done.

We can, alas, nor be, nor grow,
Unless thy powerful Mercy please;
Thy Hand must plant, and Water too,
Thy Hand alone must give th' increase.

Do then, what thou alone canst do,
Do what to thee so easie is;
Conduct us through this World of Woe,
And place us safe in thine own Bliss.

All Glory to the sacred Three,
One ever-living Sovereign Lord;
As at the first, still may he be,
Belov'd and Prais'd, Fear'd and Ador'd.

Amen.

MEDITATION II

Look up, languishing World, look up and see
how punctually thy faithful Lord performs
his Word! When he had finish'd here that graci-
ous Work which his goodness undertook for our
Redemp-

Redemption; when he told us what we ought to do, and what to suffer for the Kingdom of Heaven; when he himself had done more than he required of us, and was about to be offered up for us by his Death on the Cross; and he had wrought our Salvation so far, that now his absence from Earth was more expedient for us: He first prepares the hearts of his Disciples, and comforts their Sorrows with these sweetest words; *Children, I will not leave you Orphans, but will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter; even the Spirit of Truth, who shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you: Peace I leave with you, my Peace give I to you, let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid: I ascend unto my Father and to you Father, to my God and to your God; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there may also my faithful and constant Followers be.* Thus he gave them to expect, that the Holy Spirit would be sent into the World upon his departure from it: That this kind Spirit should apply himself to Comfort them by all those ways wherein comfort could be given: That this Spirit should supply his Presence, not only for a Time, but should abide with them, never to remove to Heaven again, as he did: That he should continue in the Christian Church a sufficient Guide, and a powerful Comforter; to teach them what is to be done, to comfort them under Afflictions, to fortify and support them in their spiritual Conflicts; to assist the application and use of those excellent Instructions which he had left among them; to take their part in the World, and convert their Enemies into Friends, by convincing them of sin in not believing on Jesus, of the righteousness which it appears they may have from him, because he is gone to the Father; and of Judgment to come for sinful men, since the sinning Angels are

are Judged. And after their kind Master had said these, and other comfortable things to them, he led them forth together, and gave them his Blessing, and parting from them, went away into Heaven: So loving Mothers when the weaning time is come, withdraw from their beloved Children; but while they thus deprive their tender little ones, of their most dear and all supplying Presence, they still depute some faithful Friend to assist them; for though they leave, they do not intend to forsake them. Such, and far greater was the Care of our God, as his love is far greater than that of tenderest Mothers to their Infants: He saw it necessary for so mysterious a Faith to be shewn in a clear and supernatural light to the first Believers, that they might confidently recommend to others, what they knew with infallible certainty themselves: He saw it necessary for so perverse a World, to infuse into its first Converters a fullness of Charity, that with an ardent Zeal they might instruct their Hearers, and with a patient courage overcome their opposers: He saw it necessary for such varieties of Nations, to furnish the Preachers with variety of Languages, that they might teach every one in there native Speech, and understand their doubts, and satisfy their objections.

MEDITATIONS III.

WHEN the appointed time was come, as all the works of God go forth in their fittest season; the Disciples having tarried at *Jerusalem*, according to direction, to be indued with power from on high; when they were gathered together into one place, and with one accord, and so were excellently dispos'd for the Visits of Heaven; when they had long continued in ardent Prayer, and wrought up their Affections to the utmost

utmost point of desire, suddenly there was a sound from Heaven, from whence every good and perfects gift descends; a vehement Wind fill'd the whole House, for the Grace of God is strong and liberal: Behold, on the Head of each sate a Tongue as of Fire, the properest means to enable them for the Conversion of the World: While they were all illuminated with a pure light, and all enflamed with a fervent heat, and to communicate both to every Nation, they were all endued with the gift of Languages. Thus were the words of the Prophets fulfill'd, and the Promises of our Saviour performed, and the Faith of the Christian Church was thus miraculously begun: Thus were the Messengers of everlasting Peace prepared, they were miraculously baptized with the Holy Ghost and with Fire, and were perfectly qualified for their great Commission; to Preach to every Creature this happy Gospel, *He that believes and is Baptized, shall be saved: When our Lord ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts to men: He did not affright the World again with the Thunders and Lightnings of Mount Sinai, but gently infused the pleasant fire of divine Love into the hearts of his Disciples: How should we bless the Lord our God, who are Members of the Christian Church, to which, at this Time, instead of the Law of Moses, was given the grace of Christ; for the Letter, the Spirit; for shadows, Truth; and for the Spirit of Fear, the Spirit of Adoption: Blessed be thou, O Eternal Father! God of abundant and infinite goodness, for this unspeakable kindness of sending thy Spirit into our miserable and wicked World; a Spirit so suited to our Necessities, and able to bring many of us to glory: This, Lord, was thy free gift with respect to us unworthy Creatures; Mankind did not, could not deserve it of thee, it ought therefore to be the more marvellous*

vellous in our eyes. And we may justly wonder, not only at thy Bounty, but at thy Patience too herein, for Mankind had highly forfeited this Mercy, and it was directly contrary to his Deserts. Thou didst send thy Spirit for our good and advantage, after that the ungrateful World had abused and put to Death thy Son. Blessed be thou, O dear Redeemer! whose Blood and Death purchased for us this incomparable gift, and whose powerful intercession in Heaven obtain'd it. Blessed be thy merciful Providence, O Jesu, who when thou hadst finish'd thy great work on Earth, didst ascend into Heaven, to draw our minds even thither after thee. Blessed be thy Infinite Goodness, who when thou hadst taught us the Words of Eternal Life, sentest down the Holy Ghost to make us observe them, and raise up our Affections to that glorious Kingdom whither thou art gone before us; that where Thou our happiness art, our hearts, as they should, may also be. Blessing and Praise be to the Holy Spirit himself, who though Proceeding from the Father and the Son, is equal in nature and glory; whose free goodness it was to give himself to our forlorn World: He is both the Giver and the Gift, from the greater Love wherewith he loved us. Thus are we beholden to the ever blessed Trinity, not only for excellent and supernatural Graces, but also for his Presence, who is the Cause and Author of all Grace: And they to whom this Spirit is given, have not only the Streams, but the Fountain of living Waters; in whom therefore they must needs be springing up, even unto Eternal Life.

PETI-

P E T I T I O N S.

O Merciful Lord, who hast loved us from the beginning; be graciously pleased to love us unto the end: Pity the unhappy state of fallen Mankind, which neither Nature, nor Law, could bring to any perfection. Send out thy Spirit, O Lord, and we shall be created again unto good Works; and from our nothing of sin be raised to a Life of Holiness: O send out thy Spirit, and renew the face of the Earth, and then our weeds and thorns shall be turn'd into a Paradise. O cure our World in thy due time, of all those distempers in the Spirits of men that make us miserable, confus'd and unquiet: Deliver us from the spirit of Prophaneness and Infidelity; from the spirit of Errour, Heresie and Schism: Deliver us from the spirit of Pride and Avarice, from the spirit of Anger, Sloth and Envy: Deliver us from the Spirit of Drunkenness and Gluttony; from the Spirit of Lust and Wantoness, and Impurity: Deliver us, O God, from every evil Spirit, and vouchsafe to give us the Graces of thy good Spirit; that Order and Peace may flourish in the World, and Mankind may not hate, nor fear, nor persecute one another. O may the Christian Church, which thou hast wonderfully begun, and with many wonders yet continued in the World, may it go on still to the end of time; and make it, Lord, to encrease and multiply, till every Nation speak in their own language the wonderful Works of God, O blessed Spirit, the Church thou hast been pleased to establish, vouchsafe always to govern: Always keep it free from Usurpation and Tyranny in the Governours, and from Contention, Unruliness, and spiritual Pride, in those that should be govern'd: That it may always be in a fit posture to receive the Influences of thy
Grace,

Even.

the Holy Ghost.

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Grace, and may with those heavenly Dews be as a Fruitful Field. Which things we humbly implore through the Merits of Jesus Christ.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end.

Amen.

For the Evening.

MEDITATION I.

Come, my Soul, and adore our God that sanctifies us; implore his Grace to make thee able, and then adore him: Him, who from the Father and the Son eternally proceeds, and with the Father and the Son must be equally worshipped and glorified. In thy Name, O Lord, together with that of the Father and the Son, we are by divine appointment Baptized, and so directed to believe in Thee: Thou art therefore, a Distinct Person in that adorable Trinity, which is the one eternal God: Thou dost make Intercession for the Saints with the Father; and therefore art not only the power of the Father. Thy coming, O Lord, into this World, did depend upon the departure of the Son; therefore I believe thou art distinct from the Son. I believe, O Lord, thou wast manifestly distinguished from the Father and the Son, when at the Baptism of our Saviour thou didst descend upon him in the likeness of a Dove; when at the same time there was

a voice from the Father, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Thou art, O Lord, not a created Person, but with the Father and Son art God blessed for ever more. By thee was our Saviour conceived in the Womb of a Virgin, and therefore was her Birth called the Son of God. Thy dwelling in one of us, converts a poor Creature into a sacred Temple; therefore we ought to adore thee as God: And I humbly adore thee as the most high eternal God; as of the same Nature, Attributes and Operations with the Father and the Son. I adore thee, as having inseparable from thy Nature an infinite, essential, and original Holiness as God. And it is peculiarly and especially thy Undertaking, or Office, to make us poor Sinners holy; therefore I adore thee under the glorious Title of holy Spirit. It was thou, O Lord, that didst speak to the World by all thy holy Prophets that have been since the Beginning. And thus it came to pass, that all the holy Scripture was given to us by the inspiration of God. Thou art the Author and Finisher of our Faith, by an internal illumination of our Minds: Thereby thou inclinest us to the obedience of Faith; and to give our assent to those divine Truths, which our carnal, corrupted Natures would reject as Foolishness. By thee it is, that we are renewed in all the faculties of our Souls, and our Affections and Will are made conform'd unto the Will of God. Thou dost infuse into us the Breath of Life, and bring us forth into our second Birth; in which Birth we become the Children of God, and Heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. By thee are all sincere Christians baptized into one Body, even the Mystical Body of Christ; and it is thy Testimony alone that comfortably assures to any of them their Adoption. In order to these great things, it is thy kind Office to sanctifie and set apart Persons for the Duty of the sacred

cred Ministry: By whose Ministry thou dost perfect the Saints, and build up the Body of Christ to the end of the World.

MEDITATION II.

Blessed for ever be thy Name, O holy Spirit, and bless'd be the bounty of thy Goodness. When the Eternal Father by creating the World had declar'd himself, and his Almighty Power: When the Uncreated Word by redeeming Mankind had reveal'd himself, and his infinite Wisdom: When now there remain'd but one Seal more to be open'd of the Book of divine Mysteries: Behold a strange condescendence to our weak Nature, the invisible Spirit visibly appears: He descends from Heaven in the Shape of a Dove, and gently alights upon the Prince of Peace. Again he descends in the likeness of Fire, and miraculously sits on the Heads of his Disciples. Mingling thus together in one blest compound those chief ingredients of excellent Vertue: Mildness to allay the heat of Zeal, and Zeal to quicken the indifferency of Mildness: Innocence to adorn the light of Knowledge, and Knowledge to direct the simplicity of Innocence. O blest adorable Teacher! Who can instruct the like Spirit of God? He needs no Years to finish his course, but with a swift and efficacious touch consummates all things. He entered the Soul of a young delighter in Musick, and presently sanctified him into a composer of Psalms: He took a poor Shepherd from following of the Flock, and immediately rais'd to him to the degree of a Prophet. He, by one Lesson perfected the Disciples, and polish'd rude Fishermen into eloquent Preachers: He touch'd the Heart of a persecuting Pharisee, and instantly chang'd him into a glorious Apostle. There is none, O Lord, can resist thy efficacious Grace; but it

accom-

accomplishes whatsoever thou intendest: And the most Stubborn refusers thou makest to become a willing People in the day of thy Power. All this thou hast done, O infinite Goodness, and all the good that we do, is wrought by thee. By thee is every condition sanctified to us in this mutable World; and we are enabled through all to walk steadily towards our Eternal Rest. By Thee our Souls are comforted on our Beds of Sickness; and thou alone fittest us for the Mansions of Glory. If in the Church there be any Wisdom or Knowledge; if any real Sanctity, or decent Order; if any Faith of the Mysteries of Religion; if any Hope of everlasting Salvation: If any Love of God, as our Sovereign bliss; if any mutual Charity of one towards another: If any Miracles have been wrought to convert unbelievers, and to confirm the weak in Faith against the violence of Persecution: All these things flow from thy free Grace, O thou boundless Ocean of Eternal Mercies: All flows from thee, and all our littlestreams ought to return in Tribute to thy Bounty. Blessed be thy Name, O Holy Spirit of God, who dividest thy Gifts to every one as thou plearest, and workest all in all.

MEDITATION III.

STill, my Soul, continue thy Meditations on this adorable Person, and humbly present thy further acknowledgements and praises to him, who is the Eternal Love of the Father, and the Son, and the Glorious Finisher of the Sacred Mystery: To him the quickening Spirit of regenerate Souls; in whom they live, and move, and have their Being: To him the Sovereign Balsam of our wounds; and only comfort of all our Sorrows: To him our refuge in this Place of Banishment, and faithful guide

guide in this wandring Pilgrimage: To him the Sacred pledge of our free adoption, and ensuring Seal of our Eternal Salvation. What do we say of Thee, O Adorable Spirit of God! What do we say, when we utter such words as these? We say what we can in our low capacity; but, alas, how short of thy unspeakable Excellencies! O that we had the Tongues of glorified Saints, and of Angels! O that we had thine own miraculous Tongues! Those which sat flaming on the Heads of the Apostles, and made them speak thy wonders in every Language: Still all our Praises would be poor and narrow, still infinitely less than thy infinite Perfections. But if we cannot speak as our God deserves, shall we therefore hold our Peace, which God forbids? Wo be to them, O Lord, who are silent of thee, and spend the Breath thou givest them on any but thy self. When we have tried our best Endeavours, and taken a Measure of our own; when our own Hearts can conceive no more, and our Tongues have express'd their utmost; we will then call upon all others to praise thee, who have been beholden to thy infinite Bounty, and say, praise the Eternal Spirit, O all you Quir's of rejoicing Angels, for his early Grace co fir'd you in Glory: Praise him ye Reverend Patriarchs, whose ways he govern'd, and by particular Providence led you to felicity. Praise him, ye ancient Prophets, whose Souls he inspired to teach his chosen People the Mind of Heaven. Praise him, you glorious Company of the Apostles, whose Persons he empowered to be Ambassadors of Peace between Heaven and Earth. Praise him, you the noble Army of generous Martyrs, whose Spirits he encouraged, and gave you the Victory over the Terrors of Death. Praise him, ye blessed Confessors, whose Lives he sanctified; and gave you Victory over the World;

and your selves. Praise him ye holy Virgins, whose Souls he espoused, and consecrated your chaste Bodies into Temples for himself. Praise him, O thou the blessed Virgin-Mother of our Lord, by whom the World's Redeemer was conceiv'd in thy Womb. Praise him all you the faithful departed this Life, whose hope he sustains of a glorious Resurrection of your Bodies. Praise him, all ye that make up the Holy Church throughout all the World; bless him, and magnify him, for ever. Praise him in the Power and Freedom of his Grace; praise him for the Eternity, and greatness of his Glory. Praise him, O my Soul, for his Mercies to thee; praise him for his goodness to all the World. Praise him on the choicest Instrument, that of the Heart. Praise him in the fittest Place, the publick Assembly of his Saints.

PETITIONS.

O Kindle in my Heart, holy Lord, thy divine Fire, that I may offer to thee the hallow'd incense of Praise. O thou who openest the Mouths of the Dumb, and makest the Tongues of Children eloquent, inspire thy devoted Servant, if not with Expressions suitable to thy self, at least with such as are profitable to me: Such as may instruct me what I ought to do; and such as may move me to do what I say. Come, holy Spirit, who art the free dispenser of all Grace, visit my poor Heart, and replenish it with thy sacred inspirations. Refuse not, O Lord, to hear me now I call upon Thee, and make me still hear Thee when thou callest upon me; do thou by thy mighty Operations in my Soul establish such an Interest in me, as may always dispose me to so advantageous a Duty. Illuminate my Understanding, inflame my Affections, and sanctifie all the Powers

Euen.

the Holy Ghost.

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Powers of my Soul and Body, that I may know, love, and constantly do the things that belong to my everlasting Peace. Fill my Understanding with the Knowledge of such Truths, as may fix it on thee the Eternal Verity. Inure my Will to embrace such objects as may bring and unite me to thee, the Sovereign Goodness. O suffer me not obstinately to persist in any known Wickedness, nor maliciously to impugn any known Truth: Grant I may never be deceiv'd by any false Spirit, nor be overcome by the vicious Suggestions of Flesh and Blood. In all my doubts do thou direct me into the way of thy Truth; in all my Weakness grant me the assistance of thy Grace. Help me devoutly and most thankfully to commemorate thy Descent to this World in the likeness of fiery Tongues, which fate on each Head of thy Disciples, and fitted them to preach the Gospel to every Nation. And let it so increase the holy fervour of my Heart, that my Life may attest by all Fruits of Grace the same Spirit's still abiding with me: To the Glory of Thee, O God the holy Spirit, who with the Father and the Son livest and reignest ever one God, World without end.

Amen.

H Y M N XXXII.

Come mild and holy Dove,
Descend into our Breast;
Do thou in us, make us in thee
For ever dwell, and rest.

Come, and spread o'er our Heads
Thy soft, all-cherishing Wing,
That in its shade we safe may sit,
And to Thee Praises sing.

To Thee who giv'st us Life,
 Our better Life of Grace;
 Who giv'st us Breath, and Strength, and Speed,
 To run and win our Race.

If by the way we faint,
 Thou reachest forth thy Hand;
 If our own weakness makes us fall,
 Thou mak'st our Weakness stand.

When we are sliding back,
 Thou dost our Danger stop;
 When we again, alas, are fall'n,
 Again thou tak'st us up:

Else there we still must lie,
 And still sink lower down;
 Our hope to rise is all from Thee,
 Our ruin's all our own.

O my Ingrateful Soul!
 What shall our dulness do
 For him that does all this for us,
 Only our Love to wooe?

We'll Love thee then, dear Lord,
 But thou must give that Love;
 We'll humbly beg it of thy grace,
 But thou our Prayers must move.

O hear thine own self speak,
 For thou in us doth Pray;
 Thou canst as quickly grant as ask,
 Thy Grace knows no delay.

Glory to Thee, O Lord,
 One Co-eternal Three;
 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 One equal Glory be. Amen.

FOR

FOR THE
F E A S T S
 OF THE
S A I N T S.

For the Morning.

MEDITATION I.

TELL me, you eager Lovers of this present World, what is it you aim at in all your pretences? You weary your Bodies with restless labour, and afflict your Minds with perpetual Care; Day and Night you are still perplexed, still busily plotting to compass your ends: Tell me what are those ends you so long have sought, and I will tell you what you soon will find: while they are many, they but distract your Thoughts, and often engage them to quarrel among themselves: One end, and one alone is the way to true and lasting Peace, and on that one must all the rest depend. It is true, perhaps you will say, and by that Rule we guide our Lives; whatever we undertake, our ultimate design is only to be happy; It is to be happy that we strive

to be great, and enrich our selves by defrauding others: It is to be happy that we run after Pleasures, and covet to have in every thing our own proud Will: But you, alas, mistake your Happiness, and foolishly seek it where 'tis not to be found. As silly Children think to catch the Sun, when they see it setting at so near a distance, they travel on and tire themselves in vain, for the thing they seek is in another World. Just so we foolish Mortals commonly judge, and are just so deceived, when we think to meet with Heaven upon Earth. This World, alas! has now no Paradise, but all its Fruits are mixt with Weeds and Thorns; all dangerously mixed with occasions of sin, all sprinkled over with the bitterness of sorrow: what did we ever passionately love, but still in the end it made us repent? Nay, the best end was heartily to repent, and learn by our falling to tread more sure. It is not then here that we must seek our happiness, and yet it is Happiness that we must all seek. Happy are thy Saints, O Lord, who wisely chose their End, and constantly pursu'd the means to attain it. Come, let us adore the King of Saints.

HYMN XXXIII.

A Wake, my Soul, chase from thine eyes
This drowsie sloth, and quickly rise,
Get up, and to thy Work apace:
No less than Kingdoms are prepar'd,
And endless Bliss for their reward,
Who finish well this short Life's race.

'Tis not so poor a thing to be
Servants to Heaven, dear Lord, and thee,
As this mistaken World believes:
Not even here, where oft the wise

Are most expos'd to Injuries,
And Vertue, poor and friendless grieves.

Sometimes thy Hand lets gently fall
A little drop, that sweetens all
The present bitter of our Cup:
O what hereafter shall we be,
When we shall have whole draughts of thee
Fill'd to the brim, and drink them up?

Say, happy Souls, whose thirst now meets
The fresh and living stream of sweets,
Which ever spring from that blest throne;
Did you not find this true even here?
Do you not find it truer there,
Now Heaven's strong Joys are all your own?

Oh yes, the Sweets we taste exceed
All we can say, or you can read,
They satisfy, and never cloy:

On Earth our Cup was sweet but mixt;
Here all is pure, refin'd and fixt,
All highest Quintessence of Joy.

Here, in Heaven's splendid Court, have we
Our blest abode, and ever see

The kind and radiant face of Love;
Whose Beams make us with Glory shine,
Our glad hearts warm with Love divine,
And these our Tongues with Praises move.

Hear'st thou, my Soul, what glorious things
The Church of Heaven in triumph sings,
Of their Seraphick life above?

Cheer thy faint hopes, and bid them live;
All these thy God to thee will give,

If thou embrace his bounteous Love.

Great

Great God of rich Rewards, who thus
Hast crown'd thy Saints, and wilt crown us ;

As we do both to thee belong,

O may we both together sing

Eternal praise to thee our King,

In one Eternal thankful Song.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

IF thus our Nature tends to Happiness, there is sure some Happiness to content our Nature. Sure the All-wise Creator has provided means to satisfy the Appetites which himself has made. Doubt not, my Soul, the Bounty of thy Lord, but turn all thy fear on thine unworthiness ; and yet correct that fear again, that it do not degenerate into despair, by considering the worthiness of our kind Mediator. Look up then, and see a rich delicious Land, that flows with Sweeter Streams than Milk and Honey ; Look up, and see a glorious City, incomparably braver than the splendid Courts of Kings. Behold the blessed Angels shining on their Thrones, and all the holy Saints triumphing with their Hymns : Great is the Clemency of our gracious Sovereign, to pardon the Offences of repenting Sinners : Great is the bounty of our glorious Lord, to Crown with Rewards his faithful Servants. Thousands of Saints attend in his presence, and Millions of Angels wait on his Throne, all beautifully rang'd in perfect order, all joyfully singing the Praises of their Creator. But look up yet higher, O my Soul, in thy Contemplations, and see the glorified Humanity of thy dear Redeemer, that blessed Jesus who died for us on the Cross, and now invites us to partake his Crown. See and rejoice in those eternal Honours, which Heaven and Earth justly pay to their King. Look up once more,

more, and if thou could'st, look infinitely higher, and humbly admire the unconceivable Mystery: Wonder now, and adore the Sovereign Deity, essentially full of his own bless'd Light; full, and overflowing into all his Creatures, which shine but as little Beams deriv'd from him. Bow low thy Head and Knees to him, before whom the Seraphims cover their Faces: Bow low a humble Heart to him, before whom all the happy Saints cast down their Crowns. When thou hast seen all this, my Soul, and staid, and dwelt a while among these pleasing wonders; then turn thine Eye down towards this Earth again, and see the petty things that are wont to entertain our minds: What is a name of Honour, and a momentary Pleasure, compar'd to the Bliss of an eternal Paradise? What is a bag of Money, or a fair Estate, if counterballanc'd with the Treasures of Heaven? How narrow there do our greatest Kingdoms seem! how small a Circle the whole Globe of Earth! Cities and Towns appear like little Hills, and the busie World, but as a swarm of Ants, running up and down, and jostling one another, and making all this stir for a few grains of Corn. O Heaven, let me again lift up my Eyes to thee, and take a fuller view of that glorious Prospect: There I will stand, and fix my steady sight, till I have look'd my self into this firm Judgment: All that the most prosperous Fortune can here possess, or even the largest Fancy possible imagine; all is an idle Dream, to those real Joys, an absolute Nothing to that solid Felicity. O how glorious is the Kingdom of Heaven, where our Lord reigns in the midst of his Saints!

MEDITATION III.

IT is true; there is, I see, a glorious State prepar'd above for the Spirits of just men made perfect: But how shall we poor dust and ashes, and laden too with the burthen of our sins! how shall we hope to ascend those higher Regions, or obtain a Portion in that holy Land? Fear not, my Soul, but send up thy Sighs and Prayers to the gracious King of Saints: Seek to him, and he will guide thee by his Counsel, till he has brought thee also safe to this Glory. If thou would'st know what makes the bright Angels so happy; his Word will tell thee, that they readily obey their Creator: If thou would'st know what rais'd the blessed Saints to that high Felicity which they now enjoy, it will be told thee, They faithfully lov'd their Redeemer, and follow'd the Dictates of Love till it brought them thither: If thou would'st know what bred in those happy Creatures the excellent Vertues that are thus rewarded; if thou could'st hear their acknowledgments, thou woul'dst find them often repeating such as these: Blessed for ever be the Grace of our God, which alone has wrought all our works in us: Blessed for ever be the Bounty of our Lord, which first freely gave to us, and then as bounteously Crown'd those his own gifts. O you blest Saints, who are now arriv'd at the quiet Mansions of Eternal Joy: Rejoice ye in the King of Saints, eternally rejoice; and sing for ever the wondrous Mercies of our Lord: His blessed hand has wip'd away all tears from our eyes, and now you no more shall weep, you shall no more complain: Now the sad Evening of sorrow is over with you, and the Day of eternal joy is come: Now you no longer shall sigh to be deliver'd out of this dark and tedious Prison, but shall dwell for ever in that glorious

rious Light; the Light which ever springs from the face of God. And fear thou not, my Soul, though now thou dwellest below, and art yet sighing under the weight of Flesh and Blood: Fear not to ascend at last to this place of Joy, and take thy happy seat among those joyful Quires; since they once liv'd in this same Vale of Tears, and were set to strive with the same unruly Passions. He that made them overcome, can as easily strengthen thee; he that has crowned their Victories, will as surely glorifie thine: Fear not; for the way is smother than the Adversary of thy Soul would make thee believe; and the time of thy Warfare perhaps is shorter, than even thou thy self art disposed to desire. Take the Direction of thy Saviour's Word, and the direction of the Saints Example, to know and love but thine own true Interest; which sure can be thought no very hard task: And do this but whilst you live, which you seldom think too long; and this being well done, you have no more to do, but to rise and sing, and rejoice with them.

P E T I T I O N S.

TO thee, O Gracious King of Saints, and to thy mild Throne, we direct our Eyes and Prayers: To thee whose Love (we know) stands ready to meet our wishes, will we humbly represent our fears and wants; and both, alas! O Lord, will be many, while we remain below in this miserable World: Often therefore must we make our Addresses to thee, till thy Goodness and Mercy shall take us to thy self: and when we come to possess thee in Heaven, we shall want nothing, and dwelling so near thee we shall fear nothing. But Pity us now, O Lord, who are lanced on a tempestuous Sea, and are so variously toss'd with our passions and lusts, that we cannot steer as we should any certain

tain course: Pity us who are so blinded by the mists of Ignorance, that we know not to what Port we should direct our course to find a harbour of rest. Shine thou upon us, O Lord, with thy beautiful Light, and convince us thoroughly that there is a better World than this, a happier People than any that we know here; that we may at length begin our course thitherward, and be all the while preparing our selves for that blessed Company. Behold us, O Lord, struggling in this Sea of Storms, and guide us safely through all our dangers. Save us, O thou whose power the Winds, and the Sea obey; save us, O merciful Lord, or else we perish: Save us, who call on thee in our distresses; save us, for whom thy immortal Self wert pleased to die, and graciously receive us into thine own blest arms; for thou art, O Lord, the Haven of our Repose; bring us to thy self, and our Souls shall be safe: Deliver us from that sad and deplorable end, which thy Justice has prepar'd for the Wicked: Deliver us from those vain deceitful courses, in which many make an eternal shipwreck of their Souls. Bless us, O Lord, with a happy Death, that our Souls may depart in Peace, and go up to dwell among thy Saints and Angels: Bless us with a holy Life, and then our Deaths cannot but be happy. Grant these things, O Lord, for the sake of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end.

Amen.

For the Evening.

MEDITATION I.

LORD, what a lukewarm Life is this of ours, compar'd to the Zeal and fervour of some of thy primitive Saints ! Often and long many of them fasted to chastise their Bodies, and bring them under the command of Reason : On all their Senses they set a constant guard, to let nothing in that might disturb their peace. Part of the night they would watch, when most of the day they had labour'd ; and both night and day continually pray'd. All things about them went on in perfect measure, just fit for their pious purpose, and no more : Their Cloaths, their Food, their Sleep, their Recreation ; all taught to serve the improvement of their mind ; their mind, the only aim of all their cares, the only scope of all their severities ; that disengaged from the embroilments of this World, they might quietly consider the Felicities of the other : That they might daily grow more enamour'd of their Lord, and more inflam'd with his divine perfections ; till at last dissolv'd in those holy fires, they melted away with longings to enjoy him ; Sharp to themselves they were, but sweet to others ; obliging all the World with their candid Charity : Whatever any wanted they gladly supply'd, and gave away at once, sometimes both fruit and tree : they studied not how to raise their Families here, but to entail on their Posterity the Example of their Vertues. It was not their Plot to leave a fair Estate behind them, but to benefit the World by
they

their useful Labours: To instruct the ignorant, and confirm the weak; to comfort the sorrowful, and protect the helpless innocent: This was their constant work, this their beloved design; to promote with their utmost strength the happiness of all. Lord! what a little 'tis our frowardness endures, compar'd to the herôick patience of some former Saints! when they were revil'd, they reviled not again; when spitefully scorn'd, they meekly held their peace; when they were curs'd, they blest their Enemies; when barbarously oppress'd, they pray'd for their Persecutors. They serv'd their Lord in hunger and thirst, and all the incommodities of an impoverish'd life: Often they were threatned, and they stood the danger; often enric'd, and they repell'd the flattery: Prisons and Chains they willingly accepted, Tortures and Racks they chearfully embrac'd; even Death it self they undauntedly encountred, Death furiously arm'd with every shape of Terrour: All this they endur'd, and a great deal more, of which unmindful we keep no remembrance: All this they endur'd, and under all rejoic'd, that they were counted worthy to suffer for Jesus. O generous Souls, you conquer'd Heaven it self, and enter'd by force those everlasting Gates! you would not sit down in the lowest Forms, but still press'd on to new degrees of perfection! and while you carefully wrought out your own Salvation, you endeavour'd the Salvation of others. Excellent Copies of our great Master's Original Life, which he drew himself in Holiness and Righteousness, and Goodness. My Soul, do thou endeavour also to be a Follower of Christ, as thou hast the Saints for an Example.

MEDITATION. II.

Little, we know, O Lord, is the good we do;
 Little the Ill we suffer with patience: But
 what, alas! should we have done or suffer'd, had
 not thy Grace assisted us, and given us such excellent
 examples; thy provident Hand has helpt us, by
 hanging out those Lamps bright as Stars to shine
 before us: But more by thine own appearing, O
 Sun of Righteousness, to light and warm us with
 thy everlasting Beams. Our Faith had been dark,
 our Charity cold, and the Flower of our hope had
 languish'd away. Now we are sure the way to
 Heaven is passable, since it has been trod by so
 many Passengers. And all of them Men cloath'd in
 Flesh and Blood like us, and weaken'd with the
 same imperfect Nature: Now we are sure the Pro-
 mises of God are true; confirm'd by as many Wit-
 nesses as there are Saints in Paradise: Who by their
 own experience are fully convinced, and with Joy
 acknowledge that they are so. And by ravishing
 Sweets they perpetually tast, are perpetually excited
 to adore and sing; Faithful is our Lord in all his
 Words, and overflowingly bounteous in all his
 Gifts; While we liv'd, we receiv'd the hundred
 fold; and now we are translated to an infinity of
 Bliss. What he freely promis'd he has fully per-
 form'd; what he engag'd to give us, he has abun-
 dantly paid: He told us of treasures and golden
 crowns; but the Joys we find are incomparably
 greater; Joys of a far more high and noble Race;
 which neither we can express, nor you below con-
 ceive. 'Tis enough for us that we feel them in
 our Breast; 'tis enough for you as yet that ye see
 them in your Faith. Even our lesser Happinesses in-
 finitely surpass the greatest Pleasures of your dull
 World. O how agreeable is the Company we en-
 joy!

joy! how delightful the meeting of our old Acquaintance! with whom we have pray'd, and wept, and suffer'd; with whom we spake of this Day, and of this Place: With whom we now can safely sing, free from the scorn and malice of our Enemies: Blessed for ever be the goodness of our God, that has brought us hither to his own Palace. This is not like our Cottages of Clay, nor the loathsome Prisons where we lay in Fetters. This chearful Melody is not like our old Complaints; nor the threatening Words of our stern Oppressors. The Scene is chang'd, and for our World of Miseries, behold we enjoy a Paradise of endless Felicity. Here we shall live, and ever live; here we shall praise our God, and ever praise him: Thus sings the Church triumphant, and thus shall we; if we practise diligently the Lessons they have taught us. If we inure our selves to the same blest Notes on Earth, and live in tune with our holy Songs, we shall hereafter be admitted to their Quires, and sing as long, and as loud as they.

MEDITATION III.

TAKE courage now, my Soul, and chase away thy Doubts; far more are with us than against us. The Almighty God is on our side, and all his Hosts of Ministering Spirits. Our great Creator looks on to excite us; our gracious Redeemer comes down to instruct us: The blessed Spirit is within us, to confirm our Hearts; and the whole Trinity ready to crown our Victories: Whom shall we then fear, when we are thus safely guarded? Who can resist so invincible a strength? None but our own corrupted nature dare contend, and the unlucky accidents that conspire with it against us; Sometimes surprizing our own wary negligence; sometimes defeating even our strongest

est resolves. Not that they can compel our Wills, unless we yield; or make the least wound without our consent. Much less prevail against the Power of Heaven, and frustrate the purpose of the Almighty Wisdom: Whose Mercy has us'd more arts to save us, than the craft of Vice can invent to destroy us. Such a Redemption so miraculously wrought; such holy Sacraments, so often repeated, such glorious promises so faithfully assur'd; and which revives our hope, so easily attain'd. O infinite goodness, how generous is thy Love! how liberally extended over all the World! Thou invitest little Children to come to thee; and the lame, and the blind to sit down at thy Feast. None are shut out of Heaven, but such as will not go in; none made unhappy, but those who care not to be otherwise. Cheer then thy self, my Heart, and let no fears molest thee; nor even Death it self abate thy courage. Death is a passage that was always short, and our Saviour's death hath made it safe to them that follow him in their lives: By the practice of the Saints it is grown familiar; and by their happy success become desirable. Lose not then thy hope in so glorious an enterprise; where Eternity is at stake, and Heaven is the Reward. That Heaven for which the Ancient Hermits sought devout retirements in the Deserts: That Heaven for which the holy Confessors spent all their time; and innumerable Martyrs laid down their dearest Lives: That Heaven, where Millions of Angels continually sing; and all the blessed make one Quire: That Heaven where the adored Jesus eternally Reigns; and the Immortal Deity shines bright for ever: That very Heaven is promis'd to thee, my Soul; that blest Eternity thou art commanded to hope for. Raise now thy head, and see those beauteous Prospects, that ravish the Hearts of all their beholders; Yonder, far above the Stars;

is thy Saviour's Kingdom; yonder we must dwell, when we leave this Earth. Yonder must our Souls remove to rest, when the stroke of Death shall divide them from their Bodies: And when the Almighty Power shall join them again, yonder must we live with our God for ever.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Most gracious and bountiful King of Saints! It was by thy sufficient grace afforded to them, that any of thy Saints were able to do much good, and to suffer much evil for thy sake: They acknowledged it was not they that did any good, but it was Christ that lived in them. O Lord! to whom then should we go but unto thee for assistance, to follow those that have been Followers of Thee: To thee, O Lord, we must address ourselves, and to Thee alone; for thou alone art the Dispenser of that Grace we need: And we thank thee, thou hast given us such assurance of thy good Will, in taking our nature, and dying for us, that we know not, nor need desire one more tender than thou, and more ready to help us. O Lord, direct us we Pray, to find the footsteps of thy Flock, and enable us to follow the blessed track, that we may come at last to the happy rest thou givest them. Pity, O Lord, the Infirmities of thy Servants, and quicken our slowness by the example of thy Saints: What we see they have done for the love of Jesus let us be ambitious to do; what they patiently suffer'd, let us neither sinfully decline, nor undergo with murmuring and discontent: Make us especially, O Lord, to remember what thou hast done and suffer'd, to set before our selves thy bright example, the Light of which directed them: And make us mindful too of what thou promisest, what they have gain'd by following thee, that their Names

according to thy promise are written in the Book of Life; and they shall be exalted to sit with thee on thy high Throne. O bounteous Lord, the only Author of all we have, the only object of all we hope! As thou hast prepared a Heaven for us, O may thy Grace prepare us for it: O make us live the Life of the Just, and let our last end be like theirs; that we may die the death of the Just, and live for ever in that blest Society; and in that blest Society may for ever sing thy Praise, and say, To him that loved us, and washed us from our Sins in his own Blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God, and his Father, to him be Glory and Dominion for ever and ever. *Amen.*

H Y M N XXXIV.

TELL me, ye glorious Stars that shine
About the Lamb's celestial Throne,
How, from such Bodies once as mine,
Are you to this great brightness grown.

Hark, with one Voice they thus reply,
This to the Lamb's desert is due;
His humble Death rais'd him so high,
And us his faithful Followers too.

With one Voice, this too they will say,
Our Lord taught us the happy Skill,
By his bright Steps to guide our way,
And follow his blest Followers still.

As we saw they had set their Mind,
And rul'd their course, we order'd ours;
This State alone we both design'd,
And up towards this strein'd all our Powers.

Taught by wise Temperance, we abstain'd
From Earth's low Joys for greater Goods;
And slighting little Drops, we gain'd
Full sweet and everlasting Floods.

Well arm'd with Fortitude, we bare
All lesser Evils, worse to fly;
And mortal death we durst out-dare,
That we might not for ever die.

Strict Justice we observ'd by giving
To every one their utmost due;
That all in peace and order living,
All freely might this Heaven pursue.

But Prudence govern'd all the rest,
Prudence, that made us still apply
That which was fittest, and was best
To advance greatest *Charity*.

On these swift golden wheels of Grace,
That Loves bright fiery Chariot bear,
We all arriv'd at this bright place,
O follow us, and do not fear.

O certain Truths! O blest Attesters!
O that all yet on Earth might prove
Of both these things such strong digesters,
That both these things might feed their love.

Him, who hath made us all for this,
Him, who hath made himself our way,
Him, that will lead us into Bliss,
May all Men praise, and all obey.

Amen.

DEVO.

DEVOTIONS

FOR THE

Holy-Days.

The Second Part.

FOR THE

F E A S T S

OF OUR

BLESSED SAVIOUR.

For the Morning.

MEDITATION I.

COME, let us ascend to the House of our Lord, and celebrate this day with a holy Joy; imploring his Mercy in all we need, and blessing his Bounry for all we have: He is our God, and we are his People, created by his goodness to be happy for ever; He is our Redeemer, and we his Purchase, restor'd by his Death to a forfeited Happiness; to Day let us adore our God that Redem'd

ns. Praise our Lord, all ye Nations of the Earth; Praise him with the Voice of Joy and of Thanksgiving; Praise him with the well tun'd strings of our Hearts; Praise him with the sweetest Instrument, and chearful Obedience: Let every one that pretends to felicity, sing immortal Praises to the God of our salvation: He is our full and all-sufficient Redeemer; he has perfectly finish'd what he graciously undertook; for all our Trespases he has made Satisfaction, for all our Forfeitures he has paid the Ransom: We by our Disobedience were banisht from Paradise, and he has received us into his own Kingdom: He has set up a Kingdom of Grace on Earth, to prepare us for his Kingdom of Glory: We wandred up and down in the Wilderness of Error, and he has guided us into the way of Truth: We were by nature Children of wrath, and he has mediated our Peace with his offended Father: We were become the Slaves of sin, and he has bought our Freedom with his own Blood: We were in Bondage to the dominion of Satan, and he has overcome and confin'd his Power: We were in danger of sinking into Hell, and he has sav'd us from that bottomless Pit: The Gates of Heaven were shut against us, and he went up himself, and opened them to all Believers; dissolving for ever the terrours of Death, and rendring it now but a passage into Life. O dearest Lord, who mad'st us first of nothing, and restor'd us again when we had undone our selves! Who wouldst at any rate redeem us from Misery, at any rate procure our Felicity: How came we wretches to be so considered! How came we Sinners to obtain such Favour! that from thy Throne of Glory, where Seraphims ador'd thee, thou shouldst descend on our Earth, where Slaves would affront thee: That thou shouldst lead a Life of Poverty and labour, and in perfect Innocence die a Death
of

of shame and sorrow: That thou should'st do all this for such contemptible worms as we, without the least concern or benefit to thy self; only to raise us up from our humble dust, and set us to shine amongst thy glorious Angels. O infinite Goodness, the bounteous Author of all our hopes! What shall we say to thy excessive Charity? O gracious Lord, and mighty deliverer from all our fears! What shall we render for thy unspeakable Mercies? We cannot chuse but search over all we have, but we can find nothing to return but what thou hast given us: We will therefore use the gifts thou hast bestowed on us, according to thy direction, and give the Praise to Thee of what we do well: All the Glory of our Salvation we will ascribe to thee, and to thee alone, as the great cause who hast begun, and will at length finish it: By thee we will always say we do good, and not lean to our own Understandings; by thee we will expect our Reward, and never rely upon our own Merits.

H Y M N XXXV.

Sweet Jesu, why, why dost thou love
Such worthless things as we?
Why is thy Heart still towards us,
Who seldom think on thee?

Thy Bounry gives us all we have,
And we thy Gifts abuse;
Thy Bounty gives us ev'n thy self,
And we thy self refuse.

My Soul, and why, why do we love
Such worthless things as these;
These that withdraw us from our Lord,
And his pure Eyes displease?

Break

Break off, and be no more a Child,
 To run, and swear, and cry,
 While all this stir, this huge concern,
 Is only for a Fly:

Some silly Fly that's hard to catch,
 And nothing when 'tis caught;
 Such are the Toys thou striv'st for here,
 Not worth a serious Thought.

Break off, and raise thy manly Eye
 Up to those Joys above;
 Behold, all those thy Lord prepares
 To woo, and crown thy Love.

Alas, dear Lord, I cannot love,
 Unless thou draw my Heart;
 Thou, who thus kindly mak'st me know,
 Q make me do my part.

Still do thou love me, O my Lord!
 That I may still love Thee;
 Sill make me love thee, O my God!
 That thou may'st still love me.

Thus may my God, and my poor Soul,
 Still one another love,
 Till I depart from this low World,
 T' enjoy my God above.

To Thee, great God, to thee alone,
 One Co eternal Three,
 All Pow'r and Praise, all Joy and Bliss;
 Now, and for ever be.

Amen.

MEDI-

MEDITATION III.

PROCEED, my Soul, to celebrate the Praises of thy Lord; go on with fresh attention to remember the Mercies of thy God; whose Wisdom has contriv'd to save Mankind by so compendious a method as may be express in one short Word: He saw the only cause of all our ruin, was our Love misplac'd on this present World: He saw the only remedy of all our Misery, was to fix our Love on the World to come: This therefore was his great Intent, and in this concentr'd all his Merits; to possess us with Love, the end of Faith, and greatest of divine Graces; to change the byass of our wrong-set Hearts, by establishing among us new motives of Charity; such as might strongly incline our Affections, and efficaciously draw us to Love our true Good; such as might gain by degrees upon all Mankind, and render Salvation easie and universal: For this he came down from his Father's Bosom, to teach us the Rules of eternal Life; that we might firmly believe those Sacred Truths, which God himself with his own Mouth has told us: For this he Convert'd so long on our Earth, to encourage and provoke us by his own Example; that we might confidently embrace those unquestionable Virtues, which God himself in his own Person had practis'd: For this he endur'd so sharp and many Afflictions, and became at last obedient to the Death; that we might patiently suffer whatever should befall us, when God himself was so treated by his Creatures: For this he so often preach'd of the Joys of Heaven, and set them before us in so clear a light; that seeing so rich a Prize hang at the end of our Race, we might run, and strive with our utmost force to obtain it: For this he ordain'd all the means of Grace, and left

us

us the Sacraments of his Body and Blood; that he might breed and nourish in us the Life of Charity, and ravish our Hearts with the sweetness of his Presence: For this he establish'd a perpetual Church, and sent the Holy Ghost to inspire and govern it; that it might be maintain'd through all Ages in Truth and Sanctity, and plant the same heavenly Seed over all the World: For this he assum'd those strange endearing Names of Friend, and Brother, and Spouse, to us Wretches; doing far more for us, O wondrous Love! than all those Names import, than all our hearts can wish. Blessed O Glorious Jesu! be the wisdom of thy Mercy, that has found so sweet and short a way to save us: Thou art, O Lord, the cause of all our Love, and Love the cause of all our Happiness: By Love we fulfil all thy Commands, and in keeping thy Commands, there is great reward: By Love we are reconcil'd from Enemies to Friends; by holy Love we are translated from Death to Life; by Love we are deliver'd from the fears of Hell; by Love we are the regenerated Heirs of Heaven; by Love we are dispos'd for that blisful Vision; by Love we are secur'd of the enjoyment of our God, who by the sole perfection of his own free Goodness can never deny himself to those that love him; else would their very loving him be a cause of great misery; since the misery of a Soul is the want of what it loves: Indeed he that is possess'd with love, is so far already a partaker of a divine nature; for thou hast told us, O Lord, that God is Love, and he that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God, and God in him. He then that loves must needs be proportionably happy too, for so much as he has of God, so much he possesses of his true good. Thus, Lord Jesus, whatever thy holy books do record of thee, in expressions suited to our low capacities: Whatever they say of thy restoring all things, and

re-

repairing again the Ruins of Mankind: All is exactly verified with this one line, which our thankful Hearts should repeat with Joy: Heaven is attain'd by Love alone, and Love alone by thee.

MEDITATION III.

STill, my Soul, let us repeat a few Lines more, to the praise of him whose Mercies are no fewer than infinite. Of him whose pity took us by the hand, and kindly led us into his own light. Of thee, O Blessed Jesu, O Lord, our God, who alone art the source of all our Happiness: The World till thou camest late wrapt in darkness; and few discern'd so much as a shadow of thee: They follow'd the Appetites of Sense and Humour; and placed their felicity in being prosperous here: Little considering the Life to come; and less the Joys that entertain that Life: This was, alas! their miserable State; and which was worse than this, they had no power to help it. How could they believe what they never heard of; or love what they never believed? How could they desire what they never lov'd, or be glad to receive what they never desir'd? It was thou, O Lord, didst first teach us our true end, the blissful Vision of the Eternal Deity. It was thou didst first teach us the true means to attain that end, by a hearty love and desire to attain it. O the blest change which thy hand has wrought! the happy Improvements which thy coming has produc'd! Now every Woman, and illiterate Man, can discourse familiarly of the highest Truths. The Creation of the World, and the fall of Adam; the Incarnation of God, and Redemption of Man; the Mystery of the Trinity, and Miracle of the Resurrection; the Day of Judgment, and State of Eternity. All these we know, but it was thou, O
Lord

Lord, who taught'st us; and by thy holy Church first spread them over the World. Now thou hast opened our Eyes, we plainly see what unassisted nature could never have reach'd. We see the framing right of our Affections here, is both cause and measure of our Happiness hereafter: If we supremely esteem the goods of the future Life, we shall find them there, and be happy. If we love Heaven with our whole Soul, and press on strongly with all our force, we shall enter it's Glories with a strange surprizing delight; and possess them for ever in a perpetual extasie: We see our Souls are made to know and perfect themselves, by the worthiest objects: We see their Nature is free, and unconfin'd; and nothing can fill them but that which is infinite. All other knowledges enlarge our faculties, and breed new desire to know still more; which if unsatisfied, we yet are miserable; since none can be happy who want their desire. Only the sight of God fills us to the brim; and infinitely overflows our utmost capacities: It fills and overflows all the powers of our Soul, with joy and wonder, and inconceivable sweetness. O blest and glorious sight! when will the happy day appear, and open to my Soul that beauteous prospect! When, dearest Lord, shall I see thee face to face! when shall I heartily at least, desire to see Thee; Thou art my full and high felicity; and only, and alone, sufficient for me.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Most gracious and adorable Jesu, who so lovedst this sinful World as to die for us, we cannot think thou wilt deny us any thing that we humbly ask of thee according to thy will. Those that believing come unto thee, thou wilt in no wise cast out: Let me then obtain, I beseech thee, these

these important favours, and whatever else thou
seest conducing to my Happiness. Teach me, I
pray effectually, that this low World can never
make me happy, that I must set my Affections
on things above. Make me seek therefore in the
first place the Kingdom of God, and the Righte-
ousness thereof; to love with my whole affections
the enjoyment of God, since nothing but love can
qualifie me for that enjoyment, and nothing with-
out that enjoyment, can ever render me happy:
O my God, make me ardently love thee that I
may eagerly desire thee, and eagerly desire thee
that I may with joyful transport enjoy thee. Make
me, O blessed Jesu, so meditate on thy infinite
Mercies, that my whole Soul may be fill'd with
the memory of thy love; that the frequent re-
membrance of it may diffuse a vigorous love of
thee into all my powers; let the mark and badge
which they all bear, be the love of Jesus. Let every
step of thy love, dear Lord, in redeeming lost Man-
kind, confirm my Soul in Love and Duty; for-
tifie me thereby against all Persecution and Dis-
couragement, and so effectually draw me into
thine own Kingdom of Glory, by thy holy Life,
and precious Death, and glorious Resurrection:
Make me to persevere in thy obedience to the
end, that I may die in thy favour, and rise again
to rejoice with thee for ever: Who with the Fa-
ther, and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reignest one
God, World without end.

Glory be to, &c.

Amen.

For

For the Evening.

MEDITATION I.

Retire now, my Soul, from thy common Thoughts, that are permitted to entertain thy less serious Hours. Retire, and call thy wandering Fancies home, and speedily range them in Peace and Order; that thou may'st be so prepar'd to hear thy Lord, who invites thee among the rest, to taste his sweetness. The Prince of Love and Bounty says; *Come to me all you that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest: Take my Yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek, and lowly in Heart; and you shall find rest to your Souls: For my yoke is easy, and my burthen is light.* Enough, dear Lord, enough is said, to draw all the World to thy holy Discipline. What can be offer'd so agreeable to our Natures, too much, alas, inclin'd to pleasure and profit? What can be offer'd so powerfully attractive, as to make our Work delightful, and then reward it? As to propose an Employment, like the Musick of Churches, devout, sweet, and gainful to the performers? Whither, O my God, should we go, but unto thee? Thou alone hast the words of eternal Life. Thou art our wise Instructor to know what to do, and our only Enabler to do what we know: Thou art the free bestower of all we have; the faithful Promiser of all we hope for. Thy kind Saviour, my Soul, has given thee a gracious Call: to thee has he sent the Invitations of the Gospel; Shall he call, and wilt thou not hear his voice, and constantly follow it till thou come to him? Wilt thou be so foolish, as still to go astray like a lost sheep, wandring
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up and down in thine own By ways? Wandering out of his ways, and the ways of Happiness, pursuing only thine own Perdition. By seeking our selves in this World of Vanity, we lose both thee, O Lord, and our own Souls. By seeking our selves in thee, and in thy Love, we find both thee, and our own Happiness. O how unspeakable are thy sweetneses, O Lord, which thou hast hid for those who fear thee, which thou hast partly reveal'd to those who love thee, and keep their taste uncorrupted with the World. But O! what are they then to those who seek thee, and in that sight see all that is necessary to their Happiness; to those who rejoice perpetually before thee; and in that joy find all joys beside! O beauteous Truth, which known, inforces Love, and which well lov'd, begets Felicity. Live thou for ever in my faithful Memory, and be my constant Guide in all my ways. Still, my Soul, let us think of the Joys above, and undervalue all things compar'd with everlasting Salvation: Still contemplate thy dear Saviour's Love, that purchased for thee all those unutterable Joys.

MEDITATION II.

MY God, when I remember those Words of thine, *Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand*: When I consider they were the first thou spakest in publick, the chosen Text of the Eternal Wisdom; I cannot think but they contain a very important Precept, and that I ought to be deeply affected with the power of the Motive. My Soul, did Christ begin his publick work with this Command? Apply then those searching Words to thy self, and bind them fast upon thee. Repent, O my Soul! for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven depends upon thy Repentance. Unhappy me,
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that I cannot live without sin, but blessed be our God, that I may obtain Pardon by my Repentance. Practise then, my Soul, that safe and easie method of censuring thy self, to be acquitted by him. Every night sit as an impartial Judge, and lay before thee all thou canst of the past day: Severely examine every thought and word, and strictly search every Deed and Omission: And since thou art not strong enough to be perfectly innocent, at least endeavour to be humble enough to be truly penitent: Say, Woe to the day and hour wherein I sinned; woe to the many days and hours I have foolishly mispent: Or rather, woe to me, who abuse my days and hours allow'd by thy goodness to work out my Salvation. Be heartily sorry for what thou hast done amiss, and make firm and wary resolutions not to do again what will make thee sorry: Implore for what is past the Mercy of Heaven, and for the time to come the same indulgent Mercy: Ask it in the Name of Jesus Christ, for 'tis only by his Blood that our Repentance can obtain the remission of our Sins. If perhaps thou find in thy Examination, that some little thing has been well done, return to God all the Glory for this, and beg his Grace to continue thy good, and improve it: His is the hand that sows the seed, his is the Blessing that gives the Increase. Thus I will once in a day at least look home, and seriously inquire into the state of my Soul: Whate'er my Malice or weakness may have done, I should now undo it, as it were, by a hearty Contrition: Let not the Sun go down upon thy Wrath, nor upon any other unrepented Sin. O happy man, that can write at the foot of his Account; *Reconcil'd to my God, and in Charity with all the World.* Such an one may go to Bed with a quiet Conscience, and fall asleep in peace and hope.

MEDITATION. III.

Lord, e'er I take my leave of this Day, which thy Church has devoted to the honour of thy Memory, I would repeat some few words more of those many incomparable ones thou hast left among us: I would attentively meditate their substantial sense, and settle them as Principles of my Life and Actions. Thou hast said, I remember, O divine Wisdom, and well worthy it is to be remember'd: *Lay not up for your selves treasures on Earth, where moth and rust do corrupt, and Thieves break through, and steal. But lay up for your selves treasures in Heaven; where neither moth nor rust do corrupt, nor Thieves break through, and steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.* Go now, you curious, and study what you please, for me; I'll stay, and listen to my Saviour: He will teach me high, and sure, and useful Truths; he'll teach me Truths that will bring me to Happiness. Only I must receive and keep the Truths he teaches me, and obey their direction in my course of Life. In vain am I told this Instruction, if I will still dote on the uncertain Goods of this World; utterly in vain, if I will not be concern'd for the more durable and certain possessions of a better. Notwithstanding this wise instruction I shall be a Fool, if I suffer my Heart to fix below, if I set my Affections on that which is not. All our few days we live here, my Soul, are full of Vanity, and our choicest pleasures are sprinkled with bitterness: The things here perish in the using, and our transitory joys vanish like a Dream. Besides, consider, there is no reason thy Heart should fix here, when thou thy self art design'd for a removal: Thou art but a meer Sojournner and stranger on Earth, and art passing hence to an Eter-

nal home. Already I am dead to all the years I have lived, and shall never live them over again: All must go down to the same dark Grave; and none can tell how soon he may be call'd: To day we are in health among our friends and neighbours, and to morrow Arrested by the hand of Death: Nature may faintly struggle for a time, but must yield at last, and be buried in the Earth. At last we must take our leave of nearest Relations, and bid a long Farewel to all the World. And how sad a thing, my Soul, will it be in that day, to have no Treasure but what thou must leave, and to leave the only Treasure that thy heart is set upon. Let thy chosen Treasure then be in Heaven, since where the Treasure is the heart will be also. Ye careless Worldlings, hear but this one word more, which our great Master has also spoken; and then I expect you will stay and observe his Instructions too, if any sense of your eternal good can hold you: Hark, he tells us this new and glorious secret; *We shall be hereafter like the Angels in Heaven.* O precious word to them that relish it, and thoroughly digest it's strong nourishment; to them that feed on it as often as their daily bread; *We shall be hereafter like the Angels in Heaven.* Those that now set their Affections on things above, shall be hereafter *like the Angels in Heaven.* And what, O dearest Lord, are those blest Angels, but Spirits that know, and love, and delight for ever. Such, O my Soul, we shall be, if we follow now the Instructions of our Saviour: We shall lead that sweet life, and be, and live *like the Angels in Heaven*: We shall know all that is true, and love all that is good; and delight in that Knowledge and Love for ever. No ignorance shall darken us, nor error deceive us, for we shall be *like the Angels in Heaven*: No Cares shall perplex us, nor Crosses afflict us, for we shall be *like the*

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the Angels in Heaven. Our joys shall be full and pure, and everlasting, for we shall be *like the Angels in Heaven.* Cheer thee, my Soul, and bless thy bounteous Lord, by whom thou shalt be exalted to that dignity; Comfort thy self, and raise thy hopes yet gloriously higher; raise them to the expectation of more than thou canst conceive, for so much yet more is intended for thee; so much more is included in those wonderful words: *We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.*

P E T I T I O N S.

O Blessed Jesu, whose Sacred Body was laid in a Sepulcher, after thou hadst finish'd in it the work of our Redemption: Make me so frequently to renew in my mind the Memory of thy Death and burial, as may put me into a serious preparation for my own. Since thou didst not design to abide long on this Earth, let not my Heart be set on any condition here; make me to grow daily less affected to this transitory life, and more in love with thy eternal Joys: Give me, O thou that art the only giver of repentance, a truly penitent Heart, for all the past neglects of thee: Deliver me, O Lord, from the punishments my Sins deserve, and deliver me from the Sins which deserve those Punishments. Make thy self, O my ador'd Redeemer, the Master-wish of my Heart, the scope and end of all my time. Where ever I am in this unconstant World, and whatever business entertains my hand, still let my inward eye look up towards thee, and fix its sight on thy glorious face: So soon as I awake let me look up towards thee, and when I rise first bow my knees to thee: Help me often in the day to call in my thoughts to thee; and when I go to rest, close up mine Eyes in thee: Suffer me not, O Lord, to be any longer

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distracted about many things from thee, who art the one thing Necessary; but gather me up from the World into my self, and then take me up from my self into thee; there to be ravish'd with thy kind embraces, there to be feasted with the Antepasts of Heaven: So shall my time be govern'd by thy Grace, and my Eternity be crown'd with thy Glory: Grant these things, the purchases of thy precious blood, O Lord, for thine own Eternal Honour and Glory. *Amen.*

H Y M N XXXVI.

Lord, now the time returns,
For weary man to rest;
And lay aside those pains and cares,
With which our day's oppress.

Or rather change our thoughts
To more concerning cares;
How to redeem our mispent time,
With sighs, and tears, and Prayers.

How to provide for Heaven,
That place of rest and peace;
Where our full joys shall never wain,
Our Pleasures never cease.

Blest be thy Love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way;
Only to love thee for thy self,
And for that Love obey.

O thou, our Souls chief hope,
We to thy Mercy fly:
In ev'ry place thou canst protect,
And all we need supply.

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Whether we wake or sleep,
To thee we both resign;
By Night we see, as well as Day,
If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In Death we live as well as Life,
If thine in Death we be.

Glory to Thee, Great God,
One Co-eternal Three:
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Eternal Glory be.

Amen.

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FOR THE
F E A S T S
OF THE
HOLY GHOST.

For the Morning.

MEDITATION I.

Consider now, my Soul, the Mercies of my God, consider the Wonders he has wrought for the Children of Men: The Eternal Father created us of nothing, and set us in the way to everlasting Happiness; the Eternal Son came down from Heaven, to seek and restore us again to it, when we had lost our selves; the Eternal Spirit sends his Grace to sanctifie us, and gives strength to walk that holy Way. Thus every Person of the Sacred Trinity has freely contributed his peculiar Blessings, and all together, as one co-infinite Goodness, have graciously agreed to compleat our Felicity. But, O ingrateful we, Was it not enough to receive of our God all we have, and are? Was it not enough that the Son of God should

should come down and live here to teach us, and die to redeem us? Was not all this enough to make us Love? And Love is all he aim'd at, and Love is all we needed: We will confess to thee, O Lord, our miserable condition, and to the Praise of thy necessary merciful Relief: Such, alas, was the corruption of our Nature, and so many, and so strong the Temptations round about us, that without this thy last miraculous Favour, of sending the Holy Ghost to guide and quicken us, we should still have remain'd in our old dull pace, slow to understand, and slower to obey: We should have quite forgotten our God that made us, and neglected the service of our Lord that bought us; had not thy fullness been furnisht with one Blessing more, and thy goodness ready to bestow it on thy poor Creatures; hadst thou not providently reserv'd a better Blessing than the Dew of the Clouds, and farness of the Earth; better than Plenty of Corn and Wine, or the multitude of Posterity, or Dominion over our Brethren. These were the great Rewards of the old Law, but behold far greater than these are here: Divine Refreshments from the Heaven of Heavens, and the rare delicious Fruits of the Holy Ghost: Meekness and Peace, and joy diffus'd in our Breasts: Strength, and undaunted Courage, kindled in our Hearts: The strong and sweet Ardors of Divine Love, that make every Duty in our way delightful, and every Cross tolerable: A thousand sweet Embraces of the Spouse of Souls, a thousand dear Pledges of his everlasting Love: These are the great Rewards of the Law of Grace, and are given to prepare us for the Kingdom of Glory.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Come, Holy Spirit, send down those beams
Which gently flow in silent Streams,
From thy bright Throne in Heaven above:
Come, thou Enricher of the Poor,
And bounteous Source of all our Store,
Come, fill our Souls with thy pure Love.

Come, thou, our Souls delicious Guest,
The wear'd Pilgrims sweetest Rest,
The injur'd Sufferers best relief:
Come, thou our Passions cool allay,
Whose Comfort wipes all Tears away,
And into Joy turns all our Grief.

Come thou bright Sun, shoot home thy darts,
Pierce to the Center of our Hearts,
And make our living Faith love thee;
Without thy Grace, without thy Light,
Our strength is weakness, our day night,
And we can neither move nor see.

Lord, wash our sinful stains away,
Water from Heaven our barren Clay,
Our many mortal Bruises heal;
To thy sweet Yoke our stiff Necks bow,
Warm with thy fire our Hearts of Snow,
And soon our wandring feet repeal.

O grant thy Faithful, dearest Lord,
Whose only hope is thy sure Word,
The saving gifts of thy good Spirit;
Grant us in Life to obey thy Grace,
Grant us at Death to see thy Face,
And Heaven's Eternal Joys inherit.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One ever living Deity,

All Power ascribe, and Bliss, and Praise.
As at the first when time begun,
May the same Homage still be done,
While time does last, when time decays.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

HOW glorious, O Lord, is thy Grace over all the World! How admirable are the influences of thy Spirit: They who through dulness so slowly understood the often repeated Lessons of their divine Master; now when the Spirit descended upon them, did with the first swift glance see through all, and no Mystery could pose, nor Error deceive them. They, who through fear forsook their Lord, and fled away from the danger of being his; now do rejoice in suffering for his Name, and neither Life nor Death can forbid them to confess him: They who knew only their Mother-tongue, and that no better than as simple Fishermen; now speak to every Nation in their several Language, and with their powerful Eloquence ravish their Hearts: They, who after our Saviour's Resurrection, shut fast the doors for fear of the *Jews*; now in the open Streets, and publick Synagogues, confidently proclaim the Name of Jesus. These were new bottles fill'd with new Wine; Wine, that made them quite forget their former selves: Wine, that exalted them into a generous Spirit of despising all things for the love of Jesus. Wine, that in the midst of Racks and Prisons, made them often break forth into that sweet extasie; no joy like the pain of suffering for Jesus, no Life like the Death endur'd
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for his Love. O, were there now such tongues of fire, to kindle in the World those divine flames ! O, were there now such Hearts in the World to receive the holy Sparks that fall from Heaven ! The Apostle *Peter* preach'd but one Sermon, and immediately there were converted to Thee three thousand Souls ; he preach't again, and wrought but one Miracle, and five thousand more were added to the Church : Thus every day they encreas'd in number, and which was better, their number encreas'd in Verrue. They were all incbricated with the same heavenly Wine, and all fill'd with the same Heroick Spirit : They sold all they had, and brought the price, and laid it down at the Apstole's feet : They liv'd in an Innocent community, and call'd nothing their own, even in their will and understanding there were all united. Every one had enough, and that is to be rich ; none had too much, and that is to be free ; free from the cares that perplex the wealthy, free from the temptations that wait on superfluity : Hadst thou been there, my Soul, to have seen the flaming ardour of those first converts ; it would have made thee utterly asham'd of all sloath, and coldness. You may easily suppose, you might have heard them saying such passionate words as these from a mixture of grief and love : Ah, dearest Lord, why were we not so happy, as to be converted by thee, while thou lived'st amongst us ? Why not to entertain Salvation, when thou broughtest it to our homes ; and didst prefer our little Nation before all the World ? Unhappy we in our neglect and perverseness, which were the causes of our Infidelity : We lookt on thy many kind miracles, O Lord, and did not see them. Before our Eyes thou didst give sight to the Blind, and our Souls were dark with Sin and Prejudice : Thou didst cleanse the Leprous, and heal all manner of Diseases ;

ses; thou didst raise the Dead, and cast out Devils with a Word: Yet we, alas, how many of us blasphem'd thy Name! how many conspir'd with thy bloody Crucifiers! We cried out among the tumultuous rabble, Away with him, away with him, crucifie him, crucifie him; for we knew thee not then to be the Lord of Glory. Blessed be thy holy Spirit, who has opened our Eyes, and made us see through the veil that eclips'd thy lustre: Now we believe thee the *Messias* we expected, now we acknowledge thee the King of Israel.

MEDITATION III.

PROCEED, my Soul, a little further to meditate on the mighty works of the Holy Spirit, and with their greatness admire his Power; and with their goodness his Bounty and Love. When, Lord, thou didst descend into our wretched World, then was that Word of thy faithful Prophet fulfill'd: *The Wolf shall dwell with the Lamb, the Leopard shall lie down with the Kid: The Calf, and the Young Lion, and the Fatling shall be together; and even a little Child shall lead them.* They, who in the day of our Saviour's Passion, fiercely persecuted him like Lions and Wolves; thou didst easily convert many of them into innocent Sheep, and join them with the rest of his harmless Flock. Those that were covetous as wolves, thy powerful Grace made them liberal; those that were fierce, and proud as Lions, it made humble and meek: Those that had been intemperate as Swine, were made sober; and they that were lustful as Goats, became chaste: They were all join'd together in the bonds of pure Charity, and submitted to the government of the meek and poor Apostles: Then was the worship of God not a burden but a delight; not a diversion but a business to the ardent

dent love thou didst inspire. The Disciples continued daily in the Apostles Doctrine; humbly attending to their saving Instructions: Daily they broke the holy Bread; and celebrated the appointed Supper of our Lord; inflaming thereby their love to him, and confirming their holy Faith, and resolutions: Daily they assembled to unite their Prayers, being fill'd with the Spirit of Grace and Supplications: Thus they obey'd thy Dictates, and thus they encreas'd in the measure of thy Gifts, and the strength of thy Graces: Such were the fervours of those happy times; and, O how Happy were our times, had we those fervours too: But our times, alas, are become miserable, by Schisms, and Heresies, and the darkness that covers a great part of the World: Ours are become miserable by the defect of Charity; and by the scandalous examples of too many Christians: Many are scandalous in the Principles which they profess, to the disparagement of our Lord's instructions; and many others in their vicious Conversations, which disparage his wise and pure Precepts: Too many, alas! there are of these, yet the Gates of Hell can never prevail against the power of God: Still the same Spirit visits the World, and keeps alive, in some, the same Primitive Fire: Still there are some Hearts full of the Holy Ghost, full of the ravishing Wine of Divine Love: Still there are some who renounce the World, and readily take up the Cross, and follow our Lord: Still the Almighty Goodness is true to his Church, and keeps it One, and Holy, and Universal: Still the Holy Spirit, thanks be to his unwearied goodness, maintains in his Church some burning and shining Lights. He, that as a Wind breaths where he listeth, and is the free Dispenser of his own Gifts is often found of those that seek him not, and

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vouchsafes to strive with them that resist him. Though the ungrateful World abuses his blessings, yet he has not utterly withdrawn himself from the ungrateful World. Yet O, ye Sons of *Adam*, consider what your Maker has said; my Spirit shall not always strive with Man. If this refining Fire does not purge you from your wickedness, the flames of his wrath will devour your World, and you.

P E T I T I O N S.

O Kind and gracious Spirit, who art often near to us, when we are far from thee; often ready to grant, when we are unmindful to ask: Vouchsafe now to hear these few humble Petitions which thy Grace disposes me to present. I pray, O Lord, for the good Estate of thy Catholick Church: Fit and dispose thy Servants first to entertain thee, then graciously vouchsafe to descend into our hearts: Fill us, O Holy Ghost, and our little Vessels, and as thou fillest us enlarge our Capacities: Make us the more we receive of thee, still grow in desire of receiving more, till we ascend to those satisfying Joys above, where all our Faculties shall be stretch'd to the utmost; where they shall all be fill'd to the brim, and overflow'd with a Torrent of Pleasure: Make us fit to entertain thee, and then possess us with the holy fire of Meekness and Peace; that all the World may know whose Disciples we are, by seeing us love one another. O deliver us from the contrary fire, the fire of the false and evil Spirit, that scorches without warming, and smoaks without shining, and consumes without enlightning. Deliver us from Schism and Heresie, and every the least uncharitable Passion. Vouchsafe to give us the Spirit of Fortitude, the spirit of Temperance, Justice and Prudence,

dence, the spirit of Wisdom, Understanding and Counsel; the spirit of Knowledge, Piety, and the fear of thee; the spirit of Patience and Benignity; the spirit of Humility, Sobriety and Chastity. And bring, we pray thee, the whole World into thy one Flock; that all may enjoy the same mind hereafter. Grant these things, O Lord, for the Merits of our only Mediator, Jesus Christ.

Glory be to &c.

Amen.

For the Evening.

MEDITATION I.

WE are not our own, but the Temples of the Holy Ghost; let us dedicate our selves entirely to his Service. Come, let us now again prepare our Hearts, and humbly offer this our Evening Sacrifice. Who will give me this happy favour, that I may now find my God alone; that I may find him in the silence of retirement, where the noise of this World can no way interrupt us, but that my God may speak to me, and I to him, as dearest friends converse together: That I may unfold before him all my wants, and freely ask the Charity of his Counsel. What shall I do, O gracious Lord, to be happy here? What shall I do to be happy hereafter? Nature already has thus far taught me, that in all I undertake I seek mine own good: Only I have cause to fear I may mistake that good, and set up a vain Idol instead of thee; unless, my God, the Spirit of Truth vouchsafe to instruct me, and shew my Soul it's true Felicity. Hark, my Soul, how the eternal Wisdom gives thee

thee Advice, and let every word sink deep into thee: Seek with thy first endeavours the Kingdom of Heaven, and all things else shall be added to thy wish. Love with thy whole Affections the enjoyment of thy God, and all things else shall conspire to thy Happiness: All these my Lips confess are excellent Truths, but my Life, O God, is not so ready to confess them. I cannot perfectly overcome my Passions, nor guide them so as to tend steadily towards thee. Often do they draw me into sin, by setting me upon the pursuit of this World. While they are mine I cannot govern them; behold, dear Lord, I offer them to thee, to be subjected in all their Motions to thy Laws, and entirely employ'd in thy Service: That my fond heart may be wean'd from the follies of this World, and it's Apperites quicken'd to thy solid Joys: That I may hunger and thirst perpetually after thee, and those glorious Promises thou hast made to thy Servants: That my whole Soul may seek thee alone, since thou alone, O Lord, art all my Heaven. O glorious God, my Life, my Joy, and the only fit Center of all our Hopes; were my too unsteady Soul once firmly united to thee, and could I relish the true sweetness of thy presence, how would all other Company seem dull and tedious, and the whole World be even bitter to my tast! How would my thoughts cleave fast to thee, and gladly Seal this everlasting Covenant: If thou, O Lord, wilt dwell with me, my Heart shall continually attend on thee. Night and Day will I sing thy Praises, and all my life long adore thy Mercies.

MEDITATION II.

WHen, O my Soul, shall thy God find thee alone; free from those busie thoughts that fill thy head? O with what ready Charity would he then instruct thee, and let thee into his blessed Secrets! Himself would become thy familiar guest, and dwell with thee in perpetual joy. Strive then to clear thy self of all other thoughts, that fill thee at best with nothing but emptiness. Remember, thy God is a pure Spirit, and delights to dwell in a clean Tabernacle. He will not entertain a Soul that regards any Sin, nor stay where he finds his Grace neglected. If he Vouchsafe the blessing of a Visit, and O how sweet and ravishing is his presence! let us open wide our Bosoms to receive him, and summon all our Powers to entertain him. Say, Come my Understanding, and bring all thou knowest; all that enlightens thee in the way to Felicity. Come, my Will, and call in all thy Loves, and contract them into one, and settle them here for ever. Come, my Memory, but lay aside thy swarm of Notions, and forget them all but what concerns thy Eternity. Come, my whole Soul, with these Faculties about thee, and prostrate adore the Eternal Spirit. Behold he now is nigh, and sits in the devout heart as on the Throne he delights in. In devout retirement, and calm silence, he will familiarly speak to us, and teach us what shall be for our good. Come then and with devoutest reverence attend, my Soul, to what now thy God will say: Let thy Understanding be ready to assent to his Truths; thy Will to follow his divine Inspirations: Thy Memory to treasure up his sacred Instructions, and all thy Powers to acknowledge his glorious Attributes. The blessed Spirit will not only visit but dwell in thee,
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if thou entertain and obey him as he justly requires. He will never forsake thee, unless thou chase him away, but will guide and comfort thee with his holy Inspirations. Resolve then, that the Flesh shall deceive thee no more, nor draw thee to disoblige the Holy Spirit. If the Flesh grow bold, and insolently demand, How can you live without sinful Liberties? Here thou the Spirit, and he will tell thee, they are base Slaves that serve sensual Lusts, and the Service of God is the only true Freedom. If the Flesh alledge, What joy is there in suffering Ills, or doing contrary to our own Inclinations? Harken to the Spirit, who will tell thee, the Cross of Christ is sweet, and nothing is so glorious as the Conquest of our selves. If the Flesh insist, What do you see, or hear, or exercise any sense in, but the things of this World? Regard the Spirit rather, who will enter his protest, and make every devout Soul subscribe this Truth: I see the vanity of this World, and its vexations, and meet in every thing danger and falsehood. Say then, according to the dictates of the Spirit, Away Flesh and Blood, with your foolish Inclinations; away deceitful World, with thy bewitching Vanities. You were only created to serve in the way to my Father's House, and to set me down at my journey's end. Away with all your fond deluding Dreams; be banish'd for ever from my awaken'd Soul.

MEDITATION III.

HAPPY were we, O God, could we be still thinking on thee, and could we raise our thoughts into desires to be with thee. Happy were we, could we always feel those fervours of which sometimes thou inspir'st a little spark: If that spark were kindled into a Fire, and that

Fire blown up in a continual Flame. But we, alas! are hot and cold by fits, and which is worse, our cold fit is the longer. Some few half hours we spend in Prayer, and many whole days in Vanity and Idleness. Sometimes we bestow a little on the poor, and often throw a great deal away on our Passions. Sometimes we deny and mortify our selves, but far more often obey our sensual Appetites. Sometimes we follow thy Grace, and are drawn by it to do one good Work; but we are again seduc'd by our Nature to a thousand Iniquities, and then, we resist and grieve the Holy Spirit. Thus we confess to thee, O Lord our God, who perfectly see'st every corner of our hearts: Thus we confess to thee, not that thou may'st know us, but that we may know our selves, and thou may'st cure us: To thee, Lord, I may go on confessing, for many are the Graces I want, and none can give them but thy Bounty: Many are the sins and miseries thy poor Creature is expos'd to, and none can deliver me but thy Providence. Such an occasion often endangers me, and such a Temptation so often overcomes me: My own infirmities are too strong for me, and my ill customs prevail against me: Every day I resolve to amend, and every day I break my resolutions: Often am I unhappily engag'd, and blindly running on in the ways of Death; and then I need thy Grace, O Lord, to check my desperate speed, and to make me stay, and look before me, to shew me the horrid down-fall into that bottomless Pit where impenitent sinners are swallow'd up for ever: To strike my too regardless Soul with fear and trembling at the dreadful sight of so sad a ruin. I need thy powerful Grace, O Lord, to turn my eyes from the allurements of sin to a safer Prospect: To make me sensibly Meditate on the Peace and Pleasure, and great advantage of a Pious Life:
To

To make me look steadily on this, and well consider it, and besides to look through and see beyond it: To make me delight in the hope it enjoys, a hope of Joys that are unconceivable and glorious: Joys which none, O Lord, but thou canst give, and none but thou canst make us capable to receive. O Lord, all our Springs are in thee, and all our Happiness depends on thee: In thee our Sorrows have a Comforter to allay them, our Sins an Advocate to plead against them: In thee our Ignorances have a guide to direct them, and all our Frailties a God to relieve them. To thee therefore we will continually address our selves, and rely only upon thy care and conduct: To thee we will with humble confidence direct our Petitions, who promise to help the Infirmary of our Prayers; we will not doubt the graciousness or bounty of thy goodness, but hope thou wilt grant whatever thy Words give us leave to ask: And above all things we will seek thy self, being assur'd that the Holy Spirit shall be given to them that ask him.

P E T I T I O N S.

O God the Holy Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy upon me, miserable sinner. O God of infinite compassion, and comforter of penitent minds, have mercy upon me, sorrowful sinner. I lament, O Lord, and beseech thee to pardon my sins past, and to prevent the repetition of my sins and follies for the future. Cure me, O thou great Physician of Souls, cure me of all my sinful distempers: Cure me of this anguish, intermitting Piety; and fix it in an even constant Holiness. O make me use Religion as my regular diet, and not only as a single Medicine in a pressing necessity: So shall my Soul be possess'd of a sound health, and dispos'd for a long, even an

everlasting Life. Come to all thy Servants, O blessed Spirit of Faith, and govern our Lives with thy Holy Maxims; subdue our Sense to the dictates of Reason, and perfect our Reason with the Mysteries of Religion. Teach us to love and fear what we see not now, but what we are sure will be our Bliss, or Misery hereafter. Shew us the narrow way which leads to Life, which few without thee can find or follow. Guide on thy Church in the middle path of Virtue; that we never decline to any vicious extream: Let not our Faith grow wild with superfluous branches; nor be stript into a naked fruitless trunk: Let no our hope swell up to a rash presumption, nor shrink away into a faint despair: Let not our Charity be cool'd into a faint indifferency; nor heated into a furious Zeal: Give us, O gracious Lord, the free Beginner and Finisher of all good actions, give us a right Spirit to guide our intentions, that we may constantly aim at our true end; give us a holy Spirit to sanctifie our affections, that what we rightly design, we may piously pursue; give us an Heroick Spirit to confirm our Hearts, that what we piously endeavour we may courageously atchieve: Grant these things, O Lord, for thine own Glory, to whom all Glory is due for ever.

Amen.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Come, my vain thoughts, that wandering fly
At every Toy which passes by;
Still spending so your Strength in vain
While what you wish you ne'er can gain.

Come, my fond Soul, who sure must be
Quite tir'd with all this Life can see;
This Life, where little can be seen;
But reigning misery and sin.

And

And cheating Images of Good,
Most valu'd when least understood ;
Which yet to our pursuits are coy,
As they prove vain when we enjoy.

Come, let the Wings of thy desire,
Fond Man, to nobler things aspire ;
Implore the Spirit's kind Gales, and He
To nobler Things will carry thee.

Let warm Devotions, holy Fire,
And Love Divine thy Breast inspire ;
So shalt thou Heaven's true pleasures taste,
And grow more fit for Heaven at last.

Seek thou no more abroad thy rest,
Seek it at home in thine own Breast ;
Let but thy Mind from Guilt be clear,
Then seek for all thy Comfort there.

With thy self, and thy gracious God,
Delight to make thy chief abode ;
In him repose secure and free,
And no mischance can trouble thee.

Should Death it self thy Walls assail,
Still thou art safe, and canst not fail ;
Still is thy Soul thine own, and she
To a new House remov'd shall be.

New, and Eternal there above,
All built and furnish with pure Love ;
There shall this dark mud-wall of thine
Repair'd, the brightest Stars out-shine.

Great Spirit of Love, and Source of Peace,
Our praise of thee shall never cease ;
To Thee, the Father and the Son,
Eternal Homage shall be done.

Amen.
FOR

FOR THE
F E A S T S
 OF THE
S A I N T S.

For the Morning.

M E D I T A T I O N I.

Great is the Majesty of the King we serve,
 and rich the Splendor of his Courts;
 where the humble Saints all shine as the
 Light, and rejoice in uninterrupted Felicity:
 Come, let us that call our selves by his Name,
 humbly adore the King of Saints; let us meet in
 Peace and Love, which are highly pleasing to him,
 and join our Hearts and Voices into one glad
 Song. And which of his wondrous Works shall
 we make our Theam? Which shall be the worthy
 subject of our Contemplation and Praise? Shall
 we admire the mighty Conquerors of this World?
 Or any of the great Ones, whom the World ap-
 plauds;

plauds? Shall we admire the Men of deep or universal Learning? Or those that manage all their worldly Affairs with a dexterous and successful Wisdom? Oh no, there are greater things than these to employ our Admiration; those blessed Spirits who bravely overcame themselves, and that led in triumph their own Passions; those who renounc'd the greatness of this World to be rid of its incumbrances, and that they might with more ease and speed prepare themselves for a better: Those, who learned Jesus Christ so as to imitate him well, and were so wise as to work out their Salvation; those, who from mean and poor on Earth, from reproach'd and despis'd, are advanced to be bright Courtiers in the Kingdom of Heaven, and honour'd by the King of Saints. Rejoice thou, my Soul, who feelest these miseries here, and often complainest of the dangers of this Life: Rejoice at their glad delivery from all these sorrows, and heartily congratulate their secure Felicity: Rejoice, and with thy best instructed thoughts admire the exquisite Wisdom of the divine Providence; who from such low beginnings can raise so great effects, making every step thrust con-naturally on the next. Behold a little Seed that is buried in the Earth, shoot gently out its tender leaves, and nourish'd on with the Clouds and Sun, climb up by degrees into a tall Stalk; there it displays its full blown hope, and crowns its own Head with a silver Lilly. Such is the Progress of immortal Souls, even those who shine now among the highest Seraphims: At first shut up in their Mothers Womb, where they lie confin'd close Prisoners in the dark; thence they come forth to see and hear, and slowly begin to walk and speak; next they advance to understand and discourse, then learn to fly with the Wings of Grace, till they get up even beyond themselves, and believe above their own nature;

ture; at last the kindly Hand of Death gives them a stroak, and they instantly become like the glorious Angels: Instantly their dark and narrow Knowledge unfolds it self, and spreads into a clear and spacious view; where they at once shall see the Glories of Heaven, at once possess, and for ever enjoy them. Thus from the humble Seed of Grace, con-naturally spring the flowers of Glory, and from this Life's green stem of Hope, grow just on the top of the Lilies of Paradise: Lilies that never fade, but still shine on, and fill the Heavens with beauteous sweetness: Lilies, that even *Solomon* in all his Glory was, not array'd like one of these. Sing then, my Soul, his Praise, who Planted, water'd and encreas'd, these beauteous Flowers: But still among thy Hymns thou must mingle Resolves, to imitate whatsoever thou findest good in their Lives. This is the Praise most delightful to him, whose kindness desires the Conversion of a Sinner. Learn but of them to be humble and Meek, and submit all thy Wishes to the Will of Heaven; to govern thy Senses by the Rule of Reason, and thy Reason by the dictates of Religion; to design thy whole Life in order to thy End, and establish for thy end the Bliss of Eternity. These holy Lessons let thy Life transcribe, and then the King will accept thy Praises.

H Y M N XXXIX.

WAke all my Hopes, lift up your Eyes,
And crown your Heads with Mirth;
See how they shine beyond the Skies,
Who once dwelt on our Earth.

Peace, busie thoughts, away vain cares,
That clog us here below;
Let us go up above the Spheres,
And with those Orders bow.

Bow

Bow low to Heaven's Eternal King,
Whose bounteous goodness 'tis,
That makes the happy Orders sing,
And fills the place with Bliss.

With glorious Angels, Heirs of Light,
The high-born Sons of Fire;
Whose Heats burn chaste, whose Flames shine bright,
All Joy, yet all Desire.

With Holy Saints, who long in hope
On this Life's green Stem fate;
But gain'd at length the beauteous top
Of Heaven's resplendent State.

With great Apostles of the Lamb,
Who brought that early ray,
Which from our Sun reflected came,
And made our first fair day.

With generous Martyrs, whose strong hearts
Bravely rejoic'd to prove,
How weak, pale Death, are all thy darts,
Compar'd to those of Love.

With steadfast Confessors who dy'd
A Death too, Love did give;
Whilst their own Flesh they crucifi'd
To make the Spirit live.

With beauteous Virgins, whose chaste Vows
Renounc'd all fond desires;
Who wisely chose our Lord their Spouse,
And burnt with his pure fires.

With all the happy Spirits above,
Who make that glorious Ring

About

About the sparkling Throne of Love,
And there for ever sing.

To some low place of that bright Quire,
While loftier Notes they raise,
Let this thy little Wreath aspire,
And join their Crowns of Praise.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One ever-living Lord ;
As at the first still may he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd.

Amen.

M E D I T A T I O N II.

THou art our King too, O blessed Jesu ; and we, alas, thy unprofitable Subjects : We cannot praise thee like those thine own bright Quires above, yet will humbly offer our little Tribute ; and while with thy present goodness to us, we consider thy great bounty to them ; the glorious hopes which we from thence conceive, give our Praises the more spritely accents : O praise our Lord, we are constrain'd to say, all the powers of our Souls ; praise the immortal King of Saints and Angels ; Praise him as the Author of all their Graces ; praise him as the Finisher of all their Glories : Praise him for the mighty Host of Angels, whom he sets about us for the guard of our Lives ; that they may safely keep us in all our ways, and conduct our Souls at last to their eternal home. Praise him for the consecrated Company of Apostles, to whom he reveal'd the Mysteries of his Kingdom ; that they might teach us too those heavenly Truths, and shew us the same blest way to Felicity : Praise him for the generous fortitude of Martyrs, whom he strengthened with Courage to resist even to death ; that we might learn of them to hold fast
our

our Faith, and rather lose this Life, than hazard the other: Praise him for the eminent Sanctity of Confessors; whose whole design was a course of Heroick Vertue: That we might raise our Minds from our usual lazy flight; and with a quick and active Wing mount up toward Heaven. Praise him for the Angelical Purity of those Virgins, whose Hearts he so inflam'd with his Divine Charity, that they would admit no such Desires as would bring upon them other cares besides those of pleasing himself alone: And pray him to possess thee too with such a fervent love to him the Spouse of Souls, as may make the regard with great indifferency even the best of this World's Goods. Praise him for the excellent holiness of all his Saints, whose lives he has moulded into so various shapes, that every sort of ours might be readily furnisht with a pattern cut out and fitted for it self. O praise our Lord, all you powers of my Soul! Praise the immortal King of Saints and Angels: Praise every Person of the sacred Diety; for every Person has concurr'd in these glorious works; say, Blessed for ever be the Eternal Father, who has fixt his Angels in so high a Happiness: Triumph, bright Angels on your radiant Thrones, and shine continually in the presence of your God: Blessed for ever be the Eternal Son, whose love has exalted weeds of Earth to be flowers of Paradise. There as they shall Eternally grow and shine, their lustre shall always redound to his Glory: Blessed for ever be the Eternal Spirit, whose Grace prepares the Saints for Glory; where every happy Saint rejoices in his own felicity, and every one in the felicity of all. Blessed for ever be the undivided Trinity, whose sight alone is the Heaven of Heavens: O sing his Praise all you the Citizens of Heaven, sing all together your everlasting Hymns.

MEDITATION III.

WHO are we, born here below in the Dust, and still kept down with the thoughts of this World? Lord, who are we, that our polluted hands dare offer to thee the Incense of Praise? We, who so often disobey thy Commands, and so seldom lament for our many Follies? Yet is Praise from us thy undoubted due, and we cannot neglect it without omitting our duty: But because our Praises alone are too low to reach the deserts of thy wondrous nature, and perfect Works; we will in our Heartly Wishes call upon those to do it, who are better able to praise thee: O praise our Lord, you pure unblemisht Angels; praise him, ye mighty ever-active Flames: Praise our Lord all you the Spirits of just Men made perfect; now you are free from the heavy clogs of mortal Bodies: And thus they do. Look up, my Soul, and see the innumerable multitude of triumphing Spirits: See how they stand all cloath'd in white robes, with palms in their hands, and with golden Crowns on their Heads; Behold the glorious Angels fall down before the Throne, and prostrate adore Him that lives for ever. Behold the blessed Saints lay their Crowns at his Feet, and on their Faces adore him that lives for ever. Hark how they fill that spacious Temple with their Hymns, while night and day they continually sing, *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come; Hallelujah; Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts; Heaven and Earth are full of thy Glory; Hallelujah!* Glorious art thou in creating all things; glorious in preserving them in every moment of their being: Glorious in governing them their several ways; glorious in appointing them their proper ends: Glorious in rewarding thy

thy Servants above their hopes; glorious in punishing Sinners below their Demerits: Glorious art thou, O Lord, in all thy Works; but infinitely more in thine own self blessed Essence. Thus they rejoice above, thus they Triumph; and may their Joy and Triumph last for ever: While we who live below may, as faithful Echoes to their Praises, repeat every Day these few short Ends of their Seraphick Hymns, *Salvation to our God that sits on the Throne; and the Lamb, that redeem'd us with his Blood; Hallelujah! Blessing, Honour, Glory and Power be to him that sits on the Throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever. Hallelujah*

P E T I T I O N S.

O Most glorious and gracious God, we are all so beholden to thy abundant Goodness, that we owe thee the utmost Praises our Hearts and Lives can render: O do thou excite us to endeavour, and assist us to succeed in the discharge of this mighty Debt. Open our Lips that our Mouths may shew forth thy Praise, bestow upon us every divine Grace, that our Lives may shew forth the Vertues of him that has called us from the dark to his glorious Kingdom: Make us inure our selves by degrees to thankful acknowledgments, and Praises in this place of our banishment; that we, may at length be fit to sing the lofty Songs of the celestial Zion: O let us see thy goodness still preparing us for the blessedness of Heaven; sanctify every condition to the promoting our growth in Grace; which as it will raise our hopes of the future Glory, will proportionably raise our Praises, O let thy love, dear Lord, at length be pleased to take us to the fellowship of those Joys and Glories, which so raise the thankful Praises of the happy

happy Spirits above: Bring us to that perfect state where no defect shall weaken us; to that happy place where nothing shall divert us from seeing, enjoying, loving, and praising thee for ever. Grant, O most merciful Saviour, that as thy blessed Saints do without ceasing pray for thy Church below, we may be ready devoutly to praise thee for them: And help us, Lord, so to commemorate those excellent Graces and good works by which they they adorn'd our holy profession, as to be excited thereby, and directed to practise the same, till we all meet before thy glorious Throne, with one Heart and Consent to adore thee the kind Saviour of us all; who, with the Father and the Spirit, art one God blessed for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

For the Evening.

MEDITATION I.

ALL Things do live to thee, O Lord! thou sole preserver of universal nature; the blessed Saints rejoice in thy glory, and our imperfect Souls are here sustain'd in hope: We know that thou wilt bring us to the Grave, which is the House appointed for all the Living: And from thence thou wilt raise us again to an universal Judgment, and

and then dispose of us to our Eternal Portion: O happy they whom our Lord shall honour on that day of his solemn Triumph! and rising from his seat of Judgment, go gloriously before them, and with these sweet and gracious words invite them to follow him: *Come, you blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the Foundation of the World.* The reward of our Labours I will give you, I my self will be your rewarder: You have firmly believ'd, you have readily obey'd, you have constantly suffer'd; Come, *enter now into your Master's joy.* They that are careful, my Soul, to die the death of the righteous, will with them be thus caref'd at the day of Judgment: Now thou hast pass'd another day, another step towards thy long home: thou hast seen the Sun a few hours more, and this day is gone and lost in its own night: But hast thou lost it too, and made no use of it while it shin'd! then let the dew of thy penitent tears for shame lament its departure. Thou art nearer thy death, but no more prepar'd for it, if thou hast made no advance towards perfection. Examine thy self to know the truth, and ask thy self these useful Questions: Am I grown devout as the Saints of God were? Am I chaste, temperate, and resign'd as they, yet? Do I despise now the World with a Zeal like theirs, and value Heaven at the same high rate with them? Would I give all I have just now to be there? And part with Life it self just now to go thither? Has the consideration of their Blissful reward brought me to a full resolution to aim at the highest imitation of them? At least have I learnt to humble my self, and check the vanity of my Proud conceits? To mourn, and blush at my own many Infirmities, when I consider their excellent Lives and Vertues? If thou canst not equal, my Soul, such glorious patterns, yet let it be thy

thy hearts desire to do it; and what they really did, do thou really wish to do.

MEDITATION II.

LET us humble our selves, we that are yet in this low State, but not grow faint at the sight of others so far before us. Rather let us quicken our sloth by considering their swift pace; and encourage our fears with their happy success. We, who profess the Religion of all these Saints, who liv'd and dy'd Members of the same Church with us: We, who partake of the same holy Sacraments, and eat the same celestial Food; who may partake of the same holy and powerful Spirit, if we diligently seek, and readily receive him. Why should we fear, but that one Day we may shine above and rejoice together with the glorified Saints? Are we not all redeem'd by the same rich Price, and the same eternal Crowns propos'd to us all? Are we not bred in the same Apostolick Faith, and taught of God by his appointed Ministers? The Lessons, I see, and Teacher are the same, but the Hand is dull, and the Instrument out of tune: They liv'd in a dangerous World, like this; and were ty'd to Bodies frail as ours. But by a constant vigilance they overcame the World, and subdu'd those Bodies to the service of their Minds; then overcame with a joyful Heart; and we thus congratulate the Triumph of their Victories: They overcame, but not by their own strong Hand, and now they triumph, but 'tis by the bounty of their God. Chear then thy self, my Soul, and raise thy Head, and open thy bosom to the hopes of Heaven: Fear not, our God has a Blessing too for us, if we have a Love and Obedience for him: If we delight in the ways of Piety, and diligently attend the Offices of Devotion: If we refrain from

from the Liberties of the World, and curb the loose Suggestions of the Flesh: If we can look on Gold and Honour, and their flaming Beams not dazzle our Eyes; If we perform with them the part of faithful Servants, we shall surely with them have the Portion of Children.

MEDITATIO III.

PRECIous in thy sight, O Lord, is the death of thy Saints, which finishes thy greatest Work, the perfecting of Souls, whom thou esteemest as the Jewels of Heaven, and choicely gatherest into thine own Treasury. Precious to themselves, O Lord, is the death of thy Saints? which takes off the dusky cover that hides their brightness, which shades and polishes them to a beauteous lustre, and sets them as Stars round about their Throne. Precious, O Lord, to us is the death of thy Saints, from whence we are furnished with such means of Vertue. Some teach courage to encounter dangers, and not for fear make shipwreck of our *Conscience*. Others, by their Example, instruct us to converse with meekness, and patiently bear neglects and injuries. From some we may learn how to use this World wisely, and make it serve us in our way to the next. From others we may learn how more generously to despise it, and pass our days in Peace and Prayer: By all, with thy blessing, we may learn this best of arts, to live and die like Saints; and do this in the best of methods, thy glorious Example. O gracious Lord, whose Love still looks about, and searches every way to save us Sinners! who camest thyself, bright Sun of Glory, to enlighten our darkness, and warm our frozen Hearts: Who with thy fruitful Beams still kindest others, to burn as Tapers in thy Church's

hand; and by their near proportionate distance, stand fit to shine into every corner of our Lives: We will ever bless thy Name for all these Mercies, and take care to pass by not one with Ingratitude: We will not consider in vain the crown at the Race's end, and sit down lazily in the shades of ease; nor keep in vain the memory of thy Saints, without endeavouring to imitate them, which would be to the reproach of our unprofitable Lives. We will strain all our Powers, and pursue to the Mark for the glorious Prize that is set before us: Still, with our utmost speed, we will follow them, whose Travel ended in so sweet a rest.

P E T I T I O N S.

O God of infinite, adorable Goodness, who after thy faithful Servants had spent their day of Life in a course of steady and laborious Piety and Vertue, did'st graciously close their Evening with a comfortable Death, and give them instead of this an eternal day of Glory: O grant to us below, we beseech thee, so to imitate thy Saints in the wise bestowing our allotted time on our Earth, that we may follow them in their happy passage out of this World, and be admitted with them to thy everlasting Glories in the other. When our Life's last day, O Lord, begins to fall, and bids us hasten to prepare for Night; then send thy willing Angels to watch about us, and suffer not the Enemy to disturb our passage: Send them to receive in Peace our departing Souls, and to bear them safely to thy presence. Then, O thou dear Redeemer of the World, and Sovereign King of Life and Death! thou who despitest not the Tears of the Penitent, nor turnest away from the sighs of the Afflicted: Thou who preservest

Even.

the Saints.

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preservest all that rely on thee, and fulfillest their desires that long to be with thee: Do thou hear our Cries, and pardon our Sins, and graciously deliver us from all our Fears. Call us to thy self with thine own blest Voice; Call us, O dearest Jesu, in thine own sweet Words. Say, *Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the World.* Then will our happy Souls immediately obey, and go forth with gladness to meet their Lord and Love; to live with him, and behold his Glory, and partake of his Happiness, and sing his Praise. These Things, O Lord, we humbly expect from the merit of thy humble Death, and the power of thy glorious Exaltation. O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the World, have Mercy upon us; have Mercy upon us, and grant us thy eternal Peace.

Amen.

H Y M N XL.

TOO hasty Night forbear; our Praise,
And our yet young beginning Hope,
Set to encrease on these blest Days,
So faint, and dull, requires more scope,

Night will not hear, but fullen flies,
And summons all the World to sleep;
Commands us close our Books and Eyes,
What we have gain'd content to keep,

O happy Saints! this broken rate
Bids our faint slowness ply its wings;
While your unwearied active state
Does always wake, and always sings.

Yet ev'n our state your School too was,
 And those your now u. wear'd Laies
 By such a change of sing and pause,
 Here among us you learn'd to raise.

Here you, thus often too, took breath,
 And yet have clim'd those hills of Light,
 O may your good success bequeath
 A hope to reach that glorious height.

Though now our Notes be short and few,
 Our Rests too frequent are, and long;
 If we but keep in tune with you,
 We shall at last sing your glad Song.

If with our utmost humble Powers,
 We here our daily Prayers attend;
 These poor Devotions shall, like yours,
 There in a nightless fervour end.

Glory, O Lord, to thee alone
 Be here below, as there above;
 O may thy Joys, Great Three in One!
 Ever attract and crown our Love.

Amen.

PRAYERS

PRAYERS Before, At, and After the Holy Communion.

By Dr. E. Lake.

At thy Entrance into the Lord's House before the Service of the Church begins.

Forgive me my Sins, O Lord; forgive me the Sins of my Age, and the Sins of my Youth; the Sins of my Soul, and the Sins of my Body; my Secret, and my Whispering Sins; my presumptuous, and my Crying Sins; the Sins that I have done to please my self, and the Sins that I have done to please others; forgive me my Wanton and Idle Sins; forgive me my Serious and Deliberate Sins; forgive those Sins which I know, and those Sins which I know not; the Sins which I have labour'd so long to hide from others, that now I have even hid them from my own memory; forgive me them, O Lord, forgive them all; of thy great mercy let me be absolved from all my Offences, and of thy bountiful Goodness, let me be delivered from the bands of those Sins, which by my frailty I have Committed that

that the Prayers and Services that I offer in thy House this day, and ever, may be an acceptable Sacrifice unto thee, through the Merits and Mediation of my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, *Amen.*

At thy approach to the Holy Table, say,

O Saviour of the World, save me! who by thy Cross and Passion, hast Redeem'd me! Help me, and Save me, I beseech thee, O God. *Amen.*

To the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, and Only Wise God, who is the ever Blessed and Adorable Trinity, be all Honour and Glory, now, and for ever. *Amen.*

Then Kneel down and pray for Devotion.

Most Great God, who hast not only permitted, but invited us needy and miserable Creatures, to present our Petitions to thee: Oh let me set a true value on this most Inestimable Privilege, I come unto thee, O Lord, as a Worm to my Sovereign-maker: I come as a heinous offender to a just and Severe Judge: Let, I pray thee, my Addresses be with *Reverence*, some way answerable to thy *Awful Majesty*; give me an hearty desire to pray, and such a pure intention, and fixedness of Mind upon thee, that I may no more incur the guilt of drawing nigh thee with my Lips, when my Heart is far from thee; but may so *Ask* that I may *Receive*; *seek*, that I may *find*; *knock*, that it may be *Opened* unto me, that so from praying to thee here, I may be translated to the praising

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praising thee Eternally in thy Glory hereafter
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

*Whilst others are coming up, and the Priest preparing
to Read the Sentences, Pray.*

Almighty God, who hast of thine infinite
Mercies vouchsafed to ordain this Sacra-
ment, for a perpetual memory of that *Blessed Sa-
crifice*, which once thou madest for us upon the
Cross; grant me with such Diligent Remembrance,
and such due Reverence to participate of this *Holy
and Wonderful Mystery*, that I may be made Wor-
thy by thy Grace, to obtain the Vertue and Fruits
of it, with all the benefits of thy *Precious Death
and Passion*; even the Remission of all my Sins, and
the fullness of all thy Graces, which I beg for
thy only Merits, who art my only Saviour, God
from everlasting, and World without end,

Amen.

Be pleased, O God, to accept this our Bounden
Duty and Service; and Command that the Prayers
and Supplications, together with the Remembrance
of Christ's Passion, which we now offer up unto
thee, may, by the Ministry of the Holy Angels,
be brought up into thy Heavenly Tabernacle;
and that thou not weighing our Merits but look-
ing upon the blessed Sacrifice of our Saviour, which
was once fully and perfectly made for us all,
maist pardon our Offences, and replenish us with
thy Grace and Heavenly Benediction, through Jesus
Christ our Lord,

Amen.

Whilst

*Whilst upon your Knees, cast in your Offering, stop,
and say,*

Blessed Jesu, who didst accept the poor Widows
Two Mites; be pleased graciously to accept
this from thy unworthy Servant.

Amen.

While the Priest, and others, are Communicating, say,

Grant me, Gracious Lord, so to Eat the Flesh
of thy Son, and to drink his Blood, that
my Sinful body may be made clean by his Body,
and my Soul wash'd through his most Precious
Blood, *Amen.*

O Lord, I am not worthy, nor fit that thou
shouldst come under the filthy Roof of the House
of my Soul, because it is wholly Desolate and
Ruinous; neither hast thou with me a fit place
where to lay thy Head: But as thou didst vouchsafe
to be lain in a Stable and Manger of Unreasonable
Beasts; as thou didst not disdain to be entertain'd
even in the House of Simon the Leper; as thou
didst not reject the Harlot, a Sinner like unto me,
coming unto thee, and touching thee; as thou
didst not abhor her Profane Mouth, nor yet the Thief
on the Cross, confessing thee: Even so vouch-
safe to admit me also, an Over-worn, Miserable,
and out of Measure Sinful Creature, to the receiv-
ing and Communicating of the most Pure, Quick-
ening, and Saving Mysteries of thy most holy Body,
and precious Blood, *Amen.*

O Lord God, how I receive the Body and
Blood of my most Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ,
the Price of my Redemption, is the very wonder
of my Soul; yet I am satisfied by my most firm
and

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and constant belief of the Words of my Saviour, as at this time, they are graciously tender'd to me, and my Faith: Lord, make me a Worthy Receiver, and partaker of all the Benefits of this Blessed Sacrament. *Amen.*

Upon the Approach of the Priest, with the Consecrated Bread, say,

THOU, O Blessed Jesu, hast said, *He that Eateth thy Flesh, and drinketh thy Blood, hath Eternal Life.* Behold the Servant of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy Word.

When the Priest offers thee the Holy Bread, say,

The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for me, preserve my Body, and Soul, unto Eternal Life. *Amen.*

Whilst you Eat it, say,

By thy Crucified Body, deliver me from the Body of Death.

After Receiving it say,

By thine Agony and Bloody Sweat, by thy Cross and Passion, good Lord deliver me. I have Sworn, and am steadfastly purposed to keep thy Righteous Judgments. O hold thou up my goings in thy Paths, that my foot-steps slip not.

Upon the Approach of the Priest with the Consecrated Cup, say,

WHAT Reward shall I give unto the Lord, for all the Benefits that he hath done unto me?

I will take the Cup of Salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord. And now with the great Devotion of my Soul, I receive this *Cup of Blessing*, humbly praying, that the Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for me, may preserve my Body and Soul unto everlasting Life. *Amen.*

After you have Received it.

O my God, thou art true and Holy! O my Soul, thou art blessed and happy! O the depth of the Wisdom and Knowledge of God! how incomprehensible are his Judgments, and his ways past finding out? Praise the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me, praise his Holy Name; who saveth my Life from Destruction, and feedeth me with the Bread of Heaven. Glory be to God on High, on Earth, Peace, and good Will towards Men. I Worship thee, O Lord, and Magnify thy Name for ever, who hast vouchsafed to fill my Soul with goodness, and to feed me with *the Heavenly Mysteries of Christ's Sacred Body and Blood*; humbly beseeching thee, that from henceforth I may walk in good Works, and serve thee in Holiness and pureness of living, to the Honour of thy Name. *Amen.*

Most Blessed Redeemer, I do truly believe, That thy Body was Crucified, and thy Blood was shed out of thy Body, as verily as I have received this Bread, and this Wine, set a part from the Bread; and that for the Remission of my Sins, as well as any others: And I do also believe, that with this Bread, and Wine, I have really and spiritually receiv'd thy Precious Body and Blood, whereby my Sins are fully wash'd away, and my Soul purified and Refresh'd: This, O Lord, I believe, help thou my Unbelief. *Amen.*

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Almighty God, the Fountain of all Goodness, from whom *Every Good, and Perfect Gift* proceedeth; and to whom all *Glory and Honour* should be *return'd*; I do desire most heartily to thank thee, for that thou hast vouchsafed to feed me who have now received these *Holy Mysteries*, with the Spiritual food of the most precious Body and Blood of thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, and dost assure me thereby of thy favour and goodness towards me, and that I am a very Member incorporate of the *Mystical Body* of thy Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people, and am also an *Heir through Hope* of thine everlasting Kingdom, by the Merits of the most precious Death and Passion of thy Dear Son. O the *Height and Depth* of that unspeakable Mercy of thine, who art pleas'd to admit me a sinful Wretch, to have any part in those inestimable benefits, which I have so often despised and trampled under Foot! I am not worthy, O Lord, of that *Daily Bread*, which sustains the Body, but thou hast made me partaker of that *Living Bread* which came down from *Heaven*, which nourisheth the *Soul*, and of which whosoever eateth shall live for ever. O grant that my Soul may relish this *Divine Food* with Spiritual Ravishments and Love, great as the Flame of *Cherubims*; and grant that what thou hast given me for the Remission of my Sins, may not by any fault become the increase of them, that this Holy Com-munion prove not unto me, unto Judgment and Condemnation, but may support and preserve me in every Temptation; Rejoice and Quiet me in every Trouble; Enlighten and Strengthen me in ever Good Work; Comfort and defend me in the Hour of my Death, against all oppositions of the Spirits of Darkness, and further me in the attainment of everlasting Salvation, through Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

When

When you are come home, make use of these Prayers that follow.

Most Holy God, who art of *Purer Eyes* than to behold Iniquity, grant, I pray thee, that no unclean thing may be in me, who have now received *Thee* into my *Heart* and *Soul*; but let the blood of Christ, who through the *Eternal Spirit* offer'd himself without Spot to thee, purge my Conscience from *Dead works*, to serve thee the Living God: Give me Grace, That from henceforth I put off concerning my former conversation the old Man, which is corrupt according to the Deceitful Lusts, and be Renewed in the Spirit of my mind; that I put on the *New Man*, which after thee is created in Righteousness and true Holiness; to which purpose be pleased to watch over me for Good, to keep me both outwardly in my Body, and Inwardly in my Soul. O God thou seest that I have no power of my self, to help my self; thou knowest me also to be set in the midst of so many and great Dangers, that by reason of the *Frailty of my Nature*, I cannot always stand *Upright*; grant to me such strength and Protection, as may support me in all Dangers, and carry me through all Temptations, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O thou, with whom is no Variableness nor shadow of Turning, let thy Holy Spirit direct me in all things, let thy Grace always prevent and follow me, and preserve me against all assaults of my Spiritual Enemies, especially of my own *Treacherous Heart*, which is deceitful above all things, Wicked, Desperately Wicked, O Lord, thou knowest it: How often hath it betray'd me to the Breach of thy Holy Laws, to the Violation of all those Vows and Promises, which I have made to thee?

How

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How often have I turn'd my back in the Day of Battle? O let me no more thus start aside like a Broken Bow, but be steadfast, Unmovable, always abounding in the Work of the Lord, *Resisting* the Devil, that he may flee from me, Subduing my flesh, and bringing it into Subjection: Crucifying, and overcoming the World. And therefore let those solemn Vows, which I have now made to forsake my Sins, *Never* depart from my mind; but let the Remembrance of them excite me to fight Manfully under thy Banner, and continue thy Faithful Servant and Soldier, unto my Lives end. *Amen.*

O Lord, I do here humbly present unto thee my Soul and Body, to be a *Living Holy* and a *Reasonable* Sacrifice unto thee; I beseech thee Sanctify my Body, that, from a polluted Dunghil, it may become the *Temple of God*, Sanctify my Soul, and Receive it for thy *Dwelling-place*, the Seat of thy Spirit, and the House of Prayer, and Holy Meditation; Sanctify me throughout, that both my Body and Soul and Spirit, may be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom with thee, O Father, and the Holy Ghost, be all Honour and Glory, World without end. *Amen.*

Thus have you closed your Communion Devotions, it only remains that you remember, what a great business lies upon your hands, in performing those promises that you made to God, which Duty, if you discharge as you ought, they will be your Refuge against all Temptations to your Old Sins, when ever they assault you; but if you neglect these good Offices, you will incur the Guilt of breaking that Vow which you Sealed in your Saviour's Blood; which will one Day be Witness against you, if a timely caution does not prevent it, which God grant.

To your Evening Prayer that Sunday Night you Receive, Subjoin this Collect.

O Blessed Jesus, who hast this Day made me a partaker of thy blessed Body, and Blood, thy *Mercy* hath given it, and my *Faith* hath received it into my Soul: O let me ever feel the happy Verrue and Effects of it; put thy *Fear* into my Heart, to keep those Vows and Promises, which I have on this Solemnity rendred unto thee in my Mind, that I may not Sin against thee; Enrich me with all those Graces, which come from this Precious Body, and Blood, and hereafter, bring me to thine Everlasting Glory, for thy Merits, and Mercy sake. *Amen.*

God, the Father, blefs me! God, the Son, Defend me! God, the Holy Ghost, Preserve me! God, the Holy Trinity, be with me, now, and for evermore. *Amen.* 22' 9' 12

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